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Geo. W. Childs
" "

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY
GEORGE W. CHILDS.

"So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

TENNYSON.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1890.

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RECOLLECTIONS.

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON
MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

THE MEMORIAL WINDOWS TO
HERBERT, COWPER, AND MILTON.

THE ANDREWES AND KEN
REREDOS.

THE PRINTERS' BANQUET.

699798

PREFACE.

WHEN Mr. Childs consented, with unfeigned reluctance, to tell the story of his tranquil life, he was not at all persuaded of the propriety of sitting down before the public and chatting familiarly of himself and his friends. He had been asked to do this many times before, but neither the persistent importunity of enterprising publishers, nor, of course, the tender of gold, could move him. Finally the temptation to do a friendly act overcame his scruples, and the readers of *Lippincott's Magazine* were given the series of four entertaining papers* embodied in the present volume. However stubborn the resistance of Mr. Childs may have been, and whatever doubts he may have entertained as to the wisdom of the

* Published in the issues of June, July, August, and September, 1889.

undertaking, he could not have been other than deeply gratified by the flattering reception of his *Recollections* by press and people. Perhaps no magazine articles of the year—certainly none of the multitudinous volumes of reminiscences—were so loudly heralded, so extensively quoted, so unanimously approved. Extracts are still current in the country papers; rare and cordial words of appreciation still come from the four quarters of the world. Sir Edwin Arnold was kind enough to say that he had read the personal memoirs of Mr. Childs with profit and pleasure; and General Sherman avowed that they would have “fifty times their value fifty years hence.” Without exception known to me, the newspapers of this country and England extolled the interest of the articles, the *Boston Herald** saying that “Mr. Childs’s recollections are so good that he ought to publish everything he knows about Grant;” and the *Chicago News*† urging that “when these reminiscences are concluded they should be published in book form,” making this suggestion, as it went on to say, “in behalf of the very many who wish to preserve Mr. Childs’s interesting

* July 17, 1889.

† August 8, 1889.

and valuable contributions in a convenient and handsome shape."

The suggestion had been made before; it was made repeatedly, and by many whose disinterested and critical judgment had naturally so much weight with Mr. Childs that this book is the happy result. To the text of the four original papers have been added the story of the Memorial to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon; an account of the Window in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the Christian poets Herbert and Cowper; the Window commemorative of the virtues and genius of the poet Milton, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; and of the Reredos erected in St. Thomas's Church, Winchester, England, as a memorial to Bishop Ken of that ancient cathedral city; together with a sketch of the celebration of the birthday of Mr. Childs by the printers of Philadelphia, with an introduction by Professor Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University.

MELVILLE PHILIPS.

RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

A HOST OF MEMORIES.

Early Life—Publishing Experiences—Purchase of the *Ledger*—Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes—Distinguished Guests.

I WANT to set out by saying that I am sure you in kindness exaggerate the interest the world takes in me and my affairs. You say I am a successful man. Perhaps I am; and if so, I owe my success to industry, temperance, and frugality. I suppose I had always a rather remarkable aptitude for business. James Parton, at any rate, was right in speaking of me in his biographical sketch as “bartering at school my boyish treasures,—knives for pigeons, marbles for pop-guns, a bird-cage for a book.”

I was self-supporting at a very early age.

In my twelfth year, when school was dismissed for the summer, I took the place of errand-boy in a book-store in Baltimore, at a salary of two dollars a week, and spent the vacation in hard work. And I enjoyed it. I have never been out of employment; always found something to do, and was always eager to do it, and think I earned every cent of my first money. When first at work in Philadelphia I would get up very early in the morning, go down to the store, and wash the pavement and put things in order before breakfast, and in the winter-time would make the fire and sweep out the store. In the same spirit, when books were bought at night at auction, I would early the next morning go for them with a wheelbarrow. And I have never outgrown this wholesome habit of doing things directly and in order. I would to-day as lief carry a bundle up Chestnut Street from the *Ledger* office as I would then. As a matter of fact, I carry bundles very often. But I understand that certain young men of the period would scorn to do as much.

At the age of thirteen I entered the United States navy, and passed fifteen months at Norfolk; but I didn't like it. Returning to Baltimore, I attended school

for a time. Then I came to Philadelphia, and entered a book-store kept by Mr. Thomson at the corner of Sixth and Arch Streets. I was both clerk and errand-boy, worked from early in the morning until late at night, and received a salary of three dollars a week. Gradually I began to attend the evening auctions, which at that time were frequently held in this city; I became familiar with the titles and prices of valuable books, and was soon able to buy them cheaply. In this way I assisted Mr. Thomson for four years; his business kept increasing; and at length he sent me to represent him at the book-trade sales held every six months in New York and Boston. Here, of course, I made the acquaintance of many book-buyers and publishers,—excellent men, whom I have never forgotten, and who, I am glad to say, have not forgotten me. Those still living often visit me, and whenever they do the old life and the old faces are very vivid in my memory,—the Harpers, Lippincotts, Putnams, Ticknors, Fields, Appletons, Little & Browns.

I had saved enough money when about eighteen years old to go into business for myself; so I set up a modest store in a small room in the old *Public Ledger* build-

ing. It was a success: I made money slowly but surely. Meanwhile, it is said of me that I aspired to higher things; that I was even heard to say, "I shall yet be the owner of the *Public Ledger*." If this is true, and doubtless it is, I do not seem to have overreached myself at that early age.

I was twenty-one years old when I entered into the book-publishing business under the firm name of R. E. Peterson & Co., afterwards Childs & Peterson. One of our first books, Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," was a great hit. It did not look at first as though we had made a wise venture. When the work was ready to be issued, I took a sample copy and went over to New York to solicit orders from the leading booksellers. The largest house would only give me a small order. "Mr. Childs," they said, "you won't sell more than a thousand altogether." They ordered at first only one hundred copies, but soon after sent for five thousand more to meet the demand. Within one year after the publication we paid Dr. Kane a copyright of nearly seventy thousand dollars. It was the Doctor's original intention to write only a scientific account of the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, but I persuaded him to make of it the popu-

lar narrative he did, and he afterwards admitted to me that I was right in my suggestion. When the manuscript was finished he sent me a pathetic note, in which he said, "Here you have the book complete, and, poor as it is, it has been my coffin." No doubt he had then some premonition of the beginning of the end of his remarkable career. He died in Cuba within a year after receiving his copyright money; and doubtless many people remember well the splendid tribute arranged for him: that funeral was one of the most remarkable in history.

We made another hit with Parson Brownlow's book, of which fifty thousand copies were ordered in advance of publication. Other successful works issued by us were "Peterson's Familiar Science," of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold; Bouvier's Law Dictionary; Sharswood's Blackstone; and Dr. Allibone's great "Dictionary of British and American Authors." It cost over sixty thousand dollars to publish this last-named important book in its three large volumes, and a great deal of the credit for the successful completion of the undertaking is due to the enterprise of the late J. B. Lippincott, who brought out the last

two volumes upon my retirement from the book-publishing business in 1863.

The following year I purchased the *Public Ledger*. And I want to say just here that much of the success of the paper has been due to the cordial and intelligent co-operation of my friend, A. J. Drexel.

The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly the white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of the *Ledger* as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started in 1836, and Messrs. Swain & Abell, then the proprietors, though they had lost over one hundred thousand dollars by keeping the rate at "six and a quarter cents per week," were averse to a change. There they made their great mistake. They seemed to regard the past prosperity of the *Ledger* as due alone to its selling for a penny. They forgot that in 1864 the purchasing power of a penny was not what it was before the war. Cheapness, indeed, *was* a vital feature of the journal; but to sell the *Public Ledger* for a penny was to give it half away. Thus the proprietors, unable to agree to increase the price of the paper or the rates of advertising, determined to dispose of their property. The *Ledger*

was for sale, and I bought it—the whole of it, just as it was—for a sum slightly in excess of the amount of its annual loss.

It was not generally known, of course, that the establishment was then losing about four hundred and eighty dollars upon every number of the paper which it issued. To all appearances it was as prosperous as ever; the circulation was great, the columns were crowded with advertisements. Yet, as a matter of fact, there was a weekly loss of three thousand dollars, or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

The *Ledger* was purchased on the 3d of December, 1864. A week later I announced two simple but radical changes. I doubled the price of the paper and advanced the advertising rates to a profitable figure. Of course there was an instant and not inconsiderable falling off of patronage. But the *Ledger* was already an “institution” of the city: for twenty years it had been the established medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends. To very many people it was a necessity. So, although at first I lost some subscribers and advertisers, they were soon won back again. At the

end of a month the price of the *Ledger* was reduced from twelve to ten cents a week, and from that day to this the circulation and advertising have increased.

I worked hard to make the paper a success; for several years I seldom left the editorial rooms before midnight, averaging from twelve to fourteen hours a day at the office. I strove to elevate its tone, and think I succeeded. If asked what I mean by this, perhaps I had better quote the friendly words of the late Rev. Dr. Prime: "Mr. Childs excluded from the paper all details of disgusting crime; all reports of such vice as may not be with propriety read aloud in the family; that poison the minds of young men, inflame the passions and corrupt the heart; all scandal and slang, and that whole class of news which constitutes the staple of many daily papers. The same rule was applied to the advertising columns, and from them was excluded all that, in any shape or form, might be offensive to good morals. The friends of the new publisher predicted an early and total failure, and the more speedy because he doubled the price of the paper and increased the rates of advertising. But he was governed in his course by two considerations: first, he had

his own strong convictions of what is right, and, secondly, as strong convictions of what would pay; and it has been well said that when one's views of duty coincide with his pecuniary interests, all the faculties work in perfect harmony. The effect of this sudden change was at first to sink the sinking concern still lower. A class of readers and advertisers fell off. A less conscientious and a less courageous man would have staggered in the path he had marked out. Not so with Mr. Childs. He employed the best talent, and paid fair wages for good work. He published six days in the week only, and on the seventh day he rested from his labors. His paper and his principles began to obtain recognition in the city. He made it a family journal. It gained the confidence of the best people, who became its daily readers, and *therefore* it was sought as the best medium of advertising." It is not for me to add to or comment upon these complimentary words. On the 20th of June, 1867, the present *Ledger* building was completed and formally opened. The ceremonies were followed by a banquet attended by many distinguished men from different parts of the country.

I look back with genuine pleasure upon

my experiences as a publisher. I was more than prosperous in acquiring the friendship of so many worthy men among the publishers, booksellers, and authors with whom I came in contact. If I were to enumerate them, their names would fill a page of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

I can recall, as though it were yesterday, a solemn conversation in the office of the Harpers, then on Cliff Street. The four founders of the great firm were present. I was one of a group of Philadelphians, and we were discussing the first number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. It seemed so certain to us that the publication would be a failure. "It can't," said one Philadelphian, emphatically,—“it *can't* last very long.” The only successful magazines then published in the United States were those issued in Philadelphia,—*Graham's*, *Godsey's*, *Sartain's*, and *Peterson's*.

I have personally known and corresponded with Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, John Lothrop Motley, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and a score of other writers who have given us an American literature.

Washington Irving I remember well. His was not a face one readily forgot. A kindly humorous man, of big brain and heart. I visited him several times at "Sunnyside:" he would go to sleep at dinner, but his guests understood his physical weakness and respected it. He was a very sensitive and nervous man. I saw his desk piled up with papers, the last time I was there, and remarked that he seemed to have a heavy mail. It was shortly after the publication of the first volume of his *Life of Washington*. "Yes," he said, "I haven't the courage to look at it. I'm afraid to learn what the critics are saying of my book."

Hawthorne was another sensitive man and extremely shy. The last time we met was under very distressing circumstances. He was travelling South for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his friend W. D. Ticknor, the publisher. They stopped at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, and both came down to the *Ledger* office to call on me. They were in excellent spirits; and that was on Friday. It was agreed that they should attend a party to be given the next evening by Mr. Joseph Harrison. These Saturday evening parties were then a feature of social life in Philadelphia. Neither

Ticknor nor Hawthorne came, greatly to our disappointment. As no explanation of their absence was sent me, I called on Sunday morning at the hotel and went directly to their rooms. I knocked on the door, and receiving no answer, opened it and walked in. There I found Hawthorne pacing up and down the room, apparently dazed.

"Hawthorne," I said, "how are you? Where is Ticknor?"

"They have taken him away," said he.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I don't understand you."

"Well," he said, "it is too bad. He was my best friend; I depended on him; and he came here to please me."

I could make nothing out of it at all: he seemed to me bewildered. I feared for his mind, and, going down to the office, asked the clerk, Mr. Duffy, what it all meant. He then staggered me with the information that Ticknor had died that morning.

"Where is his body?" I asked.

"It was taken early this morning to the undertaker's," he said.

I was astounded, but, hastening back to Hawthorne, comforted him as much as I could, implored him to keep quiet, and at last succeeded somewhat in calming him.

I then went to the undertaker's, took charge of Ticknor's body, saw that it was properly cared for and embalmed, and telegraphed to his partner, my old friend James T. Fields. One of Ticknor's sons at once came on to Philadelphia and took his father's remains to Boston.

It was a deplorable and distressing event; a fatal journey. Hawthorne lingered here in Philadelphia with me for a few days, and then I placed him in the keeping of the good Bishop Howe, of Pennsylvania, a common friend, who accompanied him to Boston. There he passed the night with James T. Fields, who says that they sat up late talking about Ticknor, and that Hawthorne was in a very excited and nervous state, recalling incessantly the sad scenes he had been passing through in Philadelphia. In the morning he returned to his old home in Concord, and shortly after he died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, whither he had gone under the charge of his life-long friend, Ex-President Franklin Pierce.

I have still in my possession the touching letter written by President Pierce to Mr. Fields in which he describes the peaceful death of Hawthorne. It was plainly penned under the greatest excitement and distress

of mind. It contained a note announcing to Mrs. Hawthorne her bereavement, and was carried to Mr. Fields by Colonel Hibbard. "Oh, how will she bear this shock?" the note says. "Dear mother! dear children! When I met Hawthorne at Boston a week ago, it was apparent that he was much more feeble and more seriously diseased than I had supposed him to be. We came from Senter Harbor yesterday afternoon, and I thought he was, on the whole, brighter than he was the day before. He retired last night soon after nine o'clock, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. In less than half an hour he changed his position, but continued to sleep. I left the door open between his bedroom and mine, our beds being opposite to each other. I was asleep myself before eleven o'clock. The light continued to burn in my room. At two o'clock I went to H.'s bedside. He was apparently in a sound sleep. I did not place my hand upon him. At four o'clock I went into his room again, and, as his position was unchanged, I placed my hand upon him, and found that life was extinct. I sent immediately for a physician, and called Judge Bell and Colonel Hibbard, who occupied rooms upon the same floor and near me. He lies upon his side, his

position so perfectly natural and easy, his eyes closed, that it is difficult to realize, while looking upon his noble face, that this is death. He must have passed from natural slumber to that from which there is no waking, without the slightest movement. I cannot write to dear Mrs. Hawthorne, and you must exercise your judgment with regard to sending this and the unfinished note enclosed to her."

It was a beautiful death, but a sad event. Hawthorne I shall always hold vividly in remembrance. I have the original manuscript of his "Consular Experiences," and the copy of the first edition of the "Scarlet Letter," brought to light so wonderfully by Mr. Fields. Hawthorne wrote me, soon after its publication in 1851, that he was much gratified by my favorable opinion of the charming romance, and that I might be interested to know "that it was so far founded on fact that such a symbol as the Scarlet Letter was actually worn by at least one woman in the early times of New England." Whether this personage, he added, resembled Hester Prynne in any other circumstances of her character, he could not say; nor whether this mode of ignominious punishment was brought from be-

yond the Atlantic or originated with the New England Puritans. At any rate, he said, the idea was so worthy of them that he felt "piously inclined" to allow them all the credit of it.

Longfellow I knew well and entertained at my home. He was a quiet, gentle, admirable man; a poet in all his moods. We often corresponded, and I remember how glad he was when he heard that I had bought an estate near the historic church of St. David's, Radnor, the resting-place of General Anthony Wayne, celebrated by Longfellow in exquisite verse. "The Radnor Church poem," he wrote me from Nahant in 1880, "shall be copied for you when I return home in August or September. Here by the sea-side I have no paper fit for the purpose. You shall have it all in due time for the honor to be conferred on it. I congratulate you on having a country-place in the beautiful region round Radnor. I am sure you will all enjoy it extremely."

I prize very much the tender note he sent me, March 13, 1877, *à propos* of his seventieth birthday. "You do not know yet," it reads, "what it is to be seventy years old. I will tell you, so that you may not be taken by surprise when your turn comes. It is like

climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate, and wonder which it will be. That is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All that one can say is, that life is opportunity." How very true this is I know full well. My experience enables me to perceive the wisdom of the poet's words.

There is a curious incident in my acquaintance with James Russell Lowell. It happened lately that he was in Philadelphia while I was confined to the house with a slight attack of sickness, and he came promptly and kindly to call upon me and pass the afternoon. One of the treasures of my library is the manuscript of Lowell's poem "Under the Willows," which, according to a marginal note, was begun in 1850 and finished in 1868. We spent a quiet, pleasant afternoon together, and he seemed to be much interested in my collection of original manuscripts, which includes "Our Mutual Friend," by Dickens, Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and many other precious writings. Finally I surprised him

with a glimpse of his own poem. He had half forgotten it, and at my request took the volume away with him, returning it in a few days with the following explanatory note: "A part of this poem (as the note on the margin opposite says) was written in 1850 as an introduction to the 'Nooning,' a projected volume of tales in verse. By changes and additions I tried to make a self-subsident poem out of material already prepared for another purpose. Old and new are so interwoven that I cannot now, after an interval of twenty years, distinguish between them."

About twenty-five years ago, on a wretched, rainy, sloppy, and muddy day, I was in a book-store in Boston, when I saw the striking figure of a little man, wearing a slouched hat, his pantaloons rolled up, dashing along the street. He looked as little like a poet as a man could. I turned to the bookseller and asked him who that was. "That is Oliver Wendell Holmes," he said. "Well, I want to know that man;" and I got to know him, and we have been the best of friends ever since. A more genial, genuine, delightful man, and a finer conversationalist, I never knew. A copy of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which he sent me, contains an interesting letter giving me his

reasons for beginning the papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, a name which he says he gave to the magazine.

As I speak, a thousand faces pass before me. None more gentle and kind than that of Emerson. He visited me with his daughter; a tranquil, lovable man; and he wrote me letters. It is a pity, by the way, that I failed to preserve my correspondence; much of it, doubtless, would be now of considerable interest.

John Lothrop Motley, W. H. Prescott, and George Bancroft were valued friends. I remember Motley writing me that he thought no history of our great civil war should be written within fifty years of its close. Prescott had the last photograph of himself taken for me. He wrote to tell me so, and said, "I shall never sit again for another picture, unless it is taken from the back of my head." Bancroft I am still enabled to honor as one of my oldest and most precious friends.

With the novelist G. P. R. James I was quite intimate. While he held the post of British Consul at Richmond, Virginia, he would often come up to Philadelphia to see me; and he told me once that he dictated all his books. Then there were T. Buchanan

Read, who painted Longfellow's portrait for me, and who was present at the dinner I gave Longfellow in Rome, W. W. Story, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Jared Sparks, William Gilmore Simms, William Cullen Bryant, Professors E. A. Freeman and Bryce, of Oxford, Henry C. Carey, Paul B. Du Chaillu (he brought me from Africa the wood for the ebony table now in my library), Thomas Hughes, Joaquin Miller, Wilkie Collins,—a whole troop of them, my honored friends and guests. Above all, I should not forget to note one of my earliest and most intimate friends, the elder James Gordon Bennett. He was a quiet, unobtrusive, forcible man. For years, he told me, he had his office a few doors from the Brooks's,—Erastus and James, of the *Evening Express*,—and yet had never met them. We often talked together in reflective moods. He was eminently practical. "Childs," he once said, "how unfortunate it is for a boy to have rich parents! If you and I had been born that way, perhaps we wouldn't have amounted to much."

I might, indeed, go on recalling names until you wearied of hearing me. It has been my good fortune to possess the friendship or acquaintance of a very large number of the men and women who have distin-

guished themselves in the politics, science, arts, literature, and commerce of this country and Europe during the last thirty years. There was Edward Everett, for instance, who used to spend much of his time in this city, the guest of his friend Charles Macalester. I have a notable letter from him, written under date of Boston, July 9, 1862, in which he remarks, "I ought to say that, though I think the arrest of Mason and Slidell was authorized by the Law of Nations, I think it was expedient to give them up. I therefore approved of their surrender by Mr. Seward, and rejoiced that he was able to find grounds for it, though not concurring with him in all his views."

I have been on friendly terms with men of all parties and creeds. I accompanied Thomas H. Benton to Boston when he delivered his great oration there. Setting aside General Winfield Scott (who sent me an early copy of his book, of which he had estimated the hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who would purchase copies), Benton was beyond comparison the most kindly and agreeably egotistical man I ever met.

Thurlow Weed, an extraordinary man in many ways, I knew very well. He once

gave me an illustration of the great variety and curious character of his wonderful stock of information. He told me that there was an old Roman well on such and such a spot on the Strand in London. I went to John Murray while in London and asked him about it, as Murray's guide-book made no mention of the fact. Murray was in utter ignorance of the well, but it was really where Thurlow Weed had said it was.

It is a pleasure for me to recall the myriad faces of my guests during many years, here in Philadelphia, at Wootton, and at Long Branch. Besides those I have mentioned, there was the great and good George Peabody. We were very close to each other. He had his portrait painted for me by the Queen's artist, and there it hangs on the wall, one of the most valued of my possessions. His name recalls that of Peter Cooper. These two were considerate and broad-minded philanthropists. I went with Mr. Cooper on his ninetieth birthday to Baltimore during the sesqui-centennial celebration. He there told me an interesting story of his early life in that city when he had become manager of the iron-works at Canton. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company had built their road beyond Point of Rocks,

but no engine could get round the curve. Cooper then, with fifty gentlemen, embracing the directors and others interested in the road, improvised an engine built of gun-barrels, and successfully rounded the curve. When we were in Baltimore together, only one man, J. H. B. Latrobe, besides himself, was left of the original fifty.

[It is a brave array of names, the guests of Mr. Childs,—Generals Grant, Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Hancock, McDowell, and Patterson, Edmund Quincy, Chief Justice Waite, A. J. Drexel, Asa Packer, the Astors, Cadwaladers, Prof. Joseph Henry, Hamilton Fish, Robert C. Winthrop, Charles Francis Adams, Presidents Hayes, Arthur, and Cleveland, Chauncey M. Depew, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thomas A. Edison, Simon Cameron, Henry Wilson, William M. Evarts, James G. Blaine, John Welsh, J. B. Lippincott, Morton McMichael, August Belmont, Alex. H. Stephens, Samuel J. Tilden (one of his last requests was to have Mr. Childs visit him at Greystone), Cyrus W. Field, B. J. Lossing, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Charlotte Cushman, Christine Nilsson, Harriet Hosmer, John Bigelow, Thomas A. Bayard, Parke Godwin, Andrew Carnegie, and many others. Mr. Childs does not hesitate to say that one of the chief pleasures of his life has been the keeping of an open house to worthy and distinguished people. The reception he gave to the Emperor and Empress of Brazil was perhaps the most notable gathering of people ever assembled in any private house in America. There were over six hundred guests; and Mr. Childs's was the first private house at which the Emperor and Empress had ever

been entertained. But one must not overlook in this incomplete list of visitors the names of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Dufferin, Rosebery, Houghton, Ilchester, Ross, Iddesleigh, Rayleigh, Herschell, Caithness, and Dunraven, Sir Stafford Northcote, Lady Franklin, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens, George Augustus Sala, Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., J. Anthony Froude, Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Bonamy Price, Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Colonel Sir Herbert Sandford, Charles Kean, Marquis de Rochambeau, John Walter, M.P., Sir Richard Temple, Herbert Spencer (who was sadly afflicted with insomnia while visiting Mr. Childs), Thomas Hughes, M.P., Sir John Rose, Sir Edward Thornton, and Robert Chambers, D.C.L.

There are countless souvenirs of these and other guests in Mr. Childs's home,—a photograph of the Emperor of Brazil, with his autograph, painted portraits, a chair embroidered by the Duchess of Buckingham for Mrs. Childs. The library is full of presentation copies of books from many authors; some of them have dedicated volumes to him. But no doubt the most interesting souvenir is Mrs. Childs's album; it contains the signatures and sentiments of a host of distinguished men and women in all professions who have been her guests. Thomas Nast, for example, sketches himself in it; Oscar Wilde, Bishop Doane, George Bancroft, Goldwin Smith, Walt Whitman, Lord Houghton, and Lord Dufferin contribute poems; and Charlotte Cushman, Modjeska, and Henry Irving each an appropriate Shakspearian sentiment. Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Sir Edwin Arnold, Bishop Potter, and Archdeacon Farrar write sentiments appreciative of their hospitable entertainment.]

CHAPTER II.

A TRIP ABROAD.

Dickens—The Duke of Buckingham—Lady Franklin—
Longfellow—Dom Pedro.

LATE in the autumn of 1868 I went abroad, and one of the first letters that reached me at the Langham Hotel in Regent Street, London, bore, under date of November 4, a genial greeting from Charles Dickens. "Welcome to England!" it said. "Dolby will have told you that I am reading again,—on a very fatiguing scale,—but that after the end of next week I shall be free for a fortnight as to country readings. On Monday next I shall be in town, and shall come straight to pay my respects to Mrs. Childs and you. In the mean time, will you, if you can, so arrange your engagements as to give me a day or two here in the latter half of this month? My housekeeper-daughter is away hunting in Hampshire, but my sister-in-law is al-

ways in charge, and my married daughter would be charmed to come from London to receive Mrs. Childs. You cannot be quieter anywhere than here, and you certainly cannot have from any one a heartier welcome than from me." We certainly could not: to Gad's Hill Place we went, and passed a quiet, delightful time. I had corresponded with Dickens for a number of years: in my library there is a set of the Osgood edition of his works in fifty-six volumes, in each of which is inserted an autograph letter of the author to me, the first being dated 1855. During this visit we were much together: he accompanied us to London, and when we parted he clasped my hands and said, "Good-by; God bless you!" and the tears were in his eyes.

He told me that before beginning any one of his works he thought out the plot fully, and then made a skeleton from which he elaborated it. The most interesting and valuable memento I have of him is the original manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only complete manuscript of any of Dickens's novels outside of the South Kensington Museum; though one or two of his short Christmas stories, I believe, are to be found in this country and in England. A

skeleton of the story is prefixed to each volume, the first covering sixteen, the second eighteen pages of quarto paper. These skeletons show how Dickens constructed his stories. They are very curious. Here is a sample page:

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, NO. 1.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

The Man, in his boat, watching the tides.

The Gaffer,—Gaffer—Gaffer Hexam—

Hexam.

His daughter rowing. Jen, or Lizzie.

Taking the body in tow.

His dissipated partner, who

has "Robbed a live man!"

Riderhood—this fellow's name.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN FROM SOMEWHERE.

The entirely new people.

Everything new—Grandfather new—if they
had one.

Dinner Party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tip-
pins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene—Mor-
timer, languid and tells of Harmon the Dust
Contractor.

Then follow sentences, written everywhere on the page, like this: "Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich," etc. There is also this outline heading:

FOUR BOOKS.

- I. The Cup and the Lip.
- II. Birds of a Feather.
- III. A Long Lane.
- IV. A Turning.

The story is written in small, oddly-formed letters, with frequent erasures, on heavy, light-blue paper in dark-blue ink. It is marked as completed September 2, 1865, and has a postscript in lieu of a preface, under which is given this date. The manuscript is just as it came finally from Dickens's hands, even the names of the compositors in the printing-office remaining at the head of each "take."

It was through Dickens that I became acquainted with Wilkie Collins, one of the most agreeable men I ever met, and whom I have since entertained in this country. The two families were very intimate, as Mr. Collins's brother had married Mr. Dickens's daughter.

From Gad's Hill Place we went to Stowe,

one of the estates of the late Duke of Buckingham, the last of the Plantagenets. I had first met the Duke a few years before, when, as Marquis of Chandos, he came to this country in the suite of the Prince of Wales and was entertained by me while in Philadelphia. I found him always an unaffected, able, and agreeable man. It may be said of him that he was the first English nobleman who broke an entail to pay his father's debts. He was one of the most hospitable of men. I gave many Americans letters of introduction to him, and he entertained them royally. He was a man of much ability,—an astute politician and a successful railroad manager. He knew the name and the place of every bolt in an engine; and it was he who invented the ingenious trough arrangement by means of which engines in motion can replenish their tanks with water. Stowe is a vast building, some twelve hundred feet in length. One of its attractions was a unique chapel, built of cedar and gold, brought by the Duke's ancestors from Spain. He told me that one day in Spain he was talking with a priest who described a beautiful little church that had once stood on the spot where they were conversing. The priest mourned its loss, saying that it had been actually plucked

from the soil and transported to England. He never suspected that the Duke owned it.

Stowe was connected by the Duke with his other residence of Wootton by means of a railroad. At this latter place, which had been in his family over seven hundred years, and after which I named my own country-seat near Bryn Mawr, we also passed some pleasant days. There was a notable oak-tree there that had been planted by Queen Elizabeth. While at Stowe we slept in the same rooms that had been occupied by Queen Victoria when the Duke of Buckingham's father entertained her majesty one week at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars. Later on, when we were stopping at the Langham Hotel, near the Duke's residence on Chandos Street, I had an amusing adventure. The Duke had asked me to visit his church, situated in that street, and one morning I strolled there, and, entering, requested the pew-opener to show me to the ducal pew. "The servants' pew?" he asked. When I related this experience to the Duke he laughed, and said it was not so amusing as one of his own. He had gone one day, he said, while chairman of the London and Northwestern Railway, to the office of the company and requested one of the attend-

ants to show him to the room of a certain official, the head of a department. The man eyed the Duke critically, and observed, "You won't do: you're too light weight." It then transpired that the official had advertised for a porter, and the attendant mistook the Duke for an applicant for the situation.

The first wife of the Duke of Buckingham was a lovely woman, a Miss Harvey, and their marriage had been one of love. Mrs. Childs has still an embroidered chair presented to her by the Duchess, who had worked it for her. One of the most interesting mementos I have of the Duke is a set of photographs of his governmental colleagues. They were hospitality itself to us. One day we were asked whether we cared to visit Fountain Abbey, the picturesque property of Lord Ripon (Earl de Grey), whom I knew when he was in this country as one of the High Joint Commission, and, availing ourselves of the invitation, special permission was accorded our party to drive in the grounds and view the private buildings. We drove over from Harrogate in carriages, and enjoyed the jaunt immensely. The duchess lingered outside the abbey for a time, sketching, and when we rejoined

her she told us that she had overheard a party of visitors discussing our entrance into the private precinct, and one of them, glancing at the carriages, had said, "Well, I'll wager they're Americans: those people are admitted everywhere."

Altogether, our stay in England was very delightful, made largely so by the number of interesting and agreeable people with whom we came in contact, as at "Bearwood," the splendid home of Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, where we met Charles Kingsley, Archdeacon Benson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Houghton, and many other distinguished personages. As might be imagined from the circumstance of my publication of Dr. Kane's book, I had a peculiar pleasure in making the acquaintance of Lady Franklin. She was afterwards my guest for a week at Long Branch. She was on a journey round the world, and she came with her niece, a man- and a maid-servant, her cooking-utensils, and a whole baggage-wagon-full of traps. I can distinctly recall her standing upon the lawn and looking out over the sea. "What is it across there?" she asked, pointing straight ahead. "Portugal," I told her. "I've just come from there," she said.

Not only in England but on the Continent our trip abroad was made very pleasant by the acquaintanceship and hospitality of many agreeable people. Here and there we met old friends and fellow-countrymen. In Rome, for instance, we passed some delightful weeks with Longfellow, who had resided there for a lengthy period in earlier years, and by living in Italian families had become very well known and very popular. He was much *fêted*. I gave him a dinner at which some of the Roman dignitaries, artists, and writers were present. T. Buchanan Read, the artist-poet, was at that time in the Eternal City, and one of my guests. At dinner, Read's famous painting of Longfellow's three daughters was discussed, and Longfellow observed that the picture was a good one save in one particular; Read, he said, had painted one of his children to look as if she had no arms. He illustrated his criticism with a story, saying that the daughter in question and himself had heard a boy at a watering-place crying photographs for sale of "Longfellow's daughters,—one without arms!"

As I make no other pretension in these chats than idly to recall some salient or diverting incidents in my career or acquaint-

ance with notable men, I may take advantage of this second allusion to Longfellow to say a word or two about a man of exalted station and intellect,—that modest ex-monarch, Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil. Speaking of Longfellow reminded me of the time when Dom Pedro, gazing at the portrait of Longfellow which hangs in my library, exclaimed, “That is your great American poet. I have translated his works into Portuguese, and made known the beauty of his verse to all Brazil.”

This was in 1876, when, during the Centennial Exhibition, the Emperor was my guest and I naturally arranged for him to visit the various places of interest in Philadelphia. At my house I presented to him the late James L. Claghorn, President of the Academy of Fine Arts, who invited him to visit the Academy, and on his expressing a desire to go, inquired what hour would be most agreeable to his majesty. “Six o’clock,” he said. It was a favorite hour with him; but Mr. Claghorn, not knowing this, was aghast. However, promptly at the appointed time he had the directors of the Academy on hand to greet the Emperor, who exhibited an unfeigned and very intelligent interest in the art treasures of the

building. When introduced to Dr. Ruschenberger, President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, he surprised the doctor and those about him by saying, "I know you as an author;" and he proceeded to name the books the doctor had written, some of them being out of print.

He accepted an invitation for the next day to visit the coal-regions, and set again his favorite hour of six o'clock as the time to start. We went in Judge Packer's private car, and visited various coal-mines and iron-works, the Emperor's interest never flagging. He seemed to understand all the details of manufacture, and paid particular attention to the Bessemer and Siemens processes of steel-making. A curious incident happened while we were at the Thomas Iron-Works. Mr. Thomas (who introduced the process of making iron with anthracite coal) came to me and said that his granddaughter would like to be presented to the Emperor, as she had previously met him in Egypt. So we turned to his majesty, and I had hardly named the young lady, when he exclaimed, "Oh, I met you at the Pyramids, and gave you my photograph, did I not?"

We were fourteen hours on that journey, returning to Philadelphia at eight p.m.

I was quite worn out, and went to bed. Rising early, I picked up the *Ledger*, and about the first thing that caught my eye was an account of the Emperor's attendance the night before at a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, where, it appeared, he had taken part in the discussions of the evening. I mention all this to show that one monarch in the world, at least, is a man of energy and broadest intelligence and kindest sympathy. He seemed to know all about Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution when I made the two acquainted, and spoke of his original and practical application of the telegraph. By invitation of the professor he visited Washington and the Smithsonian Institution. Again, when I introduced him to Joaquin Miller, he instantly spoke in praise of the Sierra Nevada poems. Indeed, there was apparently nothing notable in literature, art, or science that had not engaged his attention. In women's medical colleges he was much interested. I broached the subject during our trip to the coal-regions, and he amazed me with the breadth of his information, dwelling, as he did, upon the labors of those women who were sent out as missionaries.

I cannot help holding the unfortunate Dom Pedro in the kindest remembrance; and it is gratifying to know that I have him as a loyal friend. He presented me with a large photograph likeness bearing an autograph inscription, and with a copy of his book of travels in which he wrote some kindly words. It was one of the pleasing methods he employed to show me I was not forgotten, that I have been honored with an early and welcome visit from each new Brazilian minister to the United States. And perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting at this appropriate place the following extract from a letter which the Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, late American Minister to Brazil, recently wrote to a friend, describing his presentation to the Emperor: "I have thought," he says, "that you might not be uninterested in learning that the Emperor, in an informal conversation which followed the presentation of my letter of credence, inquired quite feelingly after Mr. George W. Childs, and manifested a deep concern in his welfare. The Emperor spoke of the hospitalities extended to him in Philadelphia, and was especially warm in his expressions touching Mr. Childs."

Senhor J. G. do Amaral Valente, Brazilian

Minister to the United States, had delivered to me in October, 1889, a cup and saucer of beautiful design and exquisite finish, a present from the Emperor. The following letter gives an account of the presentation.

“BRAZILIAN LEGATION,
WASHINGTON, October 15, 1889.

“MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS :

“MY DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in forwarding by express to your address a small box containing a cup and saucer which the Emperor has been pleased to send you as a souvenir.

“Perhaps you would be interested in learning the circumstances that originated His Majesty’s special mark of kindness to you, and therefore I think myself justified in saying a few words in this connection.

“As you well know, the Emperor has always kept the most pleasant recollections of his visit to this country, as well as a grateful and cordial remembrance of you, after whom he never fails to inquire whenever an opportunity presents itself. Lately, before my departure from Rio de Janeiro to the States, I had the honor to call to receive His Majesty’s orders. At the close of the interview I was instructed to give his affec-

tionate regards to some of his friends, your name being mentioned in the first place. I then took the liberty of suggesting that you had a very curious collection of china, and that I believed a cup and saucer coming from His Majesty would be very much appreciated by you and considered a great addition to the same collection. The Emperor said that if that was the case he would be very much pleased to send you one, and added, ‘Well, I shall send Mr. Childs the same cup and saucer I use to-morrow at my breakfast,’ and immediately gave his chamberlain the instructions to that effect.

“I need not say how glad I feel at the acquisition you are going to make. I trust that you will receive the said souvenir in perfect order.

“Believe me,

“Yours very truly,

“J. G. DO AMARAL VALENTE.”

The following self-explanatory letter from Captain Luiz Philippe de Saldanha da Gama, of the Brazilian navy, a very close friend of the Emperor, will doubtless prove interesting in view of the recent revolution in Brazil:

“WASHINGTON, November 22, 1889.

“DEAR SIR,—When I came from Brazil about a month ago to join the Maritime International Conference as a delegate, I had the honor to be the bearer of an autograph letter of His Majesty Dom Pedro II., addressed to you. Unable, however, to move away from this city on the days following my arrival, and at the same time unwilling to forward such a letter to you by mail, I was still awaiting the leisure that should permit me to go to Philadelphia, and deliver myself, into your own hands, so expressive a mark of His Majesty’s kind recollection and cordial feelings towards you. But now, in the face of the grave events which have just occurred in Brazil, I consider it my duty to delay no longer the fulfilment of the charge His Majesty imposed upon me, and, therefore, I take the liberty to send you his letter, herewith enclosed.

“Allow me to thank you for your editorial of the 20th instant in reference to the Emperor’s personality and to the revolution which has just dethroned him. As a patriotic Brazilian, as well as a most devoted and faithful personal friend to His Majesty, I must say I felt extremely gratified in reading the enlightened views expressed

by a republican journal like the *Public Ledger* on the Emperor's character, his learning, his correct behavior, his unselfishness, his good intentions, and his patriotic feelings.

"However, the revolution in Brazil seems to be at present an accomplished fact; and he, who never condemned any of his fellow-countrymen to expatriation, is now on his way to a strange shore,—he, who really was, during fifty years of reign, the firm guarantee of the rights and prerogatives of all Brazilians, has been compelled to leave his country in an hour's time, and by night, like a wretched criminal. I dare hope he will reach in safety the land of exile, and meet yet with marks of love and affection from those who knew him well and from those who are indebted to him for many favors.

"Pray, therefore, accept once more my most grateful thanks for what you have written of Dom Pedro de Alcantara, both as a man and as Emperor of Brazil,

"And believe me, etc.,

"L. P. DE SALDANHA DA GAMA,

"*Captain.*

"TO MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS."

The following is a translation of the letter sent by Dom Pedro :

“MR. G. W. CHILDS,—In recalling your kindness and the splendid evening that you gave me in Philadelphia, I recommend to you the captain of the Brazilian navy, Mr. Luiz Philippe de Saldanha da Gama, and I am sure that you will make his second visit to you in Philadelphia as agreeable as the first, and that he will give me news of your beautiful collections.

“Affectionately yours,
“D. PEDRO D’ALCANTARA.”

“RIO DE JANEIRO, October 4, 1889.”

CHAPTER III.

LIBRARY TREASURES.

Precious Manuscripts—Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue
— A Collection of Valuable Autographs — Andrew
Johnson's Letters.

You would like to see “ the treasures ” of my library ? There they are,—several thousand of them ; many of them notable books indeed. The presentation copies alone, I suppose, contain enough interesting autograph inscriptions of their authors to amuse you. There are many curios in the collection,—many valuable manuscripts. Here, bearing the date of May 17, 1703, written in a small, compact, but legible hand, is the original of a sermon by Cotton Mather. To set it off, here are two volumes that were once in the library of Charles Dickens,—one the Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, with an autograph inscription to “ Charles Dickens, from his constant admirer and obliged friend, Leigh Hunt,” the other a copy of Hood's

“Comic Annual” for 1842. It contains these characteristic lines in Hood’s handwriting:

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry!
And a bumper fill me up.
Tho’ I had a pledge to shiver,
And the longest ever was,
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I will drink a health to Boz!

Here’s success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o’er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home!—
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works!

A manuscript I prize is the translation of the first book of the *Iliad* by my friend William Cullen Bryant. Not less interesting is the manuscript of Edgar A. Poe’s remarkable story of “The Murders in the Rue Morgue.” It is written in a fine close hand on seventeen pages of large legal-cap paper, and has quite a history. The late Mr. J. W. Johnston, from whom I secured it, wrote me that it was in the spring of 1841,

at the time he was an apprentice in the office of Barrett & Thrasher, printers, in Philadelphia, that the manuscript came into his possession. It was at this office that *Graham's Magazine*, in which the story first appeared, was printed. After the tale had been put in type and the proof read, the manuscript found its way into the wastebasket; but Mr. Johnston picked it up, and, obtaining permission to keep it, took it home to the residence of his father. He then, it seems, lost sight of the manuscript for years. His father removed from Philadelphia to York County, Pennsylvania, thence to Maryland, and thence to Virginia, and in these several pilgrimages, unknown to himself, carried the Poe manuscript along with him, folded up in one of the books of his library. Determining to return to Pennsylvania, he made sale of his personal effects, and among a lot of old books offered was found the Poe manuscript. It was at once recognized, rescued from the rubbish among which it had so nearly been lost, and forwarded to Mr. Johnston the son, who in the mean time (1847) had removed to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and begun business as a daguerrotypist. Twice his daguerrean rooms took fire, and once (March 8, 1850) almost

all his books, papers, pictures, and apparatus were consumed; but the Poe manuscript, folded within the leaves of an old music-book, escaped the wreck.

“About the year 1857,” he goes on to say, in his letter to me, “a grocery-store, occupying the first floor of the building in which were my rooms, took fire and burned furiously. The flames did not reach my rooms, but the smoke did, and the firemen drenched them with water, destroying books, papers, and other property; but, by rare good fortune, the Poe manuscript again escaped all injury, except a slight discoloration. From 1861 to 1864 I was in the army, but on my return therefrom I found the Poe manuscript in the old music-book where I had left it on leaving home. In the spring of 1865 I took charge of the Swan Hotel, Lancaster. Removing therefrom in 1869, a great deal of rubbish was consigned to the ash-pile, the old music-book sharing the fate of many worthless articles. The next-door neighbor, thinking it had been inadvertently thrown away, picked it from the ash-pile and handed it to me. On opening the book, I again beheld the much-neglected manuscript. Resolved that it should not again be subjected to so many risks, I at once had it bound.”

I have a very interesting letter written under date of August 13, 1841, by Poe to the Philadelphia publishers Lea & Blanchard. "I wish," he says, "to publish a new collection of my prose tales, with some such title as this: '*The Prose Tales of Edgar A. Poe, including "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," the "Descent into the Maelström," and all his later pieces, with a second edition of the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."*'"

"The later pieces will be eight in number, making the entire collection thirty-three, which would occupy two *thick* novel volumes.

"I am anxious that your firm should continue to be my publishers, and, if you would be willing to bring out the book, I should be glad to accept the terms which you allowed me before,—that is, you receive all profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution • to friends."

I possess an interesting relic of Lord Byron,—his writing-desk, on which he wrote "Don Juan" and other poems. It bears his crest and monogram. Byron's works are represented in my library by Murray's sumptuous six-volume edition (1855), inscribed to me "In testimony of kind remembrance, from John Murray." The first volume contains portions of the manuscript of "The

Bride of Abydos.” It also gives a curious illustration of Byron’s dislike of Wordsworth. When “Peter Bell” appeared, Byron cut it out, placed it in the beginning of a copy of his own works, and on the margin of the page wrote a parody of the poem. It will be remembered that “Peter Bell” ran in this way :

PROLOGUE.

There’s something in a flying horse,
 And something in a huge balloon ;
 But through the clouds I’ll never float
 Until I get a little Boat
 Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,
 In shape a very crescent moon :—etc.

Byron’s parody is as follows :

EPILOGUE.

There’s something in a stupid ass,
 And something in a heavy dunce ;
 But never since I went to school
 I heard or saw so damned a fool
 As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I’ve seen so great a fool
 As William Wordsworth is for once,
 I really wish that Peter Bell
 And he who wrote it were in hell,
 For writing nonsense for the nonce.

"I saw the light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet Babe of one-and-twenty years!
And then he gives it to the nation,
And deems himself of Shakespeare's peers.

He gives the perfect work to light!
Will Wordsworth, if I might advise,
Content you with the praise you get
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Excise.

RAVENNA, March 22, 1820.

Here is the original manuscript of William Godwin's "Cloudesley: a Novel." It is written on both sides of the sheets of old parchment paper, but in a strikingly clear and smooth hand. Shakespearian scholars, I suppose, would be particularly interested in my copy of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke's "Complete Concordance to Shakespeare." It contains a selection of fifty closely-written pages of the original manuscript, together with a long and exceedingly interesting autograph letter, which gives a detailed account of the progress of the work from its inception, through the twelve years occupied in its compilation, and four more of press-corrections, to its final publication; also copies of a congratulatory letter from Douglas Jerrold, the author's application for the privilege of dedicating the work to the

Queen, and the Queen's reply, besides several portraits, a large number of newspaper cuttings, etc. In a letter to me, written from Villa Novello, Genoa, February 8, 1879, Mrs. Clarke says, "The notice in your paper was read through tears of proud emotion at the way in which your reviewer recognized the admirable characters of my Parents: It was enjoyed in concert by our family party, then assembled around our breakfast-table here; which included my brother Alfred, my sister Sabilla, and our two charming Italian nieces, Portia and Valeria Gigliucci—to whom I read aloud, as well as my streaming eyes would allow me, this American warmth of tribute to Vincent and Mary Novello's moral and intellectual excellence."

From the late Anna Maria Hall and her husband, S. C. Hall,* I procured a valu-

* I received, early in the year 1889, a long letter from Mr. Hall. It was written December 8, 1888, but delayed many weeks in transmission by the correspondent with whom it was designed to make me acquainted. This was no doubt one of the last letters written by the venerable author, and its concluding lines are full of pathos. "My dear, much-honored, and greatly loved friend," it reads. "This may be the last letter of consequence I shall write. It is high time I left earth. I think my work is very nearly done,—and I shall soon meet my beloved at the Golden Gate. We shall meet

able collection of letters, manuscripts, and sketches of many celebrated people of the past fifty years. Mrs. Hall presented me with the Bible of Tom Moore, in which the poet entered the names and birth- and death-dates of his children. I have also an original score signed by Tom Moore, and the poet's famous Irish harp.

I have perhaps the only complete manuscript of any of Thackeray's works in existence. It is his "Lectures on the Four Georges," and is entirely in his own handwriting. The volume is illustrated by numerous original drawings by Thackeray, some of which are colored by himself. I have also the original manuscript of Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate," which he presented from his Abbotsford library to his publishers, with a kind and appreciative note.

Among many other original manuscripts in my possession are "The Need of Two Loves," by N. P. Willis; James Fenimore

there, I am very sure! Yet I am in fair health, my friends do not neglect me, and I am well taken care of by an excellent nurse-attendant."

A postscript reads: "I write this letter in the eighty-ninth year of my age. And if I say farewell, you will not be astounded."

Cooper's "Life of Captain Richard Somers;" Mary Howitt's translation of Frederika Bremer's "Hertha;" Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine" and "Godolphin;" Gray's "Habitations of our Kings;" Harriet Martineau's "Retrospect of Western Travel;" the Dickens manuscripts to which I have previously alluded; and "The Italian Bride," an original tragedy by John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." This tragedy by Payne is in four acts, and was written for Charlotte Cushman; but it was never produced, and it has never been printed. Payne left two manuscript copies of his play. One was given to his friend Mr. James Rees, a well-known literary man of Philadelphia, from whom it passed directly to me. It consists of ninety-six pages entirely in the handwriting of Payne himself, with only a few pencil-marks and some stage-directions on the alternate blank pages.

The manuscript of "The Cow-Chase" must not be overlooked. This satirical poem, written by Major André, was founded upon an unsuccessful attempt of a party under General Anthony Wayne to capture a block-house upon the Hudson, a short distance from New York City, on the 21st

of July, 1780. It is said to have been the last literary effort of the ill-fated young Englishman, and, singularly enough, the last canto was published in New York, in Rivington's *Royal Gazette*, on the same day upon which he was arrested. The poem was afterwards printed, with full notes, for private circulation, and this with the original manuscript was the property of the Rev. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany, New York, an extensive collector of autographs, who prized it as probably the most valuable article in his collection. The manuscript has been admirably illustrated by my friend Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer, of Philadelphia, with portraits of the generals of the Revolution, both Continental and English, well-known and historical landscapes, characters, and buildings. The closing stanza of André's epic, which is complete in three cantos, runs as follows :

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet.

Soon afterwards André was caught, and some unkind hand thus continues the poem :

And when the epic strain was sung,
The poet by the neck was hung,
And to his cost he finds too late
The "dung-born tribe" decides his fate.

It would not be interesting merely to catalogue my collection, which includes poems, letters, and manuscripts of Burns, Swift, Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Tennyson, Pepys, Pope, Thomson, Shelley, Keats, William Penn, Voltaire, Goethe, Irving, Lamb, Gibbon, Hume, Lord Clarendon, and others. Coleridge is represented by a long letter, in which he states that he would be glad to go to London if he could be assured of *a guinea a week*. Here is a noteworthy manuscript of Schiller,—his dramatic poem entitled "Demetrius." It occupies two folio pages, and was secured for me through the kindness of Longfellow. There is also the original manuscript draught of Tennyson's dedicatory poem to the Queen, which is prefixed to the last collected edition of his poems.

I will do no more than enumerate a letter of Lord Nelson, written four days before his death; a number of presentation-volumes from the brothers Chambers, Robert, William, and David; many curiously illustrated, inlaid, and arranged works, especially Tick-

nor's *Life of Prescott*, two volumes quarto, with several hundred illustrations; *Life of Everett*, quarto; *Rogers's Italy and Poems*, inlaid with three hundred engravings, all first impressions; a work on the empire of Brazil, presented by Dom Pedro in 1876, and containing his autograph; a copy of Chambers's "*English Literature*," which has autograph letters, about seven hundred extra plates, and numerous newspaper cuttings and references, the work being extended to eight volumes; many books upon the North American Indians; quite a large collection of Americana; Lamb's *Works*, with autograph letters of Lamb; Talfourd's *Life of Lamb*, with a manuscript poem by Talfourd, and a letter written to myself; Shakespeare's *Works* in many editions; a *Collection of the Illustrations of H. K. Browne*, better known as "*Phiz*," which contains all the sketches, several hundred in number, that can be obtained, and is enriched by memoranda and notes in the artist's own hand; and three large volumes of photographs, many bearing also the autographs, of interesting and well-known people I have met at home and abroad.

One of the most unique works in my library is "*A Collection of Autographs*,

made by a Scrivener." Mr. W. G. Latham, a lawyer of New Orleans, compiled the book. As a notary public he had access to many original documents, and he presently began to make accurate copies of the notable signatures which came under his notice. He thus employed the leisure hours of twenty-five years, and made at least one trip to Europe to complete his remarkable collection. If lost it could never be replaced. There are about four thousand names in the book, and they embrace distinguished Americans of all professions from the beginning of our history; British authors from before Shakespeare until within a few years; men of renown in authorship, medicine, theology, natural history, botany, music, the drama, and the fine arts; a complete list of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Washington and his generals; Napoleon and leading men of his time and nation; and the royalty, nobility, and military and naval celebrities of Europe for the past three centuries. Appended to almost every signature is a brief biographical sketch.

I have reserved for final mention a volume in my library that no doubt exceeds all others in historical interest. It is a large

folio containing portraits and autograph letters of every President of the United States from Washington to Harrison. Eight of the letters are personal ones from the various Presidents to myself.

The first letter is one of the most interesting. It was written by Washington to Colonel Clement Biddle, of Philadelphia, under date of Mount Vernon, December 8, 1799,—that is to say, only six days before Washington's death. It was the last letter he wrote. There is not the slightest indication of approaching dissolution in the firm handwriting; the letters are carefully formed, the words carefully chosen; and, though he spells cabin with two b's, his shrewdness in business dealing is illustrated in the stately announcement to Colonel Biddle that he has it in mind to send him "a hundred or two barrels of flour to dispose of for me in the Philadelphia market, as it commands a better price there than in Alexandria, and some barrels of fish also,—on commission." He also instructs his correspondent about the purchase of various kinds of seeds.

John Adams's letter is addressed to Commodore Bainbridge; he declines an invitation to visit the latter, on the ground that "an

octogenarian gentleman and a septuagenarian lady (his wife) cannot be too cautious of engaging in bold, daring, and hazardous enterprises without an object of public good." The letters are all of a private and entertaining character: Pierce's letter is the touching one to James T. Fields to which I have already referred in connection with the death of Hawthorne; the Lincoln letter is the famous one of April 9, 1862, containing instructions to General McClellan and concluding with the underscored words, "*But you must act;*" and General Grant is represented by the noted letter he wrote me, June 6, 1877, from London. This is the letter, fourteen pages in length, which I telegraphed to the London *Times*.

Autograph letters of Andrew Johnson are very hard to obtain,—harder than the letters of any other President. Letters written by his secretary and merely signed by himself are common enough. I have been enabled, however, to secure quite a store of Johnson's original manuscripts, including the account-books he kept while a tailor. They are full of droll expressions. The letter I have selected to represent him in the volume of the Presidents is an interesting communication to his friend Major (afterwards General)

Sam Milligan. It is ill written, and notable for its odd misspelling and its frank political gossip. It breathes a feverish anxiety for the action of the Southern leaders, and hopes "there is still intelligence enough and virtue in the country sufficient to save it." "As you say," he writes, "they" (meaning the "treasonable men") "have given me 'thunder' in some places."

Perhaps his nearest friend was the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, who fairly lived at the White House during Johnson's stormy administration. Yet, as illustrating the scarcity of Johnson's autograph letters, even Mr. Randall has none in his possession. I have three addressed to Major Milligan which are full of entertaining chat about politics.

But haven't I talked enough about my friends? For these books and manuscripts are as much my friends as human beings. And I had almost forgotten the clocks. I have a collection of nearly fifty in various places, and it has been said that a whole history of clock- and watchmaking might be written from a study of them. The most important clock in my possession is the one constructed by David Rittenhouse, the great astronomer, for a rich citizen of colonial

Philadelphia. It now stands in my office. Barton, in his *Life of Rittenhouse*, gives its interesting pedigree. There is attached to it the mechanism of a musical clock, besides an accurate little planetarium, placed on its face above the dial-plate. It was made for Mr. Joseph Potts, who paid six hundred and forty dollars for it; in the spring of 1774 it was purchased by Mr. Thomas Prior, who refused General Sir William Howe's offer of one hundred and twenty guineas for it, shortly before the evacuation of Philadelphia in 1778, and another offer of the Spanish Minister of eight hundred dollars, made with a view of presenting it to his sovereign. After Mr. Prior's death, in 1801, it became the property of Professor Barton, the biographer of Rittenhouse, and from him passed into the possession of the late James Swain, at the sale of whose effects I bought it in October, 1879.

But the mention of that office of mine, about which so much has been written, must not tempt me into further talking. Whatever it may be to others, it is hallowed for me by a thousand associations. Look any way I will, a familiar face confronts me; on this side Bishop Simpson, on that Dean Stanley and Dickens; over there my old

friends Robert C. Winthrop and General Grant; faces of men and women,—of Nils-son and Modjeska; of Mme. Bernhardt,—a portrait painted by herself.

This is a fitting place to stop. Just one parting reflection. If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should say, doing good to others. Not a strikingly original remark, perhaps; but seemingly the most difficult thing in the world is to be prosperous and generous at the same time. During the war I asked a very rich man to contribute some money to a certain relief fund. He shook his head. "Childs," he said, "I can't give you anything. I have worked too hard for my money." That is just it. Being generous grows on one just as being mean does. The disposition to give and to be kind to others should be inculcated and fostered in children. It seems to me that is the way to improve the world and make happy the people who are in it.

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL GRANT.

Personal Characteristics—The Electoral Commission—
His Simplicity—Domestic Life.

GENERAL GRANT was one of the truest and most congenial friends I ever had. We first met in 1863, after the victory of Vicksburg. The general and Mrs. Grant had come to Philadelphia to make arrangements to put their children at school in Burlington, New Jersey. From that time until his death our intimacy grew. In his life three qualities were conspicuously revealed,—justice, kindness, and firmness.

Seeing General Grant frequently for more than twenty years, I had abundant opportunity to notice these qualities. We lived at Long Branch on adjoining properties, on the same land, without any division, and I may say there never was a day when we were together there on which either I was not in his house or he in mine. He would

often come over and breakfast or dine with me. I never saw him in the field, though I corresponded with him during the war, and whenever an opportunity presented itself he would come to Philadelphia for the purpose of seeing his family at Burlington, and would often stay with me, and in that way he made a great many friends. That was as early as 1863. He always seemed to enjoy his visits here, as they gave him rest during the time he was in the army. These visits to Philadelphia were continued after he became President, and he always found recreation and pleasure in them.

Much has been published about General Grant, but there are many things I have not seen stated, and one is that he had considerable artistic taste and talent. He painted very well. One of his paintings, twelve by eighteen inches, he gave to his friend the late Hon. A. E. Borie, of Philadelphia, who was the Secretary of the Navy in his first Cabinet. That picture is, I believe, one of the two that he is known to have painted. On the death of Mr. Borie it was presented by his family to Mrs. Grant, and the engraving of it was made from the original sent to me for the purpose by Colonel Fred. D. Grant. Of the other painting there is no

trace. General Grant stood very high with his professor of drawing at West Point, and if he had persevered in that line might, it has always seemed to me, have made a good artist. He was throughout his cadetship apt in mathematics and drawing. The picture alluded to is that of an Indian chief, at a trading-post in the Northwest, exchanging skins and furs with a group of traders and trappers. The Indian stands in the foreground and is the central object,—a noble figure, well painted, and in full and characteristic costume. I have often seen the painting, which has been very much admired. The general took a good deal of pride in it himself.

General Grant was not an ardent student. Early in life he was somewhat of a novel-reader, but latterly he read history, biography, and travels. He was a careful reader, and remembered everything he read. He was a great reader of newspapers. I recall an incident which happened while we were at Long Branch, just after General Sherman's *Memoirs* had been published. Referring to the work, I asked him if he had read it. He said he had not had time to do so. One of the persons present observed, "Why, general, you won't find much in it

about yourself. Sherman doesn't seem to think you were in the war." The general said, "I don't know; I have seen some adverse criticisms, but I am going to read it and judge the book for myself."

After he had perused the work carefully and attentively, I asked him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "it has done me full justice. It has given me more credit than I deserve. Any criticism I might make would be that I think Sherman has not done justice to Logan, Blair, and other volunteer generals, whom he calls political generals. These men did their duty faithfully, and I never believe in imputing motives to people."

General Sherman had sent to me the proof-sheets of that portion of the *Memoirs* relating to General Grant before the book was published, and asked if I had any suggestions to make, and if I thought he had been just to the general. I informed General Grant that I had read these proof-sheets, and that I thought, as he did, that General Sherman had done him full justice. General Grant had the highest opinion of General Sherman as a military man, and always entertained a great personal regard for him. He was always magnanimous, particularly

to his army associates. He was a man who rarely used the pronoun *I* in conversation when speaking of his battles.

There is an amusing little incident I recall, *à propos* of a large painting of General Sherman on his "March to the Sea," which hangs in the hall of my Long Branch house, and which was painted by Kauffmann. Sherman sits in front of the tent, in a white shirt, without coat or vest. The picture shows a camp-fire in front, and the moonlight in the rear of the tents. The criticism of General Grant when he first saw it was, "That is all very fine ; it looks like Sherman ; but he never wore a boiled shirt there, I am sure."

While living at Long Branch few Confederate officers who visited the place failed to call upon General Grant. He was always glad to see them, and he invariably talked over with them the incidents and results of the war. The general held in high estimation General Joseph E. Johnston, and always spoke of him as one of the very best of the Southern generals. At one of my dinners I had the pleasure of getting Johnston, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan together.

With regard to election matters General Grant was a close observer, and had a won-

derful judgment respecting results. One particular case may be cited. During the canvass of his second term (towards the latter part of it) there began to be doubts throughout the country of his election. Senator Wilson, who was then running on the ticket for Vice-President, and who was a man of the people and had had a good deal of experience in election matters for forty years, made an extensive tour through the country, and came to my house, just afterwards, very despondent. He went over the ground and said that the result was in a great deal of doubt. I hastened to see General Grant, and told him of this feeling, particularly as it impressed Senator Wilson. The general said nothing, but sent for a map of the United States. He laid the map on the table, went over it with a pencil, and said, "We will carry this State, that State, and that State," until he nearly covered the whole United States. It occurred to me he might as well put them all in, and I ventured the remonstrance, "I think it would not be policy to talk that way; the election now is pretty near at hand." When the election came, the result was that Grant carried every State that he had said he would,—a prediction made in the face of the feeling through-

out the country that the Republican cause was growing weaker, and in spite of the fact that the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Grant, who was deeply interested in the election, had visited various parts of the country, South and West, and had come back apprehensive and dispirited.

This mention of Henry Wilson reminds me that when Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) was my guest in Philadelphia, he asked me to show him a "typical American." I told him that Vice-President Wilson was the man he was seeking,—that he illustrated most admirably, in his astonishing career from a shoemaker's bench to the presiding chair of the Senate, the possibilities of American citizenship. I sent for Mr. Wilson, and the two men spent some days together at my house. Shortly after, Wilson was stricken down with illness, and died in the room of the Vice-President in the Capitol building at Washington.

General Grant was staying with me in Philadelphia at the time of the Tilden and Hayes campaign, and on the morning of the momentous day after the election, when the returns gave Tilden a majority of all the electors, he accompanied me to my office. After a few moments an eminent Republican

Senator and one or two other leading Republicans walked in, and they went over the returns. One of these leaders, notwithstanding the returns, said, "Hayes is elected," an opinion in which the others coincided. General Grant listened to them, but said nothing. After they had settled the matter in their own minds, he said, "Gentlemen, it looks to me as if Mr. Tilden is elected."

When the contention on this point took such bitter and angry form and excited so much hot blood, the more conservative and the wiser men in Congress, like Randall, Garfield, Abram S. Hewitt, and Kasson in the House, and Edmunds, Bayard, and Conkling in the Senate, seeing the necessity of adopting some quieting and reassuring measures, began to consider what ultimately took form in the Electoral Commission. About this time General Grant asked me to make him a visit. He had patriotically espoused the proposal for an amicable adjustment of the threatening dispute in any practical form, and warmly favored the idea of an Electoral Commission. When I got to the White House he said, "This matter is very complicated, and the people will not be satisfied unless something is done in regard to it which will appeal to their sense of

justice. Now," he continued, "I have thought of an Electoral Commission, but the leaders of the party are opposed to it, which I am sorry to see. They say that if an Electoral Commission is appointed we might as well count in Mr. Tilden. I would rather have Mr. Tilden than that the Republicans should have a President who could be stigmatized as a fraud. If I were Mr. Hayes, I would not have the office unless my claim to it were settled in some way outside the Senate. This matter is opposed by the leading Republicans in the House and Senate and throughout the country."

President Grant invited several leading Republican Senators to dine with him to meet me and to get their views. He said to me, "You see the feeling here. I find them almost universally opposed to anything like an Electoral Commission." I named a leading Democrat in the House (Hon. Samuel J. Randall), who was one of the most prominent men in the country, a man of large influence and of great integrity of character, and whom it would be well to see. I sent for Mr. Randall to come to the White House to see me, and put the dilemma to him, as follows: "It is very hard for the President and very embarrassing to men on his own

side that this matter does not seem to find favor with them, besides having Democratic opposition. Republicans think they might as well count Tilden in as to agree to an Electoral Commission; but as the feeling throughout the country demands as honest a count of the vote as possible, this Electoral Commission ought to be appointed." There was every prospect that the great majority of the Democrats would ultimately support the measure, though chafing and angry under what they appeared to regard as a great wrong to them and to the country.

Mr. Randall was Speaker of the House at the time. His language in reply made it manifest that he felt it his duty to exert in all proper ways his powerful influence for a peaceful adjustment. He was careful in speech, for he evidently realized if an Electoral Commission was created by law that he, as presiding officer of the House of Representatives, would have to see, in part at least, that such law was faithfully carried out,—a task which he executed with firmness amid an excited assembly.

General Grant, however, did send for Senator Conkling, and said, with deep earnestness, "This matter is a serious one, and the people feel it very deeply. I think this Elec-

toral Commission ought to be appointed." Conkling answered, "Mr. President, Senator Morton" (who was then the acknowledged leader of the Senate) "is opposed to it and opposed to your efforts; but if you wish the Commission carried, I can help to do it." Grant said, "I wish it done." Thereupon Mr. Conkling took hold of the measure and contributed his powerful aid in putting it through the Senate.

Few persons not in public life understood fully at the time how near the country was to another civil war, and of course had no adequate appreciation of the vital service done by the statesmen named above, and by those of both parties who patriotically stood up in their support. But the peril was imminent, and the people of the country owe to all of them a great debt of gratitude,—and especially to Messrs. Randall, Edmunds, Conkling, and General Grant.

General Patterson, of Philadelphia, who had been an intimate friend of President Jackson, and a life-long Democrat, was also sent for at that time by President Grant. General Patterson had large estates in the South, and a great deal of influence with the Democrats, and particularly with Southern Democrats. He was then up-

wards of eighty, but he went to Washington and remained one or two weeks with President Grant, working hard to accomplish the purpose in view. After the bill had passed and while it was awaiting his signature, General Grant went to a State Fair in Maryland upon the day it should have been signed, and there was much perturbation about it. I was telegraphed by those interested that General Grant was absent, and that they were anxious about the signing. I replied that they might consider the bill as good as signed. The President returned to Washington that night and put his name to the document.

Just before General Grant started on his journey around the world he was spending some days with me, and at a dinner with Mr. A. J. Drexel, Colonel A. K. McClure, and myself, he reviewed the contest over the creation of the Electoral Commission very fully and with rare candor. The chief significance of his view lay in the fact, as he stated it, that he expected from the beginning until the final judgment that the electoral vote of Louisiana would be awarded to Tilden. He spoke of South Carolina and Oregon as justly belonging to Hayes, of Florida as reasonably doubtful, and of Louisiana as for Tilden.

General Grant acted in good faith throughout the whole affair. It has been said that the changing of the complexion of the court threw the office into Hayes's hands, and that if the court had remained as it was, Tilden would have been declared President. General Grant was the soul of honor in this matter, and no one ever hinted that he was unfair or untruthful in any way. I, for one, do not believe that he could possibly tell a lie or act deceitfully.

There is another point in politics not generally known. General Garfield, during his canvass, became very much demoralized. He was fearful that the Republicans would not carry Indiana, and was doubtful whether they would carry Ohio. In that emergency urgent appeals were made to General Grant, and he at once threw himself into the breach. He saw his strong personal friends and told them they must help. There was one very influential man, Senator Conkling, whom General Grant sent for and informed that he must turn in and assist. He at first declined, being hard pressed with professional engagements, but at General Grant's urgent solicitation finally entered the field and contributed handsomely to the victory. In order to do so he was compelled to return to clients

seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, which had been paid him as retaining fees in cases to be tried in October during his absence. General Grant went into the canvass with might and main. The tide was turned, and it was through General Grant's individual efforts, seconded by those of his strong personal friends, who did not feel any particular interest in the election, that Garfield was successful.

General Grant never by word or by letter suggested to any one that he would like to be nominated for a third term. Neither Mr. Conkling nor General Logan nor Senator Cameron had any assurance from him in any way that he wished the nomination, and they proceeded in their contest for it without any authority from him whatever. His heart was not on a third term at all. He had had enough of politics. After his second term he told me, "I feel like a boy out of school." At first General Grant intended to decline. In conversation with me he said, "It is very difficult to decline a thing which has never been offered;" and before he left this country for the West Indies, I said, "General, you leave this matter in the hands of your friends." He knew I was opposed to a third term. His political friends,

however, were in favor of it, not merely as friends, but because they thought he was the only man who could be elected by the Republicans. There is not a line of his in existence in which he expresses any desire to have that nomination. Towards the last, when the canvass became very hot, I suppose his natural feeling was that he would like to win. But he never laid any plans. He never encouraged or abetted anything looking towards a third-term movement.

General Grant was very magnanimous to those who differed with him, and when I asked him what distressed him most in his political life he said, "To be deceived by those I trusted." *He had a great many distresses.*

Of his quick perception in financial matters I remember a striking instance. On one of the great financial questions—the Inflation Bill, pending before Congress—he was consulting with Mr. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, whom he regarded as one of his strongest personal friends. In September, 1873, the general had gone to New York, and had listened for a day to appeals from inflationists to expand the currency by issuing the forty-four millions of greenbacks then in the Treasury. He patiently heard

their arguments, but refused their request. Still, he was so strongly impressed with certain views held by many of the ablest men in the country who had opinions on the subject different from his own, that he stated them to Mr. Drexel. Mr. Drexel combated these opinions, and as the result of that discussion the general adopted his views; and when the measure to which I allude was laid before him, he returned it to Congress with his disapproval. Here was a subject he had considered, as he thought, fully, but when new light was given to him by Mr. Drexel, whom he knew to be a well-informed, conservative, unselfish, and reliable man, and an experienced and able financier, and who possessed the public confidence, he changed his opinions, and wrote the veto message of April 22, 1874. Congratulations immediately poured in upon him from all parts of the country, and even the strongest advocates of the bill acknowledged that the President's final judgment was right, and that in this matter especially he was immeasurably superior in statesmanship to the Congressional majority.

A great many people had an idea that General Grant was very much set in his opinions; but, while he had decided opin-

ions, at the same time he was always open to conviction. Very often in talking with him he would make no observation, and when one had got through it would be difficult to tell exactly whether he had grasped the subject or not, but in a very short time, if the matter was alluded to again, it would be found that he had comprehended it thoroughly. His power of observation and mental assimilation was remarkable.

Of his simplicity and unpretentiousness I will give an illustration. During one of his drives with me through Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, I called his attention to the little log cabin which we were passing on one of the main avenues, and which was his headquarters during the war. With a merry twinkle of his eye he said, "I can tell you a little story connected with that cabin. For a long time my officers were urging me to let them put up a building for my headquarters. My headquarters had previously been on the field and in the saddle, and I had never thought of any other. I began to suspect that their solicitude for my comfort was not altogether disinterested, and told them they might put up a small affair. Almost instantly, as if by magic, headquarters grew up in every direction. So it turned

out that they were partly thinking of their own comfort." There was no "nonsense" about him. He was always neat in dress, but not fastidious. He said he got cured of his pride in regimentals when he came home from West Point.

There was a slight tinge of superstition in his composition. I remember hearing him say that he never would turn back if he could possibly avoid it, and he illustrated the remark by telling me of an incident that occurred when he was a boy living in the country. He had started on horseback to go to the mill, and while musing he had passed the road that led to it; instead of retracing his steps, he drove a long distance around, so that he could reach the mill without going back. Was not this trait one of the secrets of his success in the war? When I spoke to my old friend, Paul Du Chaillu, in regard to this peculiarity of General Grant, he replied that it was an old superstition, and that he could trace it to the Vikings of the ninth and tenth centuries, many of their great warriors believing in it.

General Grant, surrounded by those he knew well, always did two-thirds of the talking. He was a reticent and diffident man in general company, and it was not until he

was out of the Presidency that he became a public speaker. He told a story that he was once notified that he was expected to make a speech in reply to a sentiment given him, and he looked it over and wrote his answer carefully, but when he got up he was stricken dumb. He utterly lost himself, and could not say a word. After that he did not want to hear what was going to be said, and never prepared anything. Hon. Levi P. Morton told me that, in going to Liverpool and Manchester with General Grant, a committee came down to meet the general and brought a report of what they intended to say, for his inspection. He said, "No, I have had one experience in that line. I don't want to see it." The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop writes to me, "What you say of his early reticence reminds me that I had to make two speeches for him in the early days of the Peabody Education Trust. One of them was in the tobacco-factory at Baltimore, and the other on my door-steps here at Brookline, when our village band came up to serenade him. He would not go to the door unless I would promise to acknowledge the compliment for him."

The last speech he ever made was at Ocean Grove. Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, was

staying with him at his cottage at Long Branch. George H. Stuart, who was one of his earliest and dearest friends, came up to ask him if he would go down to Ocean Grove. Prior to this invitation he had not appeared in public since his misfortunes. He was then lame, from a fall on the ice as he was leaving his carriage at his residence in New York on Christmas-eve, and was compelled to use crutches until his death. Upon reaching Ocean Grove he found ten thousand people assembled. They rose *en masse* and cheered with a vigor and unanimity very uncommon in a religious assemblage. This touched him profoundly, for it was evidence that the popular heart was still with him. He arose to make acknowledgment, but after saying a few words he utterly broke down, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. That was the last time he ever appeared in public.

Speaking of Ocean Grove, General Grant always evinced great interest in its progress and success, and often took part in the religious exercises there. While at Long Branch he and his family attended the Methodist church in the village, and since his death a large memorial window of stained glass has been placed in the chancel. He

sometimes went to the Episcopal chapel at Elberon, in which a brass memorial tablet has been placed. It bears the following inscription, prepared, at my request, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop:

IN MEMORY OF
The Virtues and Valor
of
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
General of the Union Army,
and
President of the United States.
Born 27th April, 1822.
Died 23d July, 1885.

A few of his friends erect this tablet, as a token of their affection, while the whole country does homage to his career and character.

I remember that in 1884 I was notified that a number of scientists would meet in Montreal from all parts of the world to attend a convention. Sir William Thomson, Lord Rayleigh, and others, who were to be my guests, asked whether I would present them to General Grant. Some of them had met him. Of course I was very glad to introduce them. I said to him in the morning, "General, the scientists from Canada are coming down here, and they are very anxious to pay their respects to you." "Oh,"

he replied, "I have met some of these people abroad: I will be very glad to see them." They came to my house, and we walked across the lawn to the general's. He sat on the piazza, not being able to stand alone without the use of crutches, and was presented to every one of them, shaking hands with each. He would say to one gentleman, "How are you, professor? I met you in Liverpool;" and to another, "Why, how are you? I met you in London;" and, "I am glad to see you; I met you in Manchester." So he recognized each of these visitors as soon as he laid eyes on him. Many of them said to me afterwards, in speaking of the incident, "Why, I only met him casually with a party of people."

This power of recognition was remarkable. I subsequently asked him whether he had lost the power; he answered, "No, I have not lost the power. If I fix my mind on a person, I never forget him; but I see so many that I don't always do it." I can give a remarkable instance of his memory of persons. During one of the times that he was staying with me in Philadelphia we were walking down Chestnut Street together, and just as we arrived in front of a large jeweller's establishment a lady came out of the store

and was about to enter her carriage. General Grant walked up to her, shook hands with her, and put her in the carriage. "General, did you know that lady?" "Oh, yes," he replied; "I know her." "Where did you see her?" "Well, I saw her a good many years ago out in Ohio at a boarding-school. She was one of the girls there." "Did you never see her before or since?" He said, "No." The lady was the daughter of a very prominent Ohio man, Judge Jewett, and the next time we met she said, "I suppose you told General Grant who I was." I replied, "I did not." "Why, that is very remarkable," she answered, in a tone of surprise; "I was one of two or three hundred girls, and only saw him at school. I have never seen him since."

I remember an amusing incident which occurred when the English banker Mr. Hope, with his wife and three children, was visiting me at Long Branch. The children wanted to see the general, so one day they were taken over and presented to him. When they came back and were asked whether they had seen him, one of them replied, in a rather disappointed tone, "Yes; but he had no *crown*."

During one of his visits at Wootton, my

country-seat, he planted, on October 16, 1882, an oak, and always held it in remembrance. Just before his death he asked me if the tree was flourishing. One day when we were at Wootton together he remarked what a beautiful place it was, adding that it seemed a pity to him that its beauty should be spoiled by bad roads. Acting on this hint, the roads round about the neighborhood were Telforded.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL GRANT.—(CONTINUED.)

Fondness for Horses—The “Personal Memoirs”—The Indian Commission—Generals Halleck and Fitz-John Porter—Grant’s Fatal Disease.

GENERAL GRANT was very fond of horses, and was a thorough horseman. While a cadet at West Point he was always called upon whenever a horse was unmanageable, and he never failed to subdue the most vicious or fractious animal. In early life he rode a great deal, but after he left the army he generally drove a pair of spirited horses; sometimes, when he had a favorite fast horse, he drove singly. With all his liking for horses, he could never be induced to attend a race, or to bet on a horse. At agricultural fairs of course he witnessed and enjoyed seeing horses trotting or running. The last horse General Grant owned and drove was the mare “Silver,” now twenty years old and in good condition. I have her at Wootton, with her two colts, Julia and

Ida, sired by "Kentucky Prince," the horse for which fifty thousand dollars were offered. On his sick-bed the general longed to see them.

As to General Grant's power of thinking and of expressing his thoughts, he wrote with great facility and clearness. His Centennial Address, at the opening of the Exhibition in 1876, was prepared at my house, and there were only two or three corrections in the whole manuscript. Soon after his arrival in England he wrote me a letter of fourteen pages, giving an account of his reception in that country. The same post that brought the letter contained another from Mr. John Walter, proprietor of the *London Times*, saying that he had seen our mutual friend General Grant on several occasions, and wondered how he was pleased with his reception in England. The letter which I had received was so *à propos* that I telegraphed it over that very day to the *London Times*,—fourteen pages of manuscript,—without one word of alteration, and that journal next morning published this letter with an editorial on it. It happened that the cablegram arrived in London the very night the general was going through the *London Times* office to view the establish-

ment. In the letter he said he thought the English people admirable, and he was deeply sensible of the unexpected attention and kindness shown him. The letter contained these lines, "It has always been my desire to see all jealousy between England and the United States abated, and all sores healed up. Together they are more powerful for the spread of commerce and civilization than all others combined, and can do more to remove the cause of wars by creating mutual interests that would be so much disturbed by war, than all other nations." The letter was written privately to me, he not supposing that it would ever be put in print, and not one word, as I have said, had to be altered. I cite this to show General Grant's facility in writing.

The necessity of earning some money induced him to write the series of admirable articles for the *Century Magazine*. Upon their appearance I urged him, as did other friends of his, to expand them into a symmetrical and continuous narrative. Thus, had it not been for his financial reverses, it is doubtful whether American literature would have been enriched with his "Personal Memoirs," a book of surpassing interest, which has enjoyed the largest cir-

ulation and yielded the largest copyright (over four hundred and fifteen thousand dollars) of any work issued in modern times. Just before his death the general requested Mrs. Grant to send me his "Memoirs," and as soon as the work was published Colonel Grant sent me a handsomely bound copy with a very kind note.

The man who was perhaps nearer to him than any other in his Cabinet was Hon. Hamilton Fish. Grant had the greatest regard for his judgment. It was more than friendship—it was genuine affection which existed between them, and General Grant always appreciated Mr. Fish's remaining in his Cabinet, because Mr. Fish, had he been governed by his personal interests, would not have done so. I know that it was General Grant's desire to have him his successor in the Presidency. Mrs. Fish's influence and example were very great in Washington, and she left an impress on society there which is felt to this day. She was a typical American woman. A strong friendship existed between Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Fish, and their united kind acts, and many good deeds, will be long remembered in Washington.

When, in 1865, after the surrender of

General Lee at Appomattox, General Grant went to Washington to superintend the disbandment of the army, he found the national capital, as it always had been, a city of magnificent distances. Its long, broad avenues and streets seemed by their rough condition to increase and render more conspicuous these distances. The tramp of cavalry, the almost continuous movement of trains of heavy artillery and ammunition- and baggage-wagons had, assisted by the recurring winters' alternate freezings and thawings, reduced them to a condition little better than that of the rough, rude trails left by the Army of the Potomac on its march upon the Confederate capital.

They were still in this neglected state in 1868 when General Grant was elected President, and when, in the following year, he was inaugurated, he manifested the strongest public interest in designs for their improvement, and spoke to me very strongly on the subject. Indeed, it may justly be said, that the concern he evinced regarding the noble avenues and spacious streets of Washington was the inspiring cause which eventually led to their improvement. The subject was an engrossing one to him, and he made it the frequent theme of his conversation. Gen-

eral Grant's far-seeing wisdom was conspicuously demonstrated in this matter. He maintained that the national capital should, and under favorable conditions would, become the winter Saratoga—the social centre—of the entire country. He felt so strongly and spoke with such earnestness regarding the necessity of improving the city as to finally impress the importance of it upon the minds of those who had the authority to give practical realization to his suggestions.

Inspired by his public spirit and the interest he showed in its consummation, the work of improvement was begun, and when it was finished, upon the intelligent, generous plan which was adopted, the avenues and streets which had been as country roads, ploughed into deep ruts by artillery, and roughened by the action of innumerable frosts and suns, were so well graded and paved as to vie with those of the noblest highways of Old World capitals. Washington is still a city of magnificent distances, but so great and many were the improvements made during President Grant's administration as to suggest not so much distance as magnificence, for as its noble highways were extended, broadened, made smooth and pleasant to the sight,

noble mansions were built upon them, and General Grant's prediction of the capital becoming the winter social centre of the country was realized. The imposing improvements which were made, and which were largely inspired by him, render Washington a particularly attractive city to which the representatives of the nation's wealth and refinement are drawn. There was nothing more characteristic of General Grant than his public spirit, which was so strongly displayed in the transformation from inconvenience and ugliness to comfort and beauty of the avenues and streets of Washington.

With regard to the treatment of the Indians, he informed me that, as a young lieutenant, he had been thrown among them, and had seen the unjust treatment they received at the hands of the white men. He then made up his mind that if he ever had any influence or power it should be exercised to try to ameliorate their condition. The Indian Commission was his own idea. He wished to appoint the very best men in the United States. He selected William Welsh, of Philadelphia, William E. Dodge, of New York, Felix Brunot, of Pittsburgh, Colonel Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, and George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia. They composed

the Indian Commission which he had worked hard to establish, and they always could count upon him to aid them in every possible way. He always took the greatest interest in the Commission. Even to his last moments he attentively watched its progress. It was, at all times, a very difficult affair to handle, especially as there was a powerful Indian ring to break up.

He was of a very kindly nature, generous to a fault. I would often remonstrate with him, and say, "General, you can't afford to do this," and would try to keep people away from him. On one occasion, when certain persons wanted him to contribute to an important matter, which I did not think he was able to do, I would not let them go near him. He was reached, however, by some injudicious person, and he subscribed a thousand dollars.

General Grant venerated his mother, and loved his family. He seemed happiest in his home circle, surrounded by his devoted and loving wife and his children and grandchildren. I have never seen an instance of greater domestic happiness than that which existed in the Grant family. Perfect love had indeed "cast out fear," and it was delightful to see his grandchildren romping

with him, and saying just what came uppermost in their thoughts in their childish innocence.

General Grant always felt that he had been badly treated by General Halleck, but he rarely spoke harshly of any one. During one of my last visits to him he showed me his army orders, which he had kept in books. He had a copy of everything he ever did or said in regard to army matters. He was very careful about that, and had written all the orders with his own hand. He pointed to one of this large series of books, and said that it was fortunate that he had kept these things, because several of the orders could not be found on any record in the War Department. During our long friendship I never heard him more than two or three times speak unkindly of Halleck, although he had been very unjustly treated by him, —as is borne out by the records.

I told him of something that I had learned in connection with the officer in charge of the war records at Washington. That officer had been a strong friend of Halleck, and was prejudiced against General Grant, and was in the office where all these things passed through his hands. But after twenty years of examination, he said that there was

not a line relating to Grant which would not elevate him in the minds of thinking people.

It was through me that General Grant first went to Long Branch. He always enjoyed being there, and said that he had never seen a place in all his travels which was better suited for a summer residence. He drove out twice a day, and knew every by-way within twenty miles. It was his habit to drive out every morning after breakfast for a long distance, and then he would come home and read the papers or any books he might have on hand. He was one of the most companionable of men; totally unspoiled by all the honors conferred upon him. He was simple, unaffected, and attached everybody to him. He was very careful in answering his correspondence. Most of the letters received were begging letters of some kind or other, and I remember an incident showing his justness and tenderness of heart.

Once he had two cases of petition. He said, "I did a thing to-day that gave me great pleasure. There was a poor Irish-woman who had a boy in the army, and she came down from New York and spent all her money. She had lost several of her boys in the war, and this one she wished

to get out of the service to help support her. I gave her an order, and was very glad to do it." But he did not add that he gave her also some money, which was the case. "In contrast to that there was a lady of a very distinguished family of New York, who came here and wanted me to remove her son from Texas. He was an officer in the army, and I told her I could not do that. My rich petitioner then said, 'Well, could you not remove his regiment?' This would have involved a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars." General Grant did not hesitate a moment to refuse a rich woman's unreasonable request, but it gave him pleasure to grant the petition of a poor friendless Irishwoman.

He was very kind to the poor, and, in fact, to everybody, especially to widows and children of army officers. I gave him the names of quite a number of army and navy officers' sons for appointment in the navy or army. He said, "I am glad to have these. I like to appoint army and navy men's children, because they have no political influence." Nearly all his appointments to the Military and Naval Academies were the children of deceased army or navy officers, young men without influence to get in at West Point or Annapolis. There was hardly an army man,

Confederate or Union, who was not a friend of General Grant.

For General Sheridan he had an affectionate regard, and I have often heard him say that he thought Sheridan the greatest fighter that ever lived, and if there should be another war he would be the leader. I knew that General Sheridan had carefully preserved all the letters he had received from General Grant, and I asked Mrs. Sheridan to let me have them arranged and bound for her, which she did. They make a volume of great historical value and interest.

General Grant was so just that he never excited the jealousy or enmity of army men. When mistaken there was no man more ready to acknowledge himself in error. He was always accessible and courteous. He showed great tenacity in sticking to friends longer than he ought to have done. Whenever I spoke to him about this he would answer, "Well, if I believed all I hear, I would believe nearly everybody was bad." General Grant would say there was hardly anybody who came in contact with him who was not traduced, and that he very often had to depend upon his own judgment in such cases. One of his expressions was, "Never desert a friend under fire."

He rarely alluded to those who had abused his confidence, even in conversation with his most intimate friends. No matter how much a man had injured him, he was wont to say that he felt at the end what he might have felt at the outset.

General Grant had the greatest admiration for General Joseph E. Johnston, and Johnston for him; and when it was first proposed to bring up the retiring bill, Johnston, who was then in Congress, was to take the initiative in the matter. The passage of that bill gave great gratification to the general. I happened to be with him on the 4th of March, and said, "General, that bill of yours will pass to-day." "Mr. Childs," he said, "you know that during the last day of a session everything is in a turmoil. Such a bill cannot possibly be passed." "Well," I said, "Mr. Randall assured me that measure would be passed." He answered, "If anybody in the world could pass that bill, I think Mr. Randall could. But I don't think it is at all likely, and I have given up all expectation." While I was talking (this was about 11.30 A.M.), I got a telegram from Mr. A. J. Drexel, saying that the bill had passed, and the general seemed exceedingly gratified.

I remarked, "General, the part that some

of the members took in the matter was not justified." "Oh, perhaps they thought they were right. I have no feeling at all: I am only grateful that the measure has been passed," he answered. Mrs. Grant came in, and I said, "We have got good news: the bill is passed." She cried out, "Hurrah! our old commander is back." In answer to a remark that it would be very good if it could be dated from the time of going out, he said, "Oh, no; the law is to date from the time one accepts. In the early part of the war I saw in the newspapers that I was appointed to a higher rank, and wrote on at once and accepted on the strength of the newspaper report. In about two months' time, through red tape, I got my appointment, but received my pay from the time I wrote accepting the newspaper announcement. I saved a month's pay by that."

As to General Fitz-John Porter's case, I spoke to him during the early stage of it, at a time when his mind had been prejudiced by some around him, and when he was very busy. Afterwards, when he looked into the matter, he said he was only sorry that he had so long delayed making the examination he should have made. He felt that if ever a man had been treated badly Porter

was. He had examined the case most carefully, gone over every detail, and was perfectly satisfied that Porter was right. He wanted to do everything in his power to have him righted, and his only regret was that he had neglected the case so long and allowed Porter to rest under injustice. I had General Porter to meet General Grant at dinner, and placed them together, so that they could talk over the matter for the first time.

There are few men who would have taken a back track as General Grant did so publicly, so determinedly, and so consistently right through. I had several talks with him in regard to General Porter, and he was continually reiterating his regrets that he had not done justice to him when he had the opportunity. He ran counter to a great many of his political friends in this matter, but his mind was absolutely clear about it. Not one man in a thousand would go back on his record in such an affair, especially when he was not in accord with the Grand Army or his strong political friends. General Grant went into the question most carefully, and his publications show how thoroughly he examined the subject, and he never wavered after his mind was settled. Then he set to

work to repair the injury done Porter. If General Grant had had time to examine the case while he was President, he would have carried through a measure for the relief of Porter. That he had not done so was his great regret. He felt that while he had power he could have passed it and ought to have done so. When General Grant took pains and time to look into a subject, no amount of personal feeling or friendship for others would keep him from doing the right thing. He could not be swerved from the right in any case.

Another marked trait of his character was his purity in every way. I never heard him express an impure thought or make an indelicate allusion. There is nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women. He never used profane language. He was very temperate in eating and drinking. In his own family, unless guests were present, he seldom drank wine. If while he was President a man were urged for an appointment, and it was shown that he was an immoral man, he would not appoint him, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear by friends.

He had no fondness for music, nor could

he remember a tune or note, with perhaps the single exception of "Hail to the Chief," which he had heard so often during and after the war. His old friend, Hon. Hamilton Fish, writes to me, "I do not think that the general knew 'Hail to the Chief;' he did know, or *thought* that he knew, 'Yankee Doodle.'" My friend, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, says in a recent letter, "Your allusion to his insensibility to music, and to the saying of Governor Fish, recalls General Grant's remark to me, when I was sitting next to him at a concert in Baltimore at the Peabody Institute: 'Why, Mr. Winthrop, I only know two tunes. One is Yankee Doodle, and the other *isn't*.'" "

General Grant was robust, blessed with general good health, and great powers of endurance. He was a small eater, and could sleep more or less at any time, or could do without sleep and food, for a long period, without inconvenience. He never ate anything rare; everything had to be thoroughly cooked. Some time after the war he told me that he thought he was failing physically. I asked him why. He answered by saying he could no longer do without eating or sleeping for forty-eight hours without feeling it. During the war he often passed two

days and nights without tasting food or lying down to sleep.

General Grant would sit in my library with four or five others chatting freely, and doing perhaps two-thirds of the talking. Let a stranger enter whom he did not know, and he would say nothing more while the stranger remained. That was one peculiarity of his. He wouldn't talk to people unless he understood them. He possessed a great deal of quiet humor, was an excellent story-teller, was full of anecdote, and enjoyed a good joke. He was always refined, and would not tolerate coarseness in others. At a dinner-party among intimate friends he would lead in the conversation, but any alien element would seal his tongue. This great shyness or reticence sometimes caused him to be misunderstood.

When his attention was first directed to his fatal disease, he told me that he had a dryness in his throat, which seemed to trouble him, and that whenever he ate a peach, a fruit of which he was very fond, he always suffered pain. I said that Dr. Da Costa, of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent physicians of the country, was coming to Long Branch to spend a few days with me; that he was an old friend; and that he would be

glad to look into the matter. Dr. Da Costa, on arriving, went over with me to the general's house, examined his throat carefully, gave a prescription, and asked the general who his family physician was. He replied, Dr. Fordyce Barker, of New York, and he was advised to see him at once. I could see that the general was suffering a good deal, though he was uncomplaining. During the summer he several times asked me if I had seen Dr. Da Costa, and seemed anxious to know exactly what was the matter with him. Dr. Da Costa knew at once the disease was cancer, and when Dr. Barker came to confer with him in regard to General Grant he so told him. General Grant, after he got worse, said to me, "I want to go to Philadelphia and stay a few days with you, and have a talk with Dr. Da Costa." He was not afraid of the disease after he knew all about it, and the last time I saw him, just before he went to Mount McGregor, he said, "Now, Mr. Childs, I have been twice within half a minute of death. I realize it fully, and my life was only preserved by the skill and attention of my physicians. I have told them the next time to let me go."

The general had great will-power, and the determination to finish his book kept him

up. He quickly made up his mind that his disease would prove fatal, but he was resolute to live until his work was done. He said, "If I had been an ordinary man, I would have been dead long ago."

In good health General Grant would smoke a dozen very large, strong cigars a day; but he could stop smoking at any time. He told me that towards the latter part of the summer of 1884 he was smoking fewer and milder cigars, perhaps two or three a day. In February of 1885 he expected to pay me a visit. He wrote, saying, "The doctor will not allow me to leave until the weather gets warmer. I am now quite well in every way, except a swelling of the tongue above the root, and the same thing in the tonsils just over it. It is very difficult for me to swallow enough to maintain my strength, and nothing gives me so much pain as to swallow water." I asked him about that, and he said, "If you could imagine what molten lead would be going down your throat, that is what I feel when I am swallowing." In that letter he further said, "I have not smoked a cigar since about the 20th of November; for a day or two I felt as though I would like to smoke, but after that I never thought of it."

General Grant always retained a warm interest in West Point, and favored it greatly while President. He left a written memorandum requesting that his grandson, Ulysses Grant, son of Colonel Fred. D. Grant, should be educated at West Point, provided he could secure an appointment to enter the Academy as a cadet. Speaking on one or two occasions of the burial of soldiers, he observed that his old chief, General Scott, was buried at West Point, and that he would like to be buried there also. This was some years before his death, and mentioned merely in casual conversation. I think it might have been alluded to incidentally once or twice afterwards.

His wishes in regard to his final resting-place may be gathered from the subjoined interesting correspondence taken from the *New York World* of September 29, 1889.

“*The World* has received the following letter from Colonel Frederick D. Grant, United States Minister to Austria, relative to recent suggestions that the body of his father be removed from Riverside Park. It will be read with great interest by all the friends of the great general, and gives new and pathetic facts concerning General Grant’s wishes as to his burial-place :

“ U. S. LEGATION, VIENNA, AUSTRIA,

“ September 13, 1889.

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD :

“ Two evenings ago I received your message by cable, which was as follows :

“ ‘ Press agitating question of removing General Grant’s remains to Washington or Illinois. What is the sentiment of the widow and family ?

THE WORLD.’

“ I have answered you by cable that I would write to you in reply. I carried your cablegram home with me and read it to my mother, who is now visiting me. She and I unite in expressing appreciation of the interest which is shown by the American people in the tomb of General Grant, which is now in the city of New York, owing to the following circumstances, viz. :

“ About a week before General Grant’s death he handed me a paper which he indicated that he would like me to read. I found its contents were directions in regard to his own burial, the note being in about the following words, which I quote from memory : ‘ I have given you directions about all of my affairs except my burial. We own a burial-lot in the cemetery at St. Louis, and I like that city, as it was there I was married

and lived for many years, and there three of my children were born. We also have a burial-lot in Galena, and I am fond of Illinois, from which State I entered the army at the beginning of the war. I am also much attached to New York, where I have made my home for several years past, and through the generosity of whose citizens I have been enabled to pass my last days without experiencing the pains of pinching want.' The last sentence seemed to indicate that a burial-lot might be purchased in New York City.

"After reading this little note I said, 'It is most distressing to me, father, that you think of this matter, but if we must discuss this subject and you desire to have my opinion, I should say that in case of your death Washington would probably be selected for the place of your burial.' Father then took back the paper he had written me, which he tore up. He then retired to his own room, but soon returned and handed me another little note (at that time he could not speak without great pain), which was in substance as follows: 'It is possible that my funeral may become one of public demonstration, in which event I have no particular choice of burial-place; but there is one thing which I would wish you and the family to insist

upon, and that is that, wherever my tomb may be, a place shall be reserved for your mother at my side.' My own mention of Washington seemed to have reminded General Grant that the nation might wish to take part in his funeral.

"Upon the death of General Grant, July 23, 1885, many telegrams were immediately received, containing offers from various places of ground for his last resting-place. These telegrams being considered by the widow and family, it was soon decided that the offer made by New York was the most desirable one, as it included the guarantee which General Grant had desired before his death,—that his wife should be provided with a last resting-place by his side,—therefore this offer was accepted.

"A little later I received a letter from General Robert Macfeeley, of Washington, containing an authoritative offer of a site in the 'Soldiers' Home,' near Washington, as the burial-place of my father, at the same time promising that my mother and family might also be buried there. But already the matter had been settled, and my mother held the written guarantee of New York's mayor that upon her death she should be placed beside her husband, General Grant.

“In a parting letter left to my mother by the general he reiterated what he had said to me, mentioned several places which might be available for his burial, but expressed as his one and only desire that she, upon her death, should rest at his side.

“My mother, myself, and all our family feel deep gratitude for the delicate and touching attentions paid to General Grant’s memory and to his tomb at ‘Riverside’ by the citizens of New York, as well as by the citizens of other States, and since the nation made his great funeral, and wishes to build his tomb, they were and are ready to accede to any plan for his tomb which the nation may decide is best, provided, of course, that his expressed wish be carried out.

“Most touching of all to my mother are the loving tributes which are annually placed upon my father’s tomb by his old comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and by many others from all parts of the country which he served during his life.

“Yours, very sincerely,

“F. D. GRANT.”

On May 17, 1877, General Grant began a tour of the world in company with Mrs. Grant, that had long been one of their cher-

ished schemes. From the day of his departure from Philadelphia until his return in the autumn of 1879, it was an unceasing ovation from people, emperors, and kings and rulers of all countries and nationalities. The best record of this triumphal progress is to be found in the two beautiful volumes, "Around the World with General Grant," by John Russell Young, who was his companion from the start until General Grant returned to the Pacific slope. In making his preparations for this tour General Grant had no idea of the reception that awaited him, and it was only on the eve of his departure, while he and Mrs. Grant were my guests, that I suggested the necessity of his taking his uniform and sword. Uniform General Grant no longer owned, but one was soon got at Wanamaker's, and his swords were all deposited in Washington, but one was hastily sent to him. Simple in this as in all his tastes and habits, General Grant meant to travel as an American citizen. The splendid popular demonstration given him by way of farewell by the people of Philadelphia was, however, significant of the reception that awaited him at every stage of his journey around the world. When the steamer "Indiana" brought him to Liverpool, the

mayor of that great commercial city formally extended its civic hospitalities to the general; the city of London conferred upon him its highest honor, the freedom of the city, and this example was followed by several of the other chief towns; the Queen and the Prince of Wales entertained him and his wife, and they were in succession the guests of every crowned head through whose dominions they passed. In France and Switzerland, our sister republics, he was heartily welcomed, and, although he travelled as a private citizen, everywhere he was welcomed with distinguished honor. All of this he quietly accepted as an evidence of respect to his country, for, as he wrote to me, he "loved to see our country honored and respected abroad," and he had helped to make it so. In many of the letters which I received from him during his trip around the world, the sense of General Grant and of Mrs. Grant that the honors and compliments paid him were regarded simply as a tribute to his native country was emphasized with rare modesty and delicacy. In the East especially General Grant was made the recipient of the most marked attention. In China the highest authorities of the empire showed him every personal and official cour-

tesy, and just as Bismarck and the other great European statesmen united in honoring him, so in India the native princes, in China the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, and Prince Kung, and in Japan from the Emperor down, all welcomed General Grant as the greatest American citizen. Indeed, the Chinese and Japanese authorities asked him to act as arbitrator in the settlement of their disputes. To this day his visit is referred to as one of the historical events in Japan, and recent travellers are shown temples and sacred shrines that were opened to General Grant, but, as before, are again closed to the rest of the world. The Fourth of July was the day on which the Emperor received him.

That his foreign tour is still affectionately remembered abroad is shown by the hearty welcome given to Colonel Fred. D. Grant in Vienna, where his appointment as United States Minister by President Harrison was received as a special mark of honor. The Austrian authorities and the great world of Vienna join in doing honor to the son as the national representative, just as they did to the father in his capacity of private citizen.

General Grant was again received on his

return home by the strongest demonstration of popular affection, but his nature remained simple and unspoiled as ever, and his one constant wish was to be permitted to live a quiet, unostentatious life. Most of the wonderful and unusual gifts which all the countries bestowed on him were sent to me from time to time to be cared for, and finally they were deposited by him for safe-keeping in the National Museum at Washington, where they are still an object of interest to thousands of his countrymen. General Grant's journey around the world was not only a source of great pleasure to him, but it did a real service to his country in making foreigners of all nationalities better acquainted with it.

He was very fortunate in his travelling companions, for at one time he was joined by his old friend, Mr. Adolph E. Borie, Secretary of the Navy in his first Cabinet, and his nephew, Dr. J. M. Keating, an able young physician, of Philadelphia, who printed a very graphic account of their visit to India. Colonel Fred. D. Grant, too, made one of the party in the East, and thus had an opportunity to make that preparation which fitted him so well for his present office of Minister to Austria. Mr. John Russell Young was

with the general through the whole journey, and he was a very welcome addition to the party, for as a journalist he had a large knowledge of men and things, and the general appreciated his great merit and ability, an appreciation shown by his appointment as Minister to China, where Mr. Young showed that a good newspaper man was good for nearly everything, even for difficult and delicate diplomatic duties. No man ever saw so much, was so honored, fêted, and entertained as General Grant in this journey, and none ever came home a more thoroughly good citizen, proud of his country and happy to be able to live and die under its flag.

GENERAL GRANT IN PHILADELPHIA.

General Grant's reception in Philadelphia on his return from his tour was thus noticed in *Harper's Weekly* of January 10, 1880 :

“ The departure of General Grant on his tour around the world was marked by a splendid ovation in Philadelphia. His return to that city was the occasion for a reception which exceeded even that splendid celebration in every way, and was a fitting close to a round of honors seldom equalled in the history of any other hero the world has ever known. On both these occasions

General Grant was the guest of Mr. George W. Childs, and naturally people are curious to know something of the home thus honored. It is a stately white marble building at the corner of Walnut and Twenty-second Streets, built in 1872, and first thrown open to the world by a reception given to General and Mrs. Grant, where his Cabinet and many of the men and women of note in the Quaker City were gathered, together with many distinguished persons from other places. The hospitality thus begun has been continued from that time onward, and the house is full of the memories of great assemblies that have met within its walls.

“Passing through a vestibule richly ornamented with fine marble, the visitor enters a broad hall of highly-polished mahogany and satin-wood, the walls enriched with rare Chinese cloisonné plaques and vases, and finds on his right a library, with a wealth of rare and curious books and manuscripts that have given bibliographers material for many descriptions. On the walls hang portraits of George Peabody, A. J. Drexel, Henry W. Longfellow, and the Emperor of Brazil; on the book-shelves are choice editions of the great authors, many of them enriched with autographs and notes, while within its al-

coves are manuscripts of inestimable value. The collection of letters by the Presidents of the United States is unequalled, while among its other treasures are such rarities as an original sermon by Cotton Mather, complete manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, Bryant's First Book of the Iliad, and letters of Byron, and Moore, and Gray, and Burns, and Pope, and Coleridge, and Schiller, and Lamb. On the other side of the hall is a large drawing-room, opening into a music-room, both decorated with exquisite taste, and full of memorials of guests who have gathered there in rapid succession.

“Beyond is the dining-room. On its walls there are cabinets filled with rare china, glass, and silver-ware; and a wonderful carving from the Black Forest, representing the conversion of the Germans, is appropriately mated with modern French bronzes of unusual splendor. Around the hospitable table have gathered some of the best people who have visited Philadelphia. General Grant has been a frequent guest, and around him have sat the generals who helped him to save the Union,—Sherman and Sheridan, Meade and Hancock, McDowell and McClellan. Brazil was represented there by its Emperor

and Empress, whose presence gave the Centennial Exhibition at least a continental if not a universal character. England has been welcomed there in its ambassadors, and noblemen whose titles are the least of their honors, such as Lord Dufferin, Lord Rosebery, Lord Houghton, the Earl of Caithness, and Lord Dunraven; and Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Farrar, Matthew Arnold, and Charles Kingsley, Froude and Goldwin Smith, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, Henry Irving and Christine Nilsson, John Walter and Sir Edward Thornton, have shared and appreciated the generous greeting given them in this country. Indeed, Lord Houghton in his article describing his visit to America, and Stanley in his, George Augustus Sala in his racy letters to the London *Telegraph*, and Dickens in his letters, and Kingsley in his, have made all the world witness of their enjoyment of Mr. Childs's hospitality. Our own best American men and women have been familiar guests around the well-spread table, and Longfellow and Holmes, Bancroft, Russell Lowell, and Emerson, George Peabody and his successor J. S. Morgan, of London; Chauncey M. Depew and George B. Roberts, Asa Packer and Austin Corbin; Cornelius Vanderbilt and William Waldorf

Astor; James G. Blaine, James A. Bayard, and Samuel J. Randall; Bishop Simpson, Bishop Potter, and Cardinal Gibbons; Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, and D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University; Paul B. Du Chaillu; J. H. B. Latrobe and Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore; Joseph H. Choate and J. Pierpont Morgan; Anthony J. Drexel and Francis A. Drexel; Henry Wilson and Hamilton Fish; Professor Joseph Henry and T. A. Edison, have led the long list of the representatives of American genius and distinction that have shared in Mr. Childs's inexhaustible hospitality.

"A broad staircase, with noble marble wainscot and ebony rail, leads to the upper floors. One room above, the family sitting-room, is rich in photographs, signed by the originals, representing many of the guests who have shared the hearty welcome of the house. One of the paintings is by Ernest Longfellow, the son of our great poet, and an artist who gives promise of making a name for himself. In three cabinets there is such a collection of rare and beautiful carvings in ivory as might well make an observer suppose that Mr. Childs had devoted all his time to the study of this curious

branch of art. Throughout the house there is a wealth of clocks, each with its own special merit of artistic beauty, historical rarity, famous associations, or intrinsic value, and at every step there is something noteworthy. A working library is comfortably housed in a quiet nook on the top floor of the house, and there the student might find the best books of the best writers, and material for almost any direction of literary investigation. Here, too, there is an organ and a musical library of the great masters, showing that the heavenly art is diligently pursued in its highest form, just as the two grand pianos in the alcove opening out of and making part of the great drawing-room bear evidence to the fact that not all the engrossing cares of the host and hostess, nor the manifold charitable claims upon their time and purse, deprive them of the solace of good music. It was to this house that General Grant returned to receive the hearty welcome of his Philadelphia friends, who came to pay their respects to Mr. Childs's guest in quiet, unostentatious, friendly fashion.

“In this same house General Grant wrote his memorable address on the opening of the Exposition, and he was the chief at a famous gathering, met on Mr. Childs's in-

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vitation, on the evening of the 10th of May, 1876, to celebrate the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. The President of the United States and Mrs. Grant, all the members of his Cabinet, the Supreme Court of the United States, the leaders of Congress, the governors of ten or a dozen States, the chiefs of our army and navy, the diplomatic representatives of all the foreign countries in this country, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the numerous and distinguished foreign Commissioners to the Centennial, and as many famous men from all parts of this country and all its varied interests and pursuits, filled the great halls of Mr. Childs's house, and lent to the Centennial that social side which went so far to make its success, and to secure the hearty approval of its thousands of visitors. On a different occasion Mr. Childs brought together all the Centennial Commissioners,—their name was legion,—and their wonderful costumes, striking decorations, and delightful incongruity of tongues made a gathering not easily described or forgotten. Chinamen in heavy stuffs, and with the pigtail, the peacock's feather, and the mandarin's mysterious button; Japanese in uniform that showed the baneful effect of civilization in banishing

their own comfortable and easy costumes; Egyptians in court dresses and fez; Europeans rich in orders; and Americans whose names were their best passports both at home and abroad, crowded the mansion.

“But there have been gatherings there, fit though few, which have had even greater interest for the fortunate guest. Sir Edwin Arnold, as well as Lord Houghton’s anxiety to meet Walt Whitman was gratified, and the English poet-peer there sat by the side of the American poet whose wood-note wild had sounded so attractively in the ear of his far-off reader. Dean Stanley held high converse with the liberal clergymen of all types and schools of theology, and shared with them in discussing the methods and the hope of making the world wiser and better by setting it the example of a religion broad enough to take in all who seek to make life purer and nobler. The Marquis de Rochambeau was welcomed there as the representative of a name dear to every American, for his ancestor was the leader of the French allied force that helped to make the Revolution and to establish the independence of this country, Charles Francis Adams and Edmund Quincy, both for their own sakes as indefatigable workers and as the representatives of the

honored historic names of our own earliest days, were received with hearty welcome; and Robert C. Winthrop, with a lineage that goes back to the earliest of New England's leaders, and Hamilton Fish, with the double claim of ancestral merit and of his own services to the State, Chief Justice Waite, and William M. Evarts, as the leader of the American bar, were glad to meet around Mr. Childs's hospitable table the Philadelphia lawyers whose names recall their ancestors,—Rawles and Cadwaladers, Ingersolls, Dallas's, Tilghmans, Biddles, and Whartons."

General Grant was made a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in my private office, in the Ledger Building, on the morning of May 16, 1877. On his consenting to join General George G. Meade Post, No. 1, of Philadelphia, arrangements were made for the usual muster in the post-room, but in preparing for his proposed tour around the world General Grant was delayed in reaching the city, and then the engagements made for his entertainment, both public and private, occupied every moment of his time. It became necessary to change the plans, and Colonel Beath, then Adjutant-General of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Samuel

Worthington, Adjutant of Post 1, called on me to fix the hour that would best suit General Grant for the Grand Army service.

Accordingly, at the time fixed, the officers and members of Meade Post met in my office, and there General Grant assumed the obligations of the order, and received the badge of membership, which he wore frequently during his tour abroad, and at home on public occasions.

At noon of the same day a public reception was held in Independence Hall, and thousands of veterans, with other citizens, shook hands with General Grant, bade him good-by, and wished him a prosperous voyage.

Upon his return from this remarkable tour, Philadelphia, of course, welcomed him with unstinted liberality.

The evening of December 12, 1879, was devoted to the Grand Army of the Republic, the Academy of Music being packed with an audience of over five thousand enthusiastic veterans. Only a few personal friends could be admitted on that occasion, Bishop Simpson, A. J. Drexel, George H. Stuart, and myself being of the number.

The escort of General Grant from the Continental Hotel to the Academy of Music

was probably one of the most thrilling and touching scenes ever witnessed in Philadelphia. A guard composed of members of Post 1 and representatives from all the city posts acted as escort, and grouped around General Grant's carriage were a large number of color-bearers carrying tattered and battle-stained flags. Fireworks blazed at every point along the route. The streets were densely packed with an enthusiastic throng, and altogether the scene was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

General Hartranft, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, presided at the meeting, and Governor Henry M. Hoyt made an eloquent address of welcome. General Grant's reply was made in a clear and distinct tone, that was plainly heard all over the building, and was listened to with the closest attention. He said,—

“It is a matter of very deep regret with me that I had not thought of something or prepared something to say in response to the welcome which I am receiving at your hands this evening, but really since my arrival I have not had the time, and before that I scarcely thought of it. But I can say to you all that in the two years and seven months

since I left this city to make a circuit of the globe, I have visited every capital in Europe and most of the Eastern nations, but there has not been a country which I have visited in that circuit where I have not found some of our members. In crossing our own land from the Pacific to the Atlantic side, there is scarcely a new settlement, a cattle-range or collection of pioneers, that is not largely composed of veterans of the late war. It calls to my mind the fact that while wars are to be deplored, and unjust wars always to be avoided, yet they are not an unmixed evil. The boy who is brought up in his country home, or his village home, or his city home, without any exciting cause, is apt to remain there and follow the pursuits of his parent, and not develop beyond it, and in the majority of cases not come up to it; but being carried away in the great struggle, and particularly one where so much principle is involved as in our late conflict, it brings to his view a wider field than he contemplated at his home, and although in his field service he longs for the home he left behind him, yet when he gets there he finds that a disappointment, and has struck out for new fields, and has developed the vast dominions which are given to us for

our keeping,—for the thousands of liberty-seeking people. The ex-soldier has become the pioneer, not only of our land, but has extended our commerce and trade, and knowledge of us and our institutions, to all other lands, and when brighter days dawn upon other nations—particularly those nations of the East—America will step in for her share of the trade which will be opened, and through the exertions of the ex-soldiers—the comrades, veterans—and, I might say, members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

“Comrades, having been compelled, as often as I have been since my arrival in San Francisco, to utter a few words not only to ex-soldiers, but to all other classes of citizens of our great country, and always speaking without any preparation, I have necessarily been obliged to repeat, possibly in not the same words, but the same ideas. But the one thing I want to impress on you is that we have a country to be proud of, to fight for and die for if necessary. While many of the countries of Europe give practical protection and freedom to the citizen, yet there is no European country that compares in its resources with our own. There is no country where the energetic man can, by his

own labor, and by his own industry, ingenuity, and frugality, acquire competency as he can in America.

“A trip abroad, and a study of the institutions and difficulties of a poor man making his way in the world, is all that is necessary to make us better citizens and happier with our lot here.

“Comrades, I thank you for the very cordial welcome you have given me.”

General Grant retained his membership with Post 1 until his death, and when he died at Mount McGregor, Post No. 327, of Brooklyn, through associations with Colonel Fred. D. Grant, tendered their services as a guard of honor, and they so acted at the cottage and during the funeral ceremonies with a similar detail from Post 32, of Saratoga.

The Grand Army of the Republic ceremonies at the grave at Riverside Park, New York City, were exceedingly solemn and appropriate, and were conducted by the officers and members of Meade Post.

On the first Memorial Day after the burial of General Grant, General John A. Logan, who had the distinguished honor of directing the observance of May 30, as a memorial day for the Union dead, delivered a most

eloquent eulogy over the grave of his dead comrade.

I may say here that the growth of the Grand Army has been somewhat phenomenal in view of the time that has elapsed since the war. The order was instituted in April, 1866, by Dr. D. F. Stephenson, of Springfield, Illinois, and for some years had a somewhat precarious existence. It did not seem to have the confidence of the veterans of the country, and after the first start it declined very rapidly. It reached its lowest point in 1876. When General Grant joined Post 1 in 1877 it was a very small post, and the whole order only numbered twenty-six thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine in twenty-two departments. Each year thereafter, however, the advance was marked. Over eighty thousand were mustered in a single year, and now the membership is over four hundred thousand in forty-three departments.

The amount of relief directly disbursed by the posts has reached nearly two million dollars.

The following, written at the time of the general's death by his devoted and valued friend, General E. F. Beale, of Washington,

is so accurate and just that I am glad to quote it here :

“ He was so truthful, so serene, so frank and of such simplicity, that it was impossible to know and not to love him. I feel that the world is better that he has lived. Many a one thinking of his patience will suffer with more fortitude trials and misfortunes, and, knowing how beautiful virtue made his life, endeavor to imitate it. History will tell how he won great battles, and how the most occult problems of state-craft were dealt with in his masterly way, but it would be better if the world knew more of the sweetness and purity of his private life. I had the high honor of his friendship, and saw him in his familiar hour when the mask which all public men must wear in public was laid aside with the reserve which accompanies it. I was his companion in his walks and rides, and saw and heard him talk in his quiet, reposeful manner on all gentle themes. He loved to ride through woods and note the different trees, and he knew them all, and speak of their growth and habits. He loved the growing grain and the means and processes of quickening it. He loved horses and farm animals, and a quiet, contemplative life mixed with the activity of out-door work.”

I never heard General Grant say, nor did I ever know him to do, a mean thing. His entire truthfulness, his perfect honesty, were beyond question. I think of him, now that he is dead, with ever-increasing admiration; I can recall no instance of vanity, of bombast, or of self-laudation. He was one of the greatest, noblest, and most modest of men, —equally great in civil and military life.

CHAPTER VI.

WEST POINT.

Gift of the Portraits of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan
—Presentation Ceremonies.

IN June, 1887, I was in attendance at West Point as President of the Board of Visitors. On a certain important occasion both Generals Sherman and Sheridan were present, and the latter remarked to me that he had heard of the portrait of General Grant which I had presented to the Military Academy, and desired to see it. I told him that it was hung in "Mess Hall," the name of which building, upon the presentation

of the painting, was changed at my suggestion to Grant Hall. So we went down and saw the portrait, one nearly of full length. Sheridan admired it very much; and I turned to him and said, "Now, general, if I outlive you I will have your portrait painted to hang alongside of Grant's."

So it came about. The portraits of Sheridan and Sherman were painted, and along with Grant's were placed in Grant Hall, and were formally presented to the government on October 3, 1889.

The following is from *Harper's Weekly*, New York, Saturday, October 19, 1889:

MR. CHILDS AT WEST POINT.

"The gift of the portraits of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan is not the only benefaction of Mr. Childs to the West Point Academy, as the following letter shows:

"The visitor to the beautiful cemetery of the Military Academy, on the hill-side overlooking the Hudson at West Point, will see there, above the graves of officers and cadets, a number of monuments, which are all of the same original and striking design. The massive base of each is of gray unpolished granite; on that rests a block of red granite,

polished, and on that a bronze cannon-ball of fifteen inches in diameter; on one side of that is placed a large bronze shield, at the top of which is the insignia of the rank of him to whose memory it was erected; below that are the name, dates of birth and of death, and an appropriate epitaph. These monuments are all the gift of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and how they came there is told by Colonel Wilson, the present Superintendent of the Military Academy.

““In 1887 Mr. Childs was appointed by President Cleveland a member of the Board of Visitors to West Point, and during his extended visit there, in the discharge of his duties as President of the Board, he saw in the cemetery of the Academy several graves above which no memorials were erected. Mr. Childs suggested to General Merritt, the then superintendent, who entirely sympathized with his generous design, that efforts should be made to ascertain from the friends of those whose graves were marked by no stone if it was their purpose to erect monuments above them, and if not, to obtain their consent to Mr. Childs doing so. The result was that the above-described monuments were placed in the cemetery,

Mr. Childs having had the design of them especially made, and paying the entire cost of their construction and erection. Mr. Childs is the author of many good gifts, but we know of no other which so much as this denotes the gentle, kindly nature of the man.' ”

The following editorial is from the *New York World*, October 5, 1889:

“Mr. George W. Childs’s gift of portraits of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan to the Military Academy at West Point illustrates anew that gentleman’s rare gift of doing the right thing at the right time, in the right way. Not many men have the impulse to give and to do public-spirited things in so large a measure as he, and still rarer are those who share his genius for seeing what may be best done and how it may be most fitly accomplished. Now that he has hung upon the walls of the Military Academy these portraits of the three great leaders of the Union armies from 1861 to 1865, it is obvious to every intelligence that this was a peculiarly fit and excellent thing to do. But nobody else had the gift to recognize the need and the generosity to supply it. This peculiar grace and quickness of per-

ception have distinguished all of the liberal Philadelphian's benefactions and greatly enhanced their value and their influence. He is a consummate artist in well doing, and the accomplishment is an exceedingly rare one."

The Secretary of War, in his annual report for the year 1889, says,—

"Through the patriotic generosity of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, the Academy was enriched, through interesting ceremonies on the 3d of October last, by the presentation of fine oil-paintings of the three generals of the army whose names will remain indissolubly connected with the war for the preservation of the Union,—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan."

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT HARRISON.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
September 30, 1889.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, Esq., Philadelphia.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the exercises at West Point on the 3d proximo in connection with the presentation by you to the Academy of the portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan.

Let me assure you that I decline the invitation with regret. But my engagements here are such as to make an acceptance impossible. The observation by the cadets of the portraits of these great captains and patriots cannot fail to be a source of inspiration and encouragement.

Very sincerely yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

LETTER FROM GENERAL HOWARD.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y.,
October 1, 1889.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, Esq., Ledger Building,
Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR SIR,—Nothing but a positive engagement of long standing and one of great importance could have kept me from being with you at the presentation on the 3d inst. Allow me to thank you for these ever-increasing evidences of your large-heartedness and patriotic devotion.

Sincerely your friend,

O. O. HOWARD,

Maj.-Gen. U. S. Army.

The New York *Tribune* gave the following account of the formal presentation of the portraits :

“WEST POINT, N. Y., October 3, 1889.—Many interests were happily woven into one to give distinction to a memorable day at this place. Memorable indeed it must in any case have been. So much the occasion assured. But it was a happy circumstance, and added greatly to heighten the interest and impressiveness of the ceremonies, that the presentation to the corps of cadets by a liberal citizen of the portraits of our three great patriotic commanders should not only have drawn together so distinguished a company of our own people, but should also have been witnessed and honored by the presence of the International American Congress, the official representatives of nearly all the republics of the three Americas. And in all this remarkable audience none looked on and listened with greater interest and attention than the dignified men whose whole demeanor to-day showed that they have come here not as foreigners, but as friends. They seemed to feel that the name of America might be broad enough to embrace and unite a hemisphere. . . .

“After a national salute from the field battery on the plain, in honor of the Congress of the Americas, the battalion of cadets formed in line, under the orders of the com-

mandant, Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Hawkins, and, after passing in review in common and double time before the superintendent, Colonel John M. Wilson, and the Secretary of War, marched in a body to Grant Hall, and stood at parade rest at the south end while the company seated itself in the body of the hall and on the platform at the north end. Here, on the walls, concealed by handsome silk flags, hung the three large paintings of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, which George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was about to present to the Academy. Beneath them, besides the members of the Congress, sat General Sherman himself, with Mr. Childs on his right; Colonel Wilson, with Secretary Proctor on his left, and Chaplain Postlethwaite on his right; Generals Van Vliet, Fitz-John Porter, Horace Porter, Michael V. Sheridan, Adjutant-General Kelton, Hon. John Bigelow, Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr., Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, Alexander Hamilton, Señor Romero, Mexican Minister (a devoted friend of General Grant), J. G. do Amaral Valente, Brazilian Minister, and many noted soldiers and citizens, together with the officers of the academic staff and the ladies of their families.

“After a short and earnest prayer by the

Rev. W. M. Pöstlethwaite, the chaplain of the Academy, the three flags fell simultaneously at a signal from Colonel Wilson, and the portraits stood revealed. They are all the work of Mrs. Darragh, of Philadelphia. Grant, which naturally hangs in the middle, was painted from Gutekunst's photograph of 1865, and represents him in an easy attitude in full general's uniform, without sword or epaulets, the frock-coat unbuttoned, the right hand thrust in the trousers-pocket, and the left resting in the folds of the breast. Sherman, on Grant's left, is from Huntington's portrait of 1874; while Sheridan, on the opposite side, was taken from life, shortly before his death. They are all extremely lifelike, as the men looked at the time. General Sherman naturally looked older than his counterfeit, but a startling resemblance to Sheridan was seen and remarked in the person of his brother, who survives him, and who sat there as if to invite the verification. The audience stood while the band played 'Hail, Columbia.' Then General Horace Porter made an eloquent, scholarly, and even masterly, presentation speech in behalf of Mr. Childs. He was well received and heartily applauded throughout, as well as at the close."

The *New York World*, of October 4, records the presentation as follows:

“The ceremonies of the unveiling of the portraits quickly followed the review in Grant Hall, and as the assemblage took their seats the appearance of General Sherman and Mr. Childs on the platform brought about a storm of applause. The old hero bowed and smiled good-naturedly, and Mr. Childs modestly, seated beside Colonel Wilson, who presided as the chairman of the meeting, blushed as though some one had asked him to take command of the army. It was military throughout, the way the ceremonies began. The Post-chaplain said a short prayer. At its close Colonel Wilson raised his hand, and silence prevailed. Behind the platform there were three American flags hanging against the wall, and all eyes were fixed upon them. The colonel’s hand came down on the table in front of him, there was one beat of the drum, and the three flags disappeared as if wiped out by electricity, and the three portraits of the great generals were revealed. Round upon round of applause followed, the cadets marched in the hall behind the audience, presented arms, and the band struck up ‘Hail, Columbia.’ As Mr. Childs stood up

like the others on the platform to gaze upon the portraits, he was applauded to the echo, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and the cadets beating the floor with the but-ends of their muskets. What Mr. Childs had promised General Sheridan in 1887, when he said, ‘General, if I outlive you I will have your portrait painted and hung there beside that of Grant; I think it would be a good idea to paint Sherman also, and to hang him on the one side of Grant and you on the other,’ was an accomplished fact. Mr. Childs looked towards General Sherman as he took his seat, and the old hero clasped him warmly by the hand.

“General Horace Porter’s address was listened to with great attention and loudly applauded. When Mr. Childs’s name was mentioned as well as General Sherman’s, the applause was loud and long-continued.

COLONEL WILSON’S REMARKS.

“Colonel Wilson’s reply to General Porter, accepting the portraits for the Academy, was a ringing one and astonished his fellow-soldiers by its oratorical delivery. Even Secretary of War Proctor remarked, in the few words he said to the audience on being called for, that ‘West Point evidently

brought out not only good soldiers but splendid orators.'

"'Mr. Childs,' said Colonel Wilson, 'in the name of the United States Military Academy I accept these splendid portraits of the trio of heroes to whom our country is so much indebted for its grandeur and its unity. It is particularly appropriate that you, one of the ablest leaders in that profession which is surely kindred to that of arms, the press of the nation, should present to this, their *Alma Mater*, the portraits of these eminent men. The power of the press is to-day felt throughout the civilized world. It is the press that urges us to "do noble deeds, not dream them all day long." It is men like you who are leading these magnificent armies of the press in peace, that are reducing the Malakoffs of vice and Redans of evil. In the name of the Military Academy I thank you for this generous and noble gift, and may I not express the hope that, to prove to those who come after us "that peace hath its victories as well as war," we ere long may see upon these walls, among the portraits of these eminent soldiers, that of the able, upright, philanthropic, conscientious Christian citizen, that generous, true-hearted man, Mr. George W. Childs?'

“The Secretary of War then made a few remarks, which were well received.

“General Sherman, who, during all these ceremonies, had sat on the platform with folded hands and tear-dimmed and down-cast eyes, in response to many calls, was next introduced. As the general arose the assemblage broke forth into wild cheering.

“The applause was persistent as General Sherman stood upon his feet, after repeated calls. He spoke with feeling, and his deeply-lined face, closely watched by those who never before had seen him, was moved by intense earnestness. The light of clustered lamps fell upon his silvered head as he spoke, and his strong face was tremulous with emotion as he referred to the fact that by a strange accident of nature he was the only one living now of the three whose portraits were before his hearers, and there was a sad quality in his voice when he said, ‘I was older than either Grant or Sheridan.’

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REMARKS.

“‘LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND THOSE CADETS BEHIND: I fear that West Point is losing that good old reputation for doing and not speaking. I have done more talking than I should have done, and I believe

I have done some good, though not such as I thought of doing. It is one of those strange incidents of my life that I am permitted to stand before you to-night the sole survivor of the trio, or trinity, of the generals of the army of the United States. I was older than Grant or Sheridan. No three men ever lived on the earth's surface so diverse in mental and physical attributes as the three men whose portraits you now look upon. Different in every respect except one, —we had a guiding star; we had an emblem of nationality in our minds implanted at West Point, which made us come together for the common purpose like the rays of the sun coming together make them burn. This, my young friends in gray, I want you to remember, that men may differ much, but that by coming together in harmony and friendship and love they may move mountains.

“I knew these men from the soles of their feet to the tops of their heads. They breathed the same feelings with me. We were soldiers to obey the orders of our country's government and carry them out whatever the peril that threatened us. Having done so, we laid down our arms, like good citizens that we hope to have been, giving the example to all of the world that war is for

one purpose,—to produce peace. A just war will produce peace; an unjust war has ambition or some other bad motive. Our war was purely patriotic, to help the government in its peril. We were taught to idolize that flag on the flag-staff, obeying the common law, and working to a common purpose. No jealousies, nothing of the kind; working together like soldiers, the lieutenant obeying the captain, the captain his colonel, the brigadier the general, and all subordinate to the President of the United States,—the commander-in-chief. There is no need to prophesy; it is as plain as mathematics. You can look in the heavens and read it. It is the lesson of life. When war comes you can have but one purpose—your country,—and by your country I mean the whole country, not part of it.’”

At the close of the remarks of General Sherman immense cheers rang through the hall.*

* In a letter to me, dated New York, November 3, 1889, General Sherman, speaking of my “*Recollections of General Grant*,” which had been sent to him in convenient pamphlet form, says, “The substance of the contents of this pamphlet I had read before, but it is more valuable in being thus arranged for safe-keeping, though I would prefer it in octavo instead of duodecimo, because my habit is to collect such pamphlets and once

GENERAL HORACE PORTER'S ADDRESS.

General Horace Porter was General Grant's trusted and tried friend for the last twenty-five years of his life. He was one of his staff officers throughout the war, and his military secretary while he was President of the United States. The following is the touching and elegant address which he delivered on this occasion :

“ The only representatives of royalty recognized in this land are our merchant princes. We are indebted for the occasion which brings us together to-day to the princely act of a public-spirited and patriotic citizen who has conferred upon the Military Academy souvenirs of her three most distinguished graduates whose historic features have been transferred to canvas by the limner's art. One dwelling in our midst, two dwelling in our memories. One bearing the laurel upon a living brow, two wearing the laurel intertwined with the cypress. The history of

a year to overhaul them, select enough each year to make a book of about five hundred pages, and have them indexed and bound for future reference. In this way I collect much valuable matter. I am sure this little ‘primer’ of yours will have fifty times its value fifty years hence.”

their lives is the most brilliant chapter in the history of their country. It savors more of romance than reality; it is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the story of American soldiers of the nineteenth century.

“Most of the conspicuous characters in history have risen to prominence by gradual steps, but the senior of the triumvirate, whose features are recalled to us to-day, came before the people with a sudden bound. Almost the first sight caught of him was in the blaze of his camp-fires and the flashes of his guns those wintry days and nights in front of Donelson. From that time until the closing triumph at Appomattox the great central figure of the war was Ulysses S. Grant. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the singular contrasts, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history. His rise from an obscure lieutenant to the command of the veteran armies of the great republic; his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in a little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his district; at another time strid-

ing through the palaces of the Old World, with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence,—these are some of the features of his marvellous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate all who make a study of his life.

“He was created for great emergencies. It was the very magnitude of the task which called forth the powers that mastered it. In ordinary matters he was an ordinary man; in momentous affairs he towered as a giant. When performing the routine duties of a company post, there was no act to make him conspicuous above his fellow-officers, but when he wielded corps and armies the great qualities of the commander flashed forth, and his master-strokes of genius stamped him as the foremost soldier of his age. When he hauled wood from his little farm and sold it in St. Louis his financiering was hardly equal to that of the small farmers about him, but when a message was to be sent by a President to Congress that would puncture the fallacies of the inflationists and throttle by a veto the attempt of unwise legislators to cripple the finances of the nation, a state paper was produced which has ever since commanded

the wonder and admiration of every believer in a sound currency. He was made for great things, not for little. He could collect fifteen millions from Great Britain in settlement of the Alabama claims; he could not protect his own personal savings from the miscreants who robbed him in Wall Street.

“If there is one word which describes better than any other the predominating characteristic of his nature, that word is loyalty. He was loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, loyal to his country, and loyal to his God. This trait naturally produced a reciprocal effect upon those who were brought into relations with him, and was one of the chief reasons why men became so loyally attached to him. Many a public man has had troops of adherents who clung to him only for the patronage dispensed at his hands, or being dazzled by his power became blind partisans in a cause he represented; but perhaps no other man than General Grant ever had so many personal friends who loved him for his own sake, whose affection only strengthened with time, whose attachment never varied in its devotion, whether he was general or President, or simply private citizen.

“He was generous alike to friends and

foes. So magnanimous was he to his enemy that we find him after the close of the war risking his commission in saving from prosecution in the civil courts his great military antagonist upon the battle-fields of Virginia.

“Even the valor of his martial deeds was surpassed by the superb heroism he displayed when fell disease attacked him, when the hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands was no longer able to return the pressure of a comrade’s grasp, when he met in death the first enemy to whom he ever surrendered. But with him death brought eternal rest, and he was permitted to enjoy what he had pleaded for in behalf of others, for the Lord had let him have peace.

“Turn we now to Grant’s immediate successor in the office of general-in-chief, his illustrious lieutenant with whom he divided a field of military operations which covered half a continent, the skilful strategist, the brilliant writer, the commander whose orders spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier, who fought from valley’s depth to mountain height, who marched from inland rivers to the sea,—William T. Sherman.

“He has shown himself possessed of the highest characteristics of the soldier. Bold

in conception, self-reliant, demonstrating by his acts that ‘much danger makes great hearts most resolute,’ prompt in decision, unshrinking under grave responsibilities, fertile in resources, quick to adapt the means at hand to the accomplishment of an end, possessing an intuitive knowledge of topography, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius, unswerving in patriotism, of unimpeachable personal character, with a physical constitution which enabled him to undergo every hardship incident to an active campaign, it is no wonder that he has filled so large a measure of military greatness, that he stands in the front rank of the world’s great captains.

“No name connected with American warfare inspires more genuine enthusiasm, appeals more to our sentiments, or more excites our fancy than that of the wizard of the battle-field, Philip H. Sheridan. The personification of chivalry, the incarnation of battle; cheering, threatening, inciting, beseeching, inspiring all men by his acts, he roused his troops to deeds of individual heroism unparalleled in the history of modern warfare, and his unconquerable columns rushed to victory with all the confidence of

Cæsar's Tenth Legion. Generous of his life, gifted with the ingenuity of a Hannibal, the dash of a Murat, the courage of a Ney, the magnetism of his presence transformed routed squadrons into charging columns, and snatched victory from defeat. He preferred shot and shell to flags of truce; he would rather lead forlorn hopes than follow in the wake of charges.

“His standard rose above all others on the field; wherever blows fell thickest his crest was in their midst; despite the daring valor of the defence, opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets never to rise again; he paused not till the folds of his banners waved over the strongholds he had wrested from the foe. While his achievements in actual battle eclipse, by their brilliancy, the strategy and grand tactics employed in his campaigns, yet the skill and boldness exhibited in moving large bodies of men into position entitle him, perhaps, to as much credit as the marvellous qualities he displayed in the face of the enemy.

“Brave Sheridan! Methinks I see your silent clay again quickened into life, once more riding Rienzi through a fire of hell, leaping opposing earthworks at a single

bound, and leaving nothing of those who barred your way except the fragments scattered in your path.

“Matchless leader! Harbinger of victory, we salute you!

“As long as manly courage is talked of or heroic deeds are honored, there will remain green in the hearts of men the talismanic name of Sheridan.

“Nearly every great war has given birth to one great general; no other war than our own has produced three such eminent commanders. In their portraits future graduates will gaze upon the features of three soldiers who were heroes, comrades, friends. As iron is welded in the heat of the forge, so was their friendship welded in the heat of battles. With hearts untouched by jealousy, with souls too great for rivalry, they saved us from the spectacle presented by a Marius and a Sulla, a Cæsar and a Pompey, a Charles the First and a Cromwell. They placed above all personal ends the safety of the state, and, like the men in the Roman phalanx of old, stood shoulder to shoulder and linked their shields against a common foe.

“In this life little is learned from precept, something from experience, much from ex-

ample. It is said that for three hundred years after Thermopylæ every school child in Greece was required each day to repeat from memory the names of the three hundred immortal heroes who fell in the defence of that pass. It would be in itself a liberal education to the future defenders of the republic who bear diplomas from this historic spot, where patriotism early found a stronghold and treason's plots were baffled, if they could daily utter the names and contemplate the exalted characters of the trio whose faces will henceforth look down upon them from the artist's canvas. As we gaze upon the features of each one of them we may fittingly apply the words of Milton,—

“‘Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valor.’

“The imperishable scroll on which the record of their deeds is written has been securely lodged in the highest niche of Fame's temple. No one can pluck a single laurel from their brow; no man can lessen the measure of their renown.

“It is an auspicious circumstance which permits these ceremonies to take place before so distinguished and influential a body

as that of the International American Congress. The presence of its delegates upon this Post dedicated to war is an augury that states may be saved without the sword; that henceforth our differences in the New World may be settled without resorting to the 'last argument of kings,' and that congresses, bearing in their hands the olive-branch, will labor to avoid war, which wastes a nation's substance, to foster commerce, which is a nation's life, and to preserve that peace and good-will which should everywhere prevail among men.

"Three years ago there was selected as President of your Board of Visitors a citizen of Philadelphia, whose heart is as large as his purse, and whose generosity dwells in a land which knows no frontiers,—Mr. George W. Childs. His thoughtfulness prompted his liberality to procure for the Academy these gifts which are to grace its walls.

"The likeness of General Grant was executed by Mrs. Darragh, of Philadelphia. It was made from a photograph taken by Gutekunst, of that city, in 1865, which Mrs. Grant and a number of the general's friends considered the best of the many pictures taken of him just after the war. Repre-

senting him as he appeared nearly thirty years ago, his features do not seem so familiar to those who saw him only in later years. Mrs. Darragh was also commissioned to execute the portraits of Sheridan and Sherman. In the preparation of General Sherman's picture her chief guide was the famous portrait of him painted by Huntington, fifteen years ago, and her aim was to represent the general as of that period. General Sheridan sat for his portrait, and she painted it from life, representing the general as he appeared but a short time before his lamented death.

“It now becomes my agreeable duty, in the name of Mr. Childs, to present to you, Colonel Wilson, as Superintendent of the Military Academy, the portraits of three of her sons who have borne the highest military titles, as an offering from an untitled citizen, who, in his living, has verified the adage that the post of honor is the private station.

“His good works have made him honored in other lands as well as this, where his name is held in grateful recollection by the many who have been the recipients of his practical philanthropy; and not only the graduates of West Point, but the people at

large, will, I am sure, make grateful acknowledgment of the means he has taken, in those testimonials, to manifest his appreciation of the Military Academy and the three distinguished sons she trained to battle for the integrity of our common country."

There were loud cheers as the general sat down, and then the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," the ladies and guests generally rushed from their seats, and as they filed out into the dark after the cadet corps Mr. Childs was surrounded by the officers and the American delegates, who shook him by the hand heartily and congratulated him upon the grand success of his patriotic plan of 1887.

HISTORY OF THE PORTRAITS.

Major John M. Carson, chief of the Philadelphia Ledger Bureau at Washington, has furnished the following account of the painting of the portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan for the Military Academy:

"The creation of portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, now hung in the Cadet Mess Hall—to be hereafter known as Grant Hall—at the United States

Military Academy, West Point, was begun about three years ago. The original purpose was confined to a portrait of Grant. The portraits of Sherman and Sheridan sprang from this purpose, and, considering the relations of Mr. George W. Childs, to whose patriotism and liberality the Military Academy is indebted for the portraits, with those three military chieftains, the Sherman and Sheridan paintings were an easy and logical outgrowth. The scheme from which these three large valuable paintings emanated was evolved from a comparatively unimportant incident. About four years ago, with that skill and ingenuity which have made him famous in the management of the Cadet Mess, Captain William F. Spurgin, treasurer, quartermaster, and commissary of cadets, succeeded in giving the Mess Hall a new floor and having its walls brightened.

“Captain Spurgin next conceived the idea of making the Hall still more attractive by hanging pictures and portraits upon the walls. This was approved by General Wesley Merritt, then superintendent of the Academy, who authorized the transfer from the library of several portraits for this purpose. When these were hung in the Mess

Hall a new idea was suggested to Captain Spurgin, and he concluded that it would be most appropriate to collect for the Hall portraits and photographs of the distinguished graduates of the Academy. It was naturally thought that the daily presence with the cadets of these exemplars of the Academy could not fail to exercise a wholesome influence upon the corps. They would furnish cadets when at meals suggestions for thought and conversation, and those who occupied seats at tables once occupied by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, Thomas, Hancock, and other eminent graduates, as they looked upon the portraits, would be encouraged to emulate the lives of those great chieftains. In addition to this, it was thought that such a gallery might be collected through relatives and friends, without expense to the government or the Academy.

“During one of my periodical visits to the Academy Captain Spurgin outlined his scheme, and said he would like to obtain a good picture of General Grant. It was suggested that Mr. George W. Childs had several good large-size photographs of Grant, and would doubtless be glad to contribute one of them for this use. Captain Spurgin wrote to Mr. Childs, who agreed to comply

with the request made. Shortly thereafter Mr. Childs mentioned this matter to Mrs. U. S. Grant, who said that she would like, above all things, to have a good likeness of her husband at the Military Academy, for which he always entertained a feeling of admiration and love. Some years prior to this Mr. Childs had Leutze, who painted 'Westward the Course of Empire' upon the wall of the west stairway to the gallery of the House of Representatives at Washington, paint a portrait of General Grant, and suggested that the Leutze painting be transferred from the library to the Cadet Mess Hall. The Leutze portrait was not liked by Mrs. Grant, and she did not, therefore, care to have it used for this purpose. Mr. Childs then said he would have a portrait of the general made for West Point from any picture Mrs. Grant might select. The photograph made by Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, in 1865, was selected by Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Darragh, of Philadelphia, was commissioned to paint a portrait from it. The general stood for this photograph. It is regarded by his family, and those who were his associates, as a correct likeness of the general as he appeared at the close of the war. When the photograph was taken

General Grant wore upon his left arm a badge of mourning for President Lincoln. This emblem of mourning does not appear in the painting. To many of those who knew General Grant after he became President, the Darragh portrait is not considered good, but by the family of the general, and by those who were intimate with him during and immediately after the war, it is regarded as a faithful likeness and an excellent portrait. It was sent to the Academy in May, 1887, and hung on the north wall of the Cadet Mess Hall. General Merritt, 'in honor of the great graduate of the Academy, whose portrait, a present to the Academy from Mr. George W. Childs, sanctifies the hall as a gallery for the portraits of graduates,' issued an order directing that thereafter the cadet dining-hall should be known officially as Grant Hall.

"In June, 1887, a few days after the Grant portrait had been hung, Mr. Childs visited the Military Academy as a member of the Board of Visitors, upon which occasion I accompanied him. General Sheridan also visited the Academy at that time in his official capacity as lieutenant-general commanding the army, and it proved to be his last visit to the institution. In company

with Mr. Childs General Sheridan visited the dining-hall to inspect the Grant portrait, and during this inspection Mr. Childs said to the general, in his quick but cheerful manner in conversation,—

“‘General, if I outlive you I will have your portrait painted and hung there beside that of Grant.’

“Sheridan responded, ‘Mr. Childs, if you intend to have painted a portrait of me I would like to see it before it is hung in this hall.’

“‘All right,’ said Mr. Childs: ‘you shall see it. I would prefer to have you painted while living.’

“After further conversation about the Grant portrait, the two gentlemen left the hall and walked to the house of the superintendent, General Merritt, at which General Sheridan was a guest. Mr. Childs proceeded to the West Point Hotel. Sheridan arrived at the Point that morning, and was to review the corps of cadets in the afternoon, and, as it was near the hour fixed for the parade when General Merritt’s house was reached, he went directly to his room to don his uniform. While thus engaged he sent a messenger to Mr. Childs, asking that gentleman to join him before ‘parade,’ and, at the

same time, invited the Board of Visitors, through Mr. Childs, who was President of the Board, to attend him during the ceremonies of parade and review.

“When Mr. Childs joined the general on the porch of the superintendent’s house, the latter said,—

“‘Mr. Childs, while putting on my uniform, I could not help musing about our conversation in the Mess Hall. If you are in earnest about painting my portrait for the Academy, I want to be painted from life.’

“‘I am in earnest,’ replied Mr. Childs. ‘The portrait shall be painted, upon one condition,—it must please Mrs. Sheridan. I think it would be a good idea to paint Sherman also, and to hang him on the one side of Grant and you on the other.’

“‘That certainly would be a generous act upon your part,’ said Sheridan, ‘and one which would be appreciated by Sherman and myself. I would rather have you do this service than any other man, because no one could do it with so much propriety. The relations between Grant and you were bound by strong ties of mutual affection. Those between you, Sherman, and myself have been most intimate. We have all been guests at the same time, and many

times, at your house. You have come to know us better than other men know us. Grant, Sherman, and myself were closely connected with the suppression of the rebellion. United thus in our lives, we should be placed together here, returned as it were to the Academy from which we started out in the morning of life as second lieutenants. Associated as you have been with us, you are the very man to keep us united after death.'

" 'All right, general,' said Mr. Childs. 'The portraits shall be painted and hung in the Mess Hall. Now select your artist.'

"When Mr. Childs spoke to General Sheridan in the Mess Hall about painting his portrait, the latter did not think that Mr. Childs was serious. I happen to know that Mr. Childs formed the determination to add the portraits of Sherman and Sheridan to his contribution prior to his visit to the Academy, and informed General Sheridan of this fact upon his return to Washington from West Point during a conversation in which he related to me what I have stated touching the conversation with Mr. Childs at West Point, and also the conversation between Childs, Sheridan, and Sherman in relation to painting a portrait of the general last named.

“Shortly after the conversation between Childs and Sheridan on the porch of the superintendent’s house, the battalion was formed on the parade-ground. General Sheridan, accompanied by the superintendent and staff and the Board of Visitors, had passed down the front and up the rear of the battalion, with its well-aligned and rigid ranks, in which he had once stood as a cadet, and had taken his place at the point designated for the reviewing officer, when General Sherman rode up from Cranstons Hotel, located about a mile south of the reservation. Sherman remained in his carriage, which was drawn up in front of the parade-ground and directly in rear of the reviewing officer. As the corps passed in common, and subsequently in double time, Sherman stood up and watched, with old-time eagerness and pride, the columns of gray and white until they wheeled into a faultless line, tendered the final salute to the reviewing officer, heard the cadet adjutant announce ‘Parade is dismissed,’ and saw the companies move, to lively music, from the parade-ground to the cadet barracks. Then he alighted from the carriage, pushed through the crowd that always fringes the parade-ground upon occasions

of parade and review, and joined Sheridan and the other officials who still lingered on the ground. When the usual salutations and introductions had been concluded, Sheridan drew Sherman and Childs apart from the crowd and said,—

“ ‘Sherman, Mr. Childs informs me that he intends to have portraits of you and me painted, to hang beside that of General Grant in the Mess Hall. He proposes to wait until we die, but I insisted that the paintings be made before we die, so we may see how the artist executes us. He has agreed to do this, and I told him he is the one man who can and should do it.’

“ General Sherman expressed great gratification at this. ‘Childs,’ said he, ‘that is a good idea. I think it will be admitted, and I can say it without suspicion of egotism, that Grant, Sheridan, and myself were the three central military figures of the war, and I would like that we should go down to posterity together. I like the idea of hanging our portraits in the Mess Hall here, and I agree with Sheridan that the scheme can be better, and with greater propriety, carried out by you than by any other man.’

“ ‘Well, it is all understood and settled,’ said Mr. Childs. ‘I have told Sheridan to

select his artist, and I now repeat that order to you.’

“When it was publicly announced that Mr. Childs was to have the portraits painted, the two generals were overrun with letters from artists soliciting the work. In Sheridan’s case the applications were so numerous as to become annoying, and upon his request a paragraph was published in the newspapers announcing that he had selected an artist. It was Mr. Childs’s desire to have the two portraits finished in time for the annual commencement in June, 1888, and by his direction I several times urged Sheridan to select an artist and have the work begun. This was not an easy matter for him to do, but he finally succeeded in finding an artist in New York with whom he partially arranged to paint his portrait. In the mean time he sent to Mr. Childs a large photograph, taken about the time he left Chicago to succeed Sherman in command of the army. It shows Sheridan in the full uniform of his rank, and was his favorite picture. Supposing, upon receipt of the photograph, that the general intended that he should select an artist, Mr. Childs commissioned Mrs. Darragh to paint the portrait, and she proceeded with the preliminary

work, using the photograph referred to. Some time thereafter I received a letter from Mr. Childs informing me that Mrs. Darragh would visit Washington to consult General Sheridan about giving her 'sittings,' and requesting me to arrange with the general for an interview. He was very much displeased upon being informed of the selection of Mrs. Darragh, and declared, with an exhibition of temper, that he would not see her. He did not believe a woman could paint a man's portrait. Finally he cooled down and said the woman should have a fair chance. Upon her arrival in Washington I accompanied Mrs. Darragh to the War Department and presented her to the general. The lady went to the Department with fear and trembling. She had been informed that Sheridan was not pleased with her selection, that he was a choleric, ill-mannered man, and she therefore imagined that he would be frigid, turbulent, and disagreeable. I assured the lady that she had received a wrong impression about Sheridan, —that he was quiet and gentlemanly in deportment, and that she would be given a kind reception and respectful hearing. It was plain, however, that she was not impressed with my estimate of the general,

and entered his office with nervous apprehension which she vainly strove to conceal. The general received Mrs. Darragh with the utmost kindness. A cadet of the first class could not have exhibited greater suavity. The lady was made to feel at perfect ease. After considerable talk about the work in hand, Sheridan said to Mrs. Darragh,—

“‘I have an idea you artists get your own individuality into your work. I have been painted by artists of several nationalities, but never by a woman. The Italian artist made me look like a brigand; the Frenchman made me resemble Napoleon, between whom and myself there is no physical resemblance, except, perhaps, in height; the Spaniard made me look like two or three Mexican generals whom I have met. Now, madam,’ he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, and a smile that illuminated his bronzed features, ‘I am confident you will make a good picture, but I beg you will not make me look like a woman.’

“Mrs. Darragh brought her canvas to Washington, where the general gave her several sittings. He saw the portrait completed in every detail except the sabre, and was well pleased with it. A few weeks prior

to his fatal sickness he sent for me, and after a general talk about the portrait, which I had recently seen while visiting Philadelphia, said he desired to have the old sabre which he carried through the war painted in the picture, and he related to me its history. The scabbard is covered on both sides with the names of the engagements in which the general participated, and their dates. The original scabbard, however, had to be discarded during the war, on account of injuries received in action. It had been struck several times by musket-balls and bruised in three or four places by being kicked or trampled by horses. Finally a new scabbard had to be procured, and this shows signs of hard usage. I had the sabre forwarded to Mr. Childs. After he was struck down by disease, and before his removal from Washington to Nonquitt, the general sent me an inquiry about the sabre, and received the assurance that it was in Mr. Childs's possession and would be carefully guarded. Its next and final duty was to rest on Sheridan's coffin. After his death the artist changed the uniform in the portrait from that of lieutenant-general to that of general, to which rank he succeeded by act of Congress while on his death-bed.

"The same artist was selected to paint General Sherman, but before it was finished members of the general's family expressed a desire to have the portrait made to represent him as he looked fifteen years ago. The general yielded to this desire, and the artist changed the face, using for a guide the portrait of Sherman by Huntington, painted in 1874, which now hangs in the War Department, and which General Sherman regards as the best portrait ever made of him, in which judgment Mrs. Sherman and the family concurred."*

From the *New York Sun*, February 14, 1888:

THE WEST POINT "REPORT."

"WASHINGTON, February 13.—The Military Academy Appropriation Bill is expected to go through both Houses this year without

* Writing to me, under date of New York, September 18, 1889, Sir Edwin Arnold speaks flatteringly of my *Recollections of Grant*, "which," he says, "I have read with all the more profit and pleasure because I have met General Sherman here, and we talked much about Grant, whom you knew so well. He shows in your most interesting paragraphs all that I believed him, —a noble, grand, and beautiful hero, raised up to save his country in her dark hour."

opposition, and possibly even without discussion, unless with a view to giving some members an opportunity to pay a compliment like that which was so pleasantly introduced by General Wheeler recently, when he presented to the House the Report of the Board of Visitors for the past year. The distinguished Alabama cavalryman and Congressman is a graduate of West Point, a soldier of renown, and qualified to discuss with professional intelligence the important subject-matter of the report, which is that of military science and education. Nevertheless, representing no doubt the judgment of his colleagues on the Board of Visitors, as well as his own, he committed the fortunes of the report exclusively to the weight it would carry as the utterances of Mr. George W. Childs, the President of the visiting body. General Wheeler's address, as reported in full in the Congressional Record, was as follows:

“ ‘ Mr. Speaker, in presenting the report of the President of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy, I desire to ask present action on the resolution which I send to the Clerk's desk.

“ ‘ The high character of the distinguished President of the Board must add much

weight to the suggestions contained in the report.

“‘They are made by a man whose philanthropic generosity is not limited by the boundaries of municipalities, States, sections, or peoples, but extends beyond oceans, to races foreign to us in language, customs, and ideas; a man whose purpose in life is to do good to mankind, and to help the weak and the lowly.

“‘The recommendations of such a man upon the subject treated of in the report cannot be too widely disseminated.’

“On examination the report, which is now distributed to the public, is really found to be signed not only by Mr. Childs as President, but by General Wheeler, as Vice-President, by W. A. Courtney, Secretary, and by eight other gentlemen, beginning with General R. H. Anderson, of Georgia, and ending with the Hon. Ben. Butterworth, of Ohio. There is also a minority report signed by Mr. George H. Bates, of Delaware. It is further observable that the plural verb is always used with the word Board as a subject in the main report, in such phrases as ‘the Board are,’ ‘the Board think,’ ‘the Board feel,’ and so on. This does not appear to be a mere extension of the editorial we; yet, as will be

seen by the speech of General Wheeler, that gentleman preferred to efface not only himself, but all his colleagues, and to present the report as that of President Childs. It is doubtful, also, whether any preceding instance could be quoted of so direct and high a compliment as his, accompanying any similar occasion of presenting an annual report of a Board of Visitors.

“The resolution submitted by General Wheeler was for the printing of the usual five thousand extra copies of the report, but it was accompanied with the unusual proposal to consider the resolution at once, instead of referring it to the Committee on Printing. General Wheeler politely pointed out that there was a peculiar reason for departing, on this occasion, from the ordinary course :

“‘It is not often that we have reports from a gentleman like Mr. George W. Childs, whose grand sympathetic heart and bank account are always tuned to the same music ; but as the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. Blount] insists that the resolution be referred to the Committee on Printing, and as the Chairman of that committee assures me it shall be reported back very promptly, I will interpose no objection.’

“The House Committee on Military Affairs adopted without a moment’s hesitation or a single change the report prepared by the sub-committee for the Military Academy, which exceeds that of last year, items being introduced for improving the wharf and building a new laundry. Probably still larger appropriations might have been secured under the general good-will felt for President Childs, as expressed by General Wheeler.

“The annual report of the Board is an unusually full and elaborate document, comprising one hundred and thirty-three printed pages, and rather a gala affair is made of it by the innovation of some full-page illustrations of landscape and interior views at West Point.”

MEMORIALS
TO
SHAKESPEARE,
HERBERT AND COWPER, MILTON,
BISHOPS
ANDREWES AND KEN.

EXPLANATORY.

As there is nothing, however remote or insignificant, connected with Shakespeare that is without value to those who, with Ben Jonson, "love the man," or "do reverence his memory," I have thought that the "story" of The Memorial Fountain erected at Stratford-upon-Avon by Mr. George W. Childs would be neither valueless nor uninteresting.

For the compiling of this Story of the Stratford Fountain, which is but a gathering and putting together of what has been elsewhere said and written, I have no better warrant than that, not only have I found therein a pleasant occupation for some leisure hours, but to me the subject seemed worthy of being revived from the newspapers—in which, through patient delving, I mainly found it—and of receiving a more permanent form. Whatever value this sketch may have

lies, I know, solely in the fact that it tells, with more or less completeness, the Story of the Origin, Building, and Dedication of the most imposing architectural monument erected in any country to the genius of Shakespeare. There must be both pride and pleasure to every American in the reflection that this Stratford Memorial is the gift of a fellow-citizen who in giving and building neither gave unwittingly, nor builded better than he knew; he did both in the confident hope and faith, I am convinced, that his gift would add another link—however slight—to that chain of brotherhood between Englishmen and Americans which so many of the leading minds in Religion, in Politics, in Literature, and on the Stage on either side of the Atlantic have been, during late years, so earnestly engaged in welding firmer, and closer, and stronger.

In selecting that which is herein presented from the great mass of material in the public journals of the day, both English and American, I rejected all that did not seem pertinent to the objects I had in view, whereof the first is to give permanency to the history of the Stratford Fountain, and whereof the other is to let the story bear record to

the general recognition of the fine motive which inspired the gift. If I have retained anything which may not seem germane to these objects, and which should, perhaps, have been rejected, I have erred only through a zealous wish to present as much evidence as possible of the sincerity and universality of that international spirit of fraternity to the existence of which the newspapers of the Old Country and of the New testified so strongly in their remarks upon Mr. Childs's Shakespeare Memorial.

To the Story of the Fountain I have deemed it not inappropriate to add brief accounts of certain other gifts which, in the interest of the same broad spirit of international brotherhood, Mr. Childs, as a representative American, has presented, at different times, to England and to the English people.

L. C. D.



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN,
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THE
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON FOUNTAIN.

THE INCEPTION AND ERECTION OF THE
MEMORIAL.

IN the autumn of 1878 the Very Reverend Arthur P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, visited the United States, and during his sojourn in Philadelphia was, as so many distinguished foreigners previously were and have since been, the guest of Mr. George W. Childs. In the course of an after-dinner talk the venerable Dean, whose love of the literature of his country was not less sincere than his knowledge of it was profound, spoke feelingly of the absence of any suitable memorial of some of those who had laid so broad and deep the foundations of English poetry. Especially he spoke of Shakespeare, and of the strange neglect of the British-speaking people to erect an appropriate monument to him even in the place of his birth. The Dean of Westmin-

ster was greatly impressed by what he had seen and heard in America, and particularly was he moved by the noble hospitality of which he was everywhere the recipient, and which he was modestly pleased to think emanated not so much from personal regard for himself as from the common feeling of kinship which he felt bound the peoples of the two countries together. For his cousins across the sea he was inspired with admiration, respect, and affection, and his broad and generous sympathies induced him to think that no better thing could be done by Englishmen or Americans than to strengthen the belief that was surely growing up among their leaders of thought in the reality of their mutual feeling of fraternity and fellowship.

The gift of Mr. Childs of the Herbert and Cowper Window to Westminster Abbey had been suggested by Dean Stanley, and it was on the occasion to which reference is above made that this eminent divine ventured to state to his host that a memorial of similar or other character of Shakespeare set up in the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon by an American would have a certain influence for good throughout England and America. Subsequently, after the Dean's return to his

own country, Mr. Childs wrote to him to say that he had considered the suggestion of placing a memorial window to Shakespeare in the Church by the Avon, which is the Poet's tomb, and that he would be pleased to make the gift upon the sole condition that Dean Stanley would himself not only determine what form it should assume, but personally undertake the execution of the donor's purpose.

In a letter dated December 3, 1878, Dean Stanley said, in reply to Mr. Childs,—

“With regard to your generous offer of the window, will you let me delay my complete answer till the week after next, when I shall hope to have seen the Church? I am inclined to think that Stratford being, next to Westminster Abbey, the place (I believe) most frequently visited by Americans, might be considered an exceptional locality.”

Subsequently, on December 18, 1878, Dean Stanley wrote, from Stratford-upon-Avon,—

“MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—In pursuance of my promise I have come here to look at the Church and see what place there would be for the window which, in accordance with my suggestion, you so kindly offered to give.

“I find that on one side of the chancel there is a place for windows containing subjects from the Old Testament, of which one has already been erected

by the collective contributions of Americans, and two others remain to be supplied. It would, I think, be very suitable that the one next in order should come from Philadelphia. It consists of seven or eight compartments, and I would suggest that as the window alongside contains *The Seven Ages of Man*, taken from different characters of the Old Testament, so the next should contain some other Shakespearian subject also taken from the Old Testament. If you will allow me to think over this, I will do my best for your generous intentions. You will be interested in learning that the last visitor to Shakespeare's home before my arrival here was a Philadelphian; also the last guest whom I entertained in London before I left to deliver my address in Birmingham (which was on the History of the United States) was your excellent Minister, Mr. John Welsh.

"We have been much gratified in England by the sympathy shown in America for our Queen.

"Yours, with all kind remembrances,

"A. P. STANLEY."

This was the last communication which Mr. Childs received from the Very Reverend Dean of Westminster on the subject of the Shakespearian Memorial Window, it being understood between them that a window such as recommended should be placed in the Church of Holy Trinity, Dean Stanley undertaking to have it designed and executed.

The onerous and exacting character of his

public duties prevented the Dean proceeding immediately with the work, and it was not long afterwards that failing health interfered with his purpose, and his death, which occurred in mid-July of 1881, brought to a close for the time being the intention of Mr. Childs to carry out his reverend and venerable friend's suggestion.

In 1886, however, it was proposed, and a Committee was appointed by some of the most distinguished lovers of Shakespeare in England, to restore the church at Stratford-upon-Avon in which the bones of Shakespeare lie. Appeals for contributions to secure the execution of this object were made, not only to the cultivated people of Great Britain, but to those of the United States as well. Among others who were greatly interested in the plan of restoration was James Macaulay, M.D., an honored and esteemed British scholar, editor of *The Leisure Hour*. Dr. Macaulay, who is one of the oldest friends of Mr. Childs, personally appealed to him to contribute to the Restoration Fund. To this appeal Mr. Childs promptly replied that he would give whatever sum Dr. Macaulay should suggest as desirable and befitting; but before an answer was received to this generous offer the Restoration Commit-

tee disagreed in respect to the character and extent of the work to be done, and the entire scheme failed of accomplishment. Subsequently, on September 9, 1886, Dr. Macaulay wrote to Mr. Childs, acquainting him with the failure of the Committee to carry out the contemplated alteration or restoration of Holy Trinity Church, and advising him that the request for a contribution to that object was withdrawn. In this letter Dr. Macaulay, however, suggested that, if his friend had yet a desire as an American to pay tribute to the genius of Shakespeare in his own town, he could do it in no better way than by erecting a drinking-fountain to his memory, "to be placed in the Market Square, where there is none, and which would be a handsome thing from an American." Dr. Macaulay added, "I think I once suggested this to you, and that it might be associated with Shakespeare by a motto taken from his works. It would be a useful gift both to man and beast."

Mr. Childs, it appears, accepted this suggestion readily, it being in happy accord with the spirit in which he had previously contributed the Memorial Window to the genius of the Christian poets, Herbert and Cowper, in Westminster Abbey, and subse-

quently, the Milton Window, in St. Margaret's, Westminster. It evidently seemed to him to afford another opportunity to add to the ties of fraternity and friendship between England and America, an object which appeared most desirable, and which being accomplished in the Queen's Jubilee Year would have the greater significance as being a recognition by Americans of Victoria's brilliant and useful reign of half a century.

Mr. Childs's hearty compliance with Dr. Macaulay's suggestion was communicated by the latter gentleman to Sir Arthur Hodgson, Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, who, on the 15th of December, wrote to the editor of *The Leisure Hour* the subjoined letter:

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter: the name of Mr. Childs is no great surprise to me, and I shall be delighted to announce his most generous offer, which will supply a much and long needed want in this borough, and to move the acceptance of Mr. Childs's offer at the meeting of my Council on the 21st instant."

On the next day notification was sent by the Town Clerk to the members of the Corporation Council:

"The Mayor requests your attendance at a special meeting of the Council to be holden at the Town Hall, on Tuesday, the 21st day of December, instant, at 11.30

o' the clock in the forenoon precisely, where the following business is proposed to be enacted: . . .

"The Mayor to read a letter, dated December 8, 1886, from James Macaulay, Esq., M.D., the editor of *The Leisure Hour*, London, conveying an offer from George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, to the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon of a Public Drinking-Fountain as 'the gift of an American citizen to the town of Shakespeare in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria.'

"The Mayor to move that Mr. Childs's kind and generous offer be accepted, with grateful thanks, by this Corporation."

On the 22d of December Sir Arthur Hodgson wrote to Dr. Macaulay:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in enclosing copy of a resolution unanimously and with acclamation adopted yesterday at a full and special meeting of the Council of the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon."

The following is the resolution above referred to:

"That Mr. George W. Childs's (of Philadelphia) kind and generous offer of a Public Drinking-Fountain, 'a gift to the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon of an American citizen in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria,' be accepted by the Corporation with grateful thanks."

The London *Times* of the 22d of December, under the caption of the "Queen's Ju-

bilee," gave this account of the Council's proceedings :

"At a meeting of the Stratford-upon-Avon Town Council yesterday afternoon, a letter was read from Dr. Macaulay, editor of *The Leisure Hour*, stating that he was authorized by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to offer for the acceptance of the Corporation a handsome Drinking-Fountain as the gift of an American citizen to the town of Shakespeare in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria. Mr. Childs expressed the hope that the fountain would be evidence of the good-will of the two nations who have the fame and works of the poet as their common heritage. Dr. Macaulay added that Mr. Samuel Timmins, of Birmingham, had kindly undertaken to obtain from an eminent architect designs of the proposed structure for the approval of the Town Council. The Corporation passed a hearty resolution of thanks to Mr. Childs for his munificent gift."

On the day after the passage of this resolution the New York *Herald* published from its London correspondent this special despatch :

"The Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon has voted the heartiest thanks of the town to Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for his gift of a Drinking-Fountain to the place. In his letter presenting the gift Mr. Childs expresses the hope that the fountain will prove an evidence of good-will between the two nations having the fame and works of Shakespeare as a common heritage."

With reference to this despatch, on its editorial page the *Herald*, in its issue of the same date, said,—

“Mr. George W. Childs has given a Drinking-Fountain to Stratford-upon-Avon, ‘as evidence of good-will between the two nations having the fame and works of Shakespeare as a common heritage.’

“It was a graceful act on the part of Mr. Childs, and is gracefully acknowledged by the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon, as will be seen in our foreign despatches. Such little acts of courtesy are not the least effective of incidents in sustaining pleasant international relations.”

On December 24, 1886, the same journal published the subjoined special despatch from its Stratford correspondent:

“STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, December 23, 1886.—The name of the great American philanthropist, George W. Childs, will henceforth be associated here with the name of Shakespeare.

“At the meeting of the Town Council on Tuesday the Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, while stating that Mr. Childs had offered to present Shakespeare’s birth-place with a magnificent Drinking-Fountain in honor of the Queen’s Jubilee, referring to a letter which he held in his hand, added, ‘The donor simply asks the Corporation to furnish water, and at night lights. Mr. Childs would submit to the Corporation several designs for their choice, and he suggested that the fountain should be dedicated either on the next birthday of the

poet, or on June 20, the anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne fifty years before.'

"Alderman Bird, amid renewed cheers for America and Mr. Childs, seconded the Mayor's motion of acceptance and thanks. In the course of some very eulogistic remarks concerning the donor the Alderman said, 'The latter's generosity is widely known to the civilized world. Especially Englishmen remembered Mr. Childs's gift of an American Window to Westminster Abbey in memory of the poets Herbert and Cowper, which had an additional interest from the fact that the late Dean Stanley furnished the inscription to it.'"

After a conference the Council agreed to devote Jubilee Day to the ceremonies of receiving the gift.

The *Illustrated London News* of February 26 contained the ensuing reference to the gift by the eminent author, George Augustus Sala :

"Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., well known not only for his enterprise as a newspaper proprietor, but for the splendid hospitality which he has so long dispensed to travellers in the States,—he was the friend of Dickens and of Thackeray,—has made a graceful and generous Jubilee gift to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Some time since, Mr. Childs offered through Dr. Macanlay, the editor of *The Leisure Hour*, to present a Drinking-Fountain to Stratford, as the offering of an American citizen to the town of Shake-

speare in the Jubilee Year of the good Queen Victoria. The offer was gratefully accepted by the Corporation; and a few days since the site for the fountain was fixed upon by a committee of taste, including the Mayor, Dr. Macaulay, Mr. Samuel Timmins, Mr. Charles Flower, and several members of the Town Council, accompanied by the Borough Surveyor. It was finally decided to erect the fountain in the large open space in Rother Street, which is midway between the Great Western Railway Station and the central part of the town.

“Mr. G. W. Childs has already won golden opinions of the English people by his munificence in placing in Westminster Abbey a noble window of stained glass in memory of two English poets and worthies, George Herbert and William Cowper.

“G. A. SALA.”

On February 17, 1887, the New York *Herald's* special correspondent at Stratford-upon-Avon cabled these particulars with regard to the proposed gift:

“Sir Arthur Hodgson, the Mayor, Dr. Macaulay, editor of *The Leisure Hour*, the friend and correspondent of Mr. George W. Childs, with members of the local Town Council, met here to day and decided upon the site and the design for a Drinking-Fountain, which is the Jubilee gift of Mr. Childs to Shakespeare's town. As hitherto cabled to the *Herald*, the design is by the architect Cossins, of Birmingham. The structure will be of granite, sixty feet high, the base being twenty-eight feet in diameter, and in the upper part four. It is to be faced by an antique clock, with an archway

under the centre cut through the base and wide enough for one vehicle. Underneath, beside a drinking-trough for horses, is a smaller one for dogs. At the entrances are cups.

“Upon the panel of the base is the inscription, ‘The gift of an American citizen, George William Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria.’ There are to be four mottoes east. One will be from Washington Irving’s description of Stratford-upon-Avon; another will be this Shakespearian line from *Timon*: ‘Honest water that ne’er left any man in the mire.’ The remaining two are not yet known. They are probably to be selected by Mr. Childs.

“The design harmonizes well with the principal tower of the Shakespearian memorial buildings. The site is in the open market-place, near Rother Street, midway between the centre of the town and the great railway station, and within five minutes’ walk of Shakespeare’s house and the church-yard.”

The Council of Stratford proceeded with the work with commendable energy. In its mid-month issue of the ensuing June the *Illustrated London News* published a sketch of the fountain, with the accompanying interesting description of it, which the *New York World* published subsequently:

“A lofty, spire-like, and highly ornamental Drinking-Fountain, with clock tower, is now being built in the Rother Market, Stratford-upon-Avon, at the cost of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, an Ameri-

can citizen, who, by this munificent and noble gift to the birthplace of Shakespeare, supplies the inhabitants of the town with what has long been felt to be one of its most pressing needs. It will be a durable and beautiful memorial of the friendly feeling existing between the two nations in this Jubilee Year of our Queen. The base of the tower is square on plan, with the addition of boldly projecting buttresses placed diagonally at the four corners, terminating with acutely pointed gables surmounted by a lion bearing the arms of Great Britain alternately with the American eagle associated with the Stars and Stripes. On the north face is a polished granite basin, having the outline of a large segment of a circle, into which a stream of water is to flow constantly from a bronze spout; on the east and west sides are large troughs, of the same general outline and material, for the use of horses and cattle, and beneath these smaller troughs for sheep and dogs. On the south side is a door affording admission to the interior, flanked by two shallow niches, in one of which will be placed a barometer and in the other a thermometer, both of the best construction. Immediately over the basins and the door are moulded pointed arches, springing from dwarf columns, with carved capitals. The tympanum of each arch is filled by geometric tracery, profusely enriched with carvings of foliage.

“The next story of the tower has on each face a triple arcade with moulded pointed trefoiled arches on slender shafts. The arches are glazed, and light a small chamber, in which the clock is to be placed. At the corners are cylindrical turrets, terminating in conical spirelets in two stages, the surfaces of the cones enriched with scale-like ornament. In the next story are the four dials of the clock, under crocketed gables,

with finials representing 'Puck,' 'Mustard-seed,' 'Peas-blossom,' and 'Cobweb.' The clock-faces project slightly from a cylindrical tower flanked by four other smaller three-quarter attached turrets of the same plan; from the main central cylinder springs a spire of a slightly concave outline, and the four turrets have similar but much smaller spirelets, all five springing from the same level, and all terminating in lofty gilded vanes. Immediately below the line of springing is a band of panelling formed of narrow trefoiled arches. The central spire has on four opposite sides gabled spire-lights, and, at about one-third of its height, a continuous band of narrow lights to spread the sound of the clock-bells. The height from the road to the top of the vane is sixty feet. The clock will be illuminated at night.

"The materials of which the monument is being constructed are of the most durable kind,—Peterhead granite for the base and troughs, and for the superstructure a very hard and durable stone of a delicate gray color from Bolton Wood, in Yorkshire."

Mr. Childs, naturally desiring that the name of an American poet should be associated with the dedication of the memorial, suggested to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose sympathies for the great master of the English Drama are known to lie so broad and deep, that he should write a poem appropriate to the occasion. The good and genial poet at first stoutly demurred, pleading that his muse, like himself, was growing

old, and delighted most in restful, inactive ease by the sea. But, being further urged, Dr. Holmes, on the 17th day of August, 1887, wrote, from Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, to his old friend in these words :

“DEAR MR. CHILDS,—I have written a poem for the celebration of the opening of the fountain.

“There are nine verses, each of nine lines, as it now stands. I mean to revise it carefully, transcribe it, and send you the copy in the course of this week.

“I have taken pains with it and I hope you will like it. Please do not take the trouble of replying before you get the poem.

“Always truly yours,

“O. W. HOLMES.”

Two days later the poem as it appears in the subsequent accounts of the celebration was received by Mr. Childs. Its many classical allusions testify as much to the generous culture of the author's mind as does the rare beauty of his verse to his poetic genius.

In the Brooklyn *Eagle* there appeared while the fountain was still building, under the caption of “Childs at Avon,” an article as brilliant in manner as it was scholarly in matter. The writer, who modestly hid his identity under the initial H., and of whose

paper we make this free, brief abstract, said,—

“If no Shakespeare had been born and lived and died at Stratford-upon-Avon, I should still remember it as one of the most charming spots in Warwickshire. Often when staying at Leamington have I set out early on a summer morning and spent my day by the banks of Avon and visited the house where he was born, including the low-ceiling bedroom in which he first saw the light when Mary Arden brought him into the world in which, after his death, he was to be the most mysterious and inspired of teachers. Many an hour have I spent in the beautiful parish church of Holy Trinity at Stratford, reading the epitaph upon his grave, and feeling, with a much-sneered-at poet, ‘Satan’ Montgomery, whom Macaulay so pitilessly criticised, that I, for once, could

‘Tread the ground by genius often trod,
Nor feel a nature more akin to God.’

“The gift of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, of a public drinking-fountain in honor of Shakespeare, to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, is memorable as being a tribute to the Queen of Shakespeare’s nation on her Jubilee.

“The first thought that strikes me—for I leave the noble benefactions of Mr. Childs for the latter part of this article—is how the immortal Shakespeare would have stood amazed had he beheld this grand water-fountain erected to his memory. Although he praises water in the words ‘Honest water that ne’er left any man in the mire,’ which is to be one of the inscriptions on Mr. Childs’s memorial drinking-fountain, the habits of his time were certainly not in favor of water

as a beverage. There were many in that age, like Sir Walter Raleigh, who abhorred drunkenness and denounced it with as much emphasis as King James I. did the tobacco which Raleigh extolled with enthusiasm. But it would have taken a long journey, I think, to have found a teetotaler in England in the days of Shakespeare. 'Good Queen Bess' drank ale at breakfast. King James rolled drunk from his throne. Shakespeare himself was thoroughly convivial, though not a drinker to excess. He lived like the men of his time, enjoyed his social glass of sack or canary with Ben Jonson, or Burbage and other authors or actors, and, no doubt, sometimes woke with a headache next morning. There is nothing disrespectful to his memory to say that his early death at the age of fifty-two has been generally attributed to the effects of a convivial evening. A recent Shakespearian enthusiast, Mrs. Dall, says, in her 'Handbook to Shakespeare,' 'The pleasant days went on for a few weeks. Jonson and Drayton came to see Shakespeare, and very likely went to the old inn where he had been accustomed to watch the antics of a "fool," that he might immortalize him in the company of Sly, Naps, Turf, and Pimpernell. The hilarity of the party had attracted the attention of the villagers, for when, in March, 1616, the poet was stricken with fever, the rumor ran that it came from too much drinking with his friends.' He died on the 23d of April.

"But if, as I have ventured to suggest, Shakespeare would have been amazed at a water-fountain erected to his memory, he would probably have been still more astonished at such poor relations as dogs and horses participating with his fellow-citizens in the benefit of it. Such is Mr. Childs's arrangement, and I think it indicates the true humanity of his nature. The dog

is the only animal that will forsake his own kind for the sake of man and will die upon his master's grave. There are miscreants and scoundrels in all races, and the canine is not an exception. But there are as many virtuous dogs as virtuous men, and from them we may learn affection, patience, long-suffering, unselfishness, and friendship and fidelity till death. No wonder that the poor Indian of Pope's 'Essay on Man,'

‘ Whose soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way,
* * * * *
Yet thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.’

“ Let us hope that if the great soul of Shakespeare looks down on Queen Victoria's Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon he will approve of Mr. Childs's munificent gift to the corporation of which his family, especially his father, John Shakespeare, were ancient and honorable members, even though it has embraced the thirsty souls of dogs and horses as well as of men, women, and children.

“ Of Mr. Childs, whom I have never seen, it is impossible for any public-spirited mind of any nationality to think too highly. He is not a flatterer of English noblemen, but a benefactor, first to his own people and then a hospitable host to distinguished foreigners. In fact, Mr. Childs is away ahead in wealth and respectability of most of the notables to whom he has extended his hospitality. Beginning as an errand-boy, when he went from Baltimore to Philadelphia, in mere childhood, he became printer, bookseller, publisher, and newspaper proprietor by that resolute virtue of perseverance and honesty which overcomes the world, and, while some may envy his prosperity, no one can dis-

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pute that he has earned it by a life of integrity and industry such as few even in America have equalled. Upon the fountain in honor of Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon will stand the words, 'The gift of an American citizen;' and this reminds me of the words of the late Dean Stanley, when he visited this country for the first and only time in 1878, referring to Mr. Childs's Memorial Window in his abbey to George Herbert and William Cowper: 'There is in Westminster Abbey a window dear to American hearts because erected by an honored citizen of Philadelphia.' It might seem strange that the gift should be made in the Centennial Year of American Independence, but Mr. Childs has the right idea of the commonwealth of letters, and believes that the great writers of the English tongue belong to the Anglo-Saxon and English-speaking races, wherever they may be; and as he did honor to George Herbert and William Cowper, so now he has done honor to the greater name of Shakespeare, who belongs to no country, but is the admiration of all civilized races.

"Mr. George W. Childs's fountain completes the homage which Americans have paid to Shakespeare. Years ago, when I talked to an old woman who showed me over the house he was born in, she said, in answer to a question, that Americans seemed to take most interest in it. The case of Miss Delia Bacon is most pathetic, although I believe it was not her Baconian theory which made her so unhappy. She was a woman of singular talent, coming from one of the most big-brained families of New England. An early disappointment had made her feel the need of an eccentric enthusiasm, and by the kind and very unusual permission of the Vicar of Stratford she was allowed to pass whole nights in the church wherein the bones were

laid which he forbade strangers to remove, but not to keep their vigils by. Although Miss Bacon was hallucinated, her 'Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays,' introduced by Hawthorne, elicited the praise of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Her special vagary was that Shakespeare had not been Shakespeare and that Francis Bacon was the real Shakespeare, and so the idol of her mind was destroyed by her own imagination. As I said, she was not alone in this ridiculous theory, but it is sad to think of the lonely, enthusiastic woman worshipping night and day at the shrine of a god whom she would end by disbelieving in altogether. Yet Samuel Taylor Coleridge was not much wiser when he said of Shakespeare, 'Does God inspire an idiot?'

"Mr. Childs's gift and its acceptance by the corporation of Stratford set the seal, at any rate, to our American belief in the identity as well as the greatness of Shakespeare. His will more than ever be the shrine which American travellers, with Washington Irving's description of Stratford in their hands, will visit. It is said that in Virginia, in a church-yard sheltered by southern foliage, there is a tombstone with the inscription commemorative of a man who died in the seventeenth century: 'One of the pallbearers of William Shakespeare.' The only relic of the man I have read of is a pair of gauntlets possessed by an American, one of the most eminent and honored of Shakespearian scholars and critics, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia. If it be so, it only confirms the fact that the Americans have been his greatest and most dispassionate admirers, even if the Germans were the first to discern his singular yet universal genius, and are still the most enthusiastic witnesses of his plays. In France, also, M. Taine and other great writers, including Victor Hugo, have been earnest

lovers of Shakespeare ; but when English or American tragic actors have played his principal characters in Paris, they have found far less appreciative audiences than they have in Berlin or Frankfort or any other German city. At any rate, Mr. Childs has helped to make one picturesque little town by a beautiful river in England more famous than even Shakespeare's name had made it before, and henceforward no one who visits England will leave it without spending a few hours, at least, in the quiet town of Stratford-upon-Avon."

DEDICATION OF THE FOUNTAIN.

On October 17, 1887, the fountain was dedicated with imposing ceremony, an exhaustive report of which was published on the following Friday, in the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald*, and which is here presented anew from that journal :

"All things combined to give *éclât* to the important event of Monday last,—the inauguration of the handsome fountain given by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia. It was a happy thought of that prominent and respected citizen to arrange that this splendid memorial of American admiration for and sympathy with England's greatest poet should take place in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria's reign ; and it was also a happy idea to secure the greatest of English actors to carry out the important function. So distinguished an assemblage of gentlemen has rarely come together in Stratford-upon-Avon. Art, literature, and the drama were well represented, and the ceremonial was one of international interest. The fountain forms both a

welcome and substantial benefit to the town, and a graceful addition to its many points of natural and historic interest. Stratford accepted the bequest with a heartiness at once agreeable to the giver, and illustrative of the friendly feeling of Warwickshire for the people of the great Republic of the West.

“Preparations for the celebration of the event were made on Saturday. The scaffolding, which so long impeded a full view of the fountain, was removed, the final touches were put to the stonework of the elegant erection, and a tent was erected in which the ceremony was to take place in the event of the weather proving unpropitious. Mr. Irving, who performed the inaugural ceremony, arrived in Stratford the previous day, and was the guest of Mr. Charles E. Flower at Avonbank. The distinguished actor only finished his Liverpool engagement on Saturday night, this being the last place on his provincial tour before his departure for America. On Sunday morning he travelled to Blisworth, *via* Rugby, a special train on the East and West Junction Railway meeting him at the former place. On his arrival at Stratford he received a very cordial welcome. A large number of people had assembled on the platform and outside the building, and, as soon as he emerged from the railway carriage and was recognized, a very vigorous cheer was given. He was met by Mr. Flower, and proceeded at once to Avonbank.

“Monday morning, as we have said, opened most auspiciously. The sun soon dispersed the early mist, and at noon, the time fixed for the ceremony, there was almost an unclouded sky, and in the splendid autumn light the fountain showed itself to perfection. The rich light gray stone seemed to reflect the sun's rays, and the vane, which caps the edifice, shone with

great brilliancy. The fountain was complete, with one exception,—the clock-faces were there, but not the hands. Sir Arthur Hodgson (the Mayor), in accepting Mr. Childs's munificent gift, arranged for an inaugural ceremonial befitting its international as well as its practical character. Sir Arthur issued invitations on a scale of imposing hospitality, and the Clifton House was filled with a number of distinguished guests. Shortly before twelve o'clock a procession was arranged at the Town Hall, the local volunteers with their drum-and-fife band forming the lead, and followed by the Snitterfield brass band. Then came the Mayor, on each side of whom walked the Lord High Steward (Earl de La Warr) and his Excellency the American Minister (Mr. Phelps). Mr. Henry Irving, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Bram Stoker, came next, and then succeeded the Mayors of Leamington, Warwick, Coventry, and Lichfield, wearing their gold chains of office. The members of the corporation and their officers brought up the rear, those present being Aldermen Bird, Cox, Newton, R. Gibbs, E. Gibbs, and Colbourne; Councillors Flower, Cole, Eaves, Rogers, Birch, C. Green, Hawkes, L. Greene, Maries, Kemp, and Morris. The streets during the moving of the procession presented a very animated appearance, there being a liberal display of bunting throughout the route. Arriving at the site of the Memorial, they found assembled a very large concourse of persons, all anxious to witness the proceedings, and to listen to the eloquence of the great English actor. His address was delivered in the silvery tones so familiar to those who have seen and heard Mr. Irving on the stage. He was studiously brief, but what a large amount of feeling and meaning his few words contained! The inaugural speech over, the water was turned on, and the fountain

was dedicated to the public forever. Cheers followed the announcement, and the formal ceremony soon came to an end. Everything had been happily done, and the fraternal relations of the two great nations which regard the works of Shakespeare as a common heritage were thus increasingly cemented. There were mutual congratulations: common praise of Mr. Childs's magnificent gift, of the architect's skill and taste, of the builder's sound workmanship. The whole proceedings were happily conceived and successfully carried out.

"The speeches at the fountain and at the luncheon which followed are fully recorded below.

"The Mayor announced that he had received letters explaining inability to attend from the High Sheriff, the Lord Lieutenant, Lord and Lady Hertford, his Excellency the American Minister at Paris, the Secretary of Legation of the United States, Sir Stafford Northcote, the Dean of Queen's College, Oxford, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. His Worship afterwards read the following letters from Mr. James Russell Lowell and Mr. J. G. Whittier:

LETTER OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"DEAR SIR ARTHUR HODGSON,—I should more deeply regret my inability to be present at the interesting ceremonial of the 17th were it not that my countrymen will be more fitly and adequately represented there by our accomplished Minister, Mr. Phelps.

"The occasion is certainly most interesting. The monument which you accept to-day in behalf of your townsmen commemorates at once the most marvellous of Englishmen and the Jubilee Year of the august lady whose name is honored wherever the language is spoken of which he was the greatest master. No

symbol could more aptly serve this double purpose than a fountain; for surely no poet ever "poured forth so broad a river of speech" as he,—whether he was the author of the *Novum Organum* also or not,—nor could the purity of her character and example be better typified than by the current that shall flow forever from the sources opened here to-day.

"It was Washington Irving who first embodied in his delightful English the emotion which Stratford-upon-Avon awakens in the heart of the pilgrim, and especially of the American pilgrim, who visits it. I am glad to think that this Memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it because it is one of the multiplying signs that these two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, less and less of those in which they differ.

"A common language is not, indeed, the surest bond of amity, for this enables each country to understand whatever unpleasant thing the other may chance to say about it. As I am one of those who believe that an honest friendship between England and America is a most desirable thing, I trust that we shall on both sides think it equally desirable, in our intercourse one with another, to make our mother-tongue search her coffers round for the polished rather than the sharp-cornered epithets she has stored there. Let us by all means speak the truth to each other, for there is no one else who can speak it to either of us with such a fraternal instinct for the weak point of the other; but let us do it in such wise as to show that it is the truth we love, and not the discomfort we can inflict by means

of it. Let us say agreeable things to each other and of each other whenever we conscientiously can. My friend, Mr. Childs, has said one of these agreeable things in a very solid and durable way. A common literature and a common respect for certain qualities of character and ways of thinking supply a neutral ground where we may meet in the assurance that we shall find something amiable in each other, and from being less than kind become more than kin.

“In old maps the line which outlined the British Possessions in America included the greater part of what is now the territory of the United States. The possessions of the American in England are laid down on no map, yet he holds them of memory and imagination by a title such as no conquest ever established and no revolution can ever overthrow. The dust that is sacred to you is sacred to him. The annals which Shakespeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognize, and are glad to recognize, on occasions like this. They will be yearly drawn closer as Science goes on with her work of abolishing Time and Space, and thus renders more easy that “peaceful commerce ’twixt dividable shores” which is so potent to clear away whatever is exclusive in nationality or savors of barbarism in patriotism.

“I remain, dear Mr. Mayor, faithfully yours,

“J. R. LOWELL.”

LETTER FROM JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

“OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS., 6th Mo. 30th, 1887.

“MR. G. W. CHILDS:

“DEAR FRIEND,—I have just read of thy noble and appropriate gift to the birthplace of Shakespeare. It

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was a happy thought to connect it with the Queen's Jubilee. It will make for peace between the two great kindred nations, and will go far to atone for the foolish abuse of England by too many of our party orators and papers. As an American, and proud of the name, I thank thee for expressing in this munificent way the true feeling of our people.

“‘I am very truly, thy friend,

“‘JOHN G. WHITTIER.’

THE ADDRESS OF MAYOR HODGSON.

“The letters having been read, the Mayor said he must say a few words about the origin of the fountain. It came about in this way. It had been first suggested to Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, by an eminent English divine and scholar (the late Dean Stanley), that it would be a good and graceful thing for an American to leave his mark in the historic borough wherein Shakespeare was born, and lived, and died, and was buried. After the death of the Dean nothing more was said of the project until Mr. Childs's friend, Dr. Macaulay, wrote to him expressing the same idea which had been four years before presented to the giver of the Herbert and Cowper Window to Westminster Abbey; but Dr. Macaulay urged that the best gift would be a drinking-fountain, of which Stratfordians stood very much in want. All of Mr. Childs's several letters respecting the fountain, extending over twelve months, evinced a spirit of affection for dear old England, and a feeling of deep regard for our most gracious Queen. Therefore we chose the Jubilee Year for the presentation. In all this Mr. Childs has proved that blood is stronger than water. Yes, in this case blood is stronger than water. Mr. Childs had

imbued his feelings, English and American,—mixed them up together, as it were. Then, of course, arrangements had to be made. He did not hesitate to say that, if it had not been for Dr. Macaulay, and the valuable assistance he gave, they could not have proved the fountain, as he believed they intended to do that day, a success. Dr. Macaulay helped them heartily, and he felt deeply grateful for his valuable assistance. Then came the question, who should inaugurate the stately Memorial; and Dr. Macaulay and himself both agreed that they could not choose a better man than their celebrated English tragedian, Mr. Henry Irving. They were not at all sure of securing the valuable presence of his Excellency, Mr. Phelps, the American Minister in this country, and thought it better to be sure of their ground. However, he was there, and Mr. Irving, and, on behalf of the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon and the corporation, of which he had the honor to be Mayor, he returned to them their most grateful thanks for having come among them on that auspicious occasion. He knew very well that Mr. Phelps had travelled night and day from the north of Scotland to be present, not only to lend his countenance to the gathering, but to endorse the munificent act of his noble countryman. It was, again, a great satisfaction to the people of Stratford to be able to secure the services of the great tragedian, who, they were glad to know, was one of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace. They thanked Mr. Irving for coming among them, and he would conclude his remarks by asking Mr. Irving to dedicate the noble fountain to the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon forever.

“Mr. Irving, on stepping forward, was received with great cheering. He said he had been requested to read

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a poem which had been dedicated to the fountain at Stratford-upon-Avon,—a poem written by a man who was loved wherever the English language was spoken.”

Mr. Irving then read the following poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes :

Welcome, thrice welcome, is thy silvery gleam,
 Thou long-imprisoned stream !
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads,
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds !
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
 Leap forth to life and light ;
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam !

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
 Than from thy chalice flows ;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,
Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair
 Braids her loose-flowing hair,
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveller stay his weary feet
 To seek thy calm retreat ;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest ;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
 That brooded o'er the day,
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

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Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends

 In toil that never ends,

Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,

Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein

Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane ;

Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot

 Find his small needs forgot,—

Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,

Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends !

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,

 And skimming swallows dip,

And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes

Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes

Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms ;

Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink

 At the full basin's brink,

And whet his beak against its rounded lip,

His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,

 Far from his listening throng,—

Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring ;

Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,

No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing !

These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim

 Whose tuneless voice would shame,

Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong

The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song ?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes !

 What ghosts made real rise !

The dead return,—they breathe,—they live again,

Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,

Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quickening
 brain !

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The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
 Here found the sunbeams first;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
 To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;
Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
 With storied shrines of old,—
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two,
 But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confessed
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
 Its gracious drops shall lend
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
And love make one the old home and the new!

MR. IRVING'S ADDRESS.

“Mr. Irving then spoke as follows: ‘The occasion which has drawn us here to-day has an exceptional interest and a special significance. We have met to celebrate a tribute which has been paid to the memory of Shakespeare by an American citizen, and which is associated with the Jubilee Year of our Queen. The donor of this beautiful monument I am happy to claim as a personal friend. Mr. George W.

Childs is not only an admirable specimen of the public spirit and enterprising energy of Philadelphia, but he is also a man who has endeared himself to a very wide circle by many generous deeds. I do not wonder at his munificence, for to men like him it is a second nature; but I rejoice in the happy inspiration which prompted a gift that so worthily represents the common homage of two great peoples to the most famous man of their common race. We are honored to-day by the presence of a distinguished American, the political representative of his country in England. But it would do far less than justice to Mr. Phelps to affirm that he is with us in any formal and diplomatic sense. On this spot, of all others, Americans cease to be aliens, for here they claim our kinship with the great master of English speech. It is not for me to say in Mr. Phelps's presence how responsive American life and literature are to the influence which has done more than the work of any other man to mould the thought and character of generations. The simplest records of Stratford show that this is the Mecca of American pilgrims, and that the place which gave birth to Shakespeare is regarded as the fountain of the mightiest and most enduring inspiration of our mother-tongue. It is not difficult to believe that among the strangers who write those imposing letters U.S.A. in the visitors' book in the historic house hard by there are some whose colloquial speech still preserves many phrases which have come down from Shakespeare's time. Some idioms, which are supposed to be of American invention, can be traced back to Shakespeare. And we can imagine that in the audience at the old Globe Theatre there were ignorant and unlettered men who treasured up something of Shakespeare's imagery and vivid portraiture, and carried with them across the ocean thoughts and

words, "solemn vision and bright silver dream," which helped to nurture their transplanted stock. For it is above all things as the poet of the people that Shakespeare is supreme. He wrote in days when literature made no appeal to the multitude. Books were for a limited class, but the theatre was open to all. How many Englishmen, to whom reading was a labor or an impossibility, must have drawn from the stage which Shakespeare had enriched some of the most priceless jewels of the human mind! One of the inscriptions on this fountain is, perhaps, the most expressive tribute to Shakespeare which the people's heart can pay: "Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions." Those simple words speak a gratitude far more eloquent and enduring than whole volumes of criticism. It is not only because Shakespeare is the delight of scholars, or because he has infinite charms for the refined, that he wields the unbroken staff of Prospero over the imagination of mankind. It is because his spell is woven from the truth and simplicity of Nature herself. There lies the heart of the mystery. Without an effort the simplest mind passes into the realms of Shakespeare's fancy. Learned and simple, gentle and humble, all may drink from the inexhaustible wisdom of this supreme sage. And so it seems to me that no happier emblem of Shakespeare's genius in his native place could have been chosen than this Memorial Fountain. I suppose we shall never be content with what little we know of Shakespeare's personal history. Yet we can see him in his home-life here, the man of genial manners and persuasive speech, unassuming and serene, and perhaps unconscious that he had created in the world of letters as great a marvel as his contemporary Galileo's discovery in the world

of science. And we may conjure other fancies. We can picture Shakespeare returning from his bourne to find upon the throne a queen who rules with gentler sway than the great sovereign that he knew; and yet whose reign has glories more beneficent than those of Elizabeth? We can try to imagine his emotion when he finds "this dear England" he loved so well expanded beyond the seas; and we can at least be happy in the thought that when he had mastered the lessons of the conflict which divided us from our kinsmen in America, he would be proud to see in Stratford the gift of a distinguished American citizen,—this memorial of our reunion under the shadow of his undying name.'

REMARKS OF SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN.

"In response to a call from the Mayor, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, who was originally associated with the British Commission of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, in Philadelphia, said that, as an old personal friend of Mr. Childs, he was gratified at being permitted to say a few words on that interesting occasion, and to express the gratitude of a large number of English people who had received Mr. Childs's hospitality. That hospitality was well known in that 'City of Brotherly Love,'—Philadelphia,—and Mr. Childs was beloved both over there and in this country. He was very much pleased indeed that he should have been allowed, in the name of those who loved Mr. Childs,—as all who had met him in America did,—to join with the orator who had just charmed them by his eloquence in expressing their gratitude for that noble gift.

"The water was then turned on, and, filling a cup, Mr. Irving drank 'To the Immortal Memory of Shake-

speare.' while the Mayor announced to the company that the water had been pronounced by authority to be clear, palatable, and good. The band in the mean time played the National Anthem and 'Hail, Columbia,' while hearty cheers were afterwards given for the Queen, for the President of the United States, for the American Minister (Mr. Phelps), for Mr. Childs, the munificent donor of the fountain, for the Mayor and Lady Hodgson, and for Mr. Irving. This part of the proceedings then terminated."

THE MAYOR'S BANQUET.

At one o'clock the Mayor entertained a large and distinguished company at lunch-con, in the upper room of the Town Hall, concerning which the *Herald* continues:

"The Mayor, in giving the toast of 'The Queen,' said it was one which, in this ancient, loyal, and historic borough, was always well received. This year Stratford had done its best to honor the Jubilee. By a happy coincidence, the foundation-stone of the handsome fountain they had inaugurated that morning was laid on Jubilee Day by the Mayoress. They all felt that the Queen sat enthroned in the hearts of her subjects. He thought they might truly say that she was the most constitutional sovereign who had ever reigned over them. Throughout her long and glorious reign we had had a government of the people by the people for the people. Of Victoria it might be said, as by Cranmer (in 'Henry VIII.') of another Queen, 'She shall be to the happiness of England an aged princess. Many days shall see her, yet not a day without a deed to crown it.'

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“The toast was received with hearty cheers, after which the Mayor proposed, ‘The Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family,’ which met with an equally cordial reception.

REMARKS OF EARL DE LA WARR.

“Earl de La Warr said he had great pleasure in proposing the next toast, ‘The President of the United States.’ They had that day witnessed a ceremony which had excited the liveliest interest of all who had the pleasure of being present. The function at which they had assisted that morning was more than a mere ceremony: it was an indication of the sympathy existing between England and America. He thought he was speaking the sentiments of the nation as well as of the borough when he said that they viewed that auspicious occasion, not only as a proof of the great interest which was felt in America in the memory of the immortal poet, but also as drawing more closely the bonds of unity and friendly feeling between the United States and this country.

“The toast was very cordially received.

ADDRESS OF MR. PHELPS, THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

“His Excellency the American Minister, Mr. Phelps, who experienced a hearty greeting, said, in response,—

““It is certainly a very grateful duty to respond to a sentiment honored by Americans everywhere and under all circumstances, which has been proposed in such felicitous terms by Lord de La Warr, and received so cordially by you all. And for the kind allusions to myself which I have heard to-day and for your more than kind reception, I can only offer you my thanks and my wish that they were better deserved. The manner in which the name of the President of the

United States is always received when it is brought forward in an English company, and the kindness which everywhere is made to surround the path of his representative in this country, are exceedingly gratifying, because they are the expression, and the more significant because they are often the spontaneous expression, of the cordial, friendly feeling which animates the heart of the people of this country towards their kinsmen across that sea which used to divide but which now unites them. The relations between these two countries are not the property of themselves alone; they are the property of the civilized world. It would be a calamity too great to be anticipated, and which I trust may never be realized, to all the civilized world if these relations were to be severed. But it is to be borne in mind that they depend far less upon governments and public men than upon the spirit which animates the people on either side. Mr. Irving happily remarked this morning that I was not here in a diplomatic capacity. Diplomacy, that black art as it used to be known in the world, and I hope has ceased to be known, has very little place among the straightforward Saxon race. It cannot be too strongly borne in mind, I think, that it is on the cultivation of a friendly spirit on both sides that our cordial relations depend. So far as I have observed, people do not quarrel unless they desire it. When they are hostile, provocation is not far to seek; when they are friendly, there are very few provocations that will not somehow be patched up and adjusted. It is in the intercourse so admirably depicted in the letter of my predecessor, Mr. Lowell, by which the people of the two countries come to know each other and understand and appreciate each other, to partake of each other's hospitality, to enjoy with each other the amenities of social, personal, individual

life, that the spirit arises that will always make these people friends. And it may be usefully remembered by those philanthropists and humanitarians who are anxious to preserve the peace of the world, that it is much better maintained by justice and kindness in the treatment of each other internationally than it is by obtaining paper promises that injustice and unkindness shall not be resented. Such promises are either worthless or needless. They are needless while nations are friendly; they are worthless while nations are hostile. It is one of the amenities to which I have alluded that brings us together here to-day. I must say a word, before I sit down, about the gift of my warm-hearted and distinguished countryman which has been inaugurated this morning. I should rather mar what you have already heard if I were to attempt to add much to what has been said, and so well said, by the Mayor, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Lowell. It seems to me that in every possible way all the proprieties and all the unities have attended it. It seems to be a graceful offering, modest, unobtrusive, unheralded, accepted in the spirit in which it is given. I wish Mr. Childs might have been present here to-day. I wish he might have observed for himself the spirit in which his gift was received. It is appropriately erected on the place where the memory of Shakespeare has extinguished all other memories, a place to which Americans, by the pilgrimage of successive generations, have established a title as tenants in common with Englishmen by right of possession,—one of those possessions described by Mr. Lowell, not laid down on the map, but of which the title is just as strong as if it were marked by geographical boundaries. I have sometimes thought that there is no bond of union between Americans and Englishmen that is stronger

than that of a common literature: I mean the literature that pervades and influences the general intelligence of the country; the literature that was so ably portrayed by Mr. Irving this morning in his observations on the character of Shakespeare's writings; a literature which is not the property of a class, but for all mankind and for all time; and, therefore, this birthplace of Shakespeare, where almost all the memorials which remain to him are gradually being gathered together, here, if anywhere in England, is the appropriate place for a permanent gift from an American. It is appropriate also in the time of offering,—the Jubilee Year of your sovereign, the Jubilee of which I was a most interested spectator in all its progress from beginning to end. And the impression which it made upon me was that its success and its distinction did not arise from its pageantry or its ceremonies or the distinguished concourse which attended it from afar. It has been in the manifestation of that deep and universal loyalty of this people towards their Queen and their government. That, as it appears to me, is the lesson, the significance, the glory, and the success of the Jubilee. The loyalty of Americans is to their own government; they appreciate the loyalty of your people to yours, and they understand and feel, I am sure, through the whole length and breadth of that country, what was so well expressed by the Mayor, when he said that the throne of the Queen is in the hearts of her people. And, therefore, a gift which, though it comes from one citizen only in America, will be applauded by thousands, and to which thousands would have gladly contributed if it had been requisite, may well come in the year when you are celebrating an event so rare in the history of nations. The gift, too, in its inauguration has been fortunate in

the ceremonies that attended it. It is fortunate that it should have been inaugurated in an address so fitting and so elegant by a gentleman who interprets Shakespeare to both the nations in whom we claim a share and always shall, whom we always welcome heartily, and always unwillingly let go. I cannot wish him a speedy return, in justice to my countrymen, in the voyage he is about to undertake. I hope he may have a safe and happy one. I hope that, when the curtain falls in America upon some representation of the great master which has entranced a theatre crowded with the best intelligence of my countrymen, and when the call not unfamiliar to his ear compels him to say something for himself, he will tell them what he has seen and heard to-day. He may be too modest to tell them how much he has contributed to it: but I hope he will tell them something of the manner and the spirit in which the gift to his country was received, and I am sure it will not make his welcome the less cordial. Long may this fountain stand, sir, and flow, an emblem, a monument, a landmark—not the only one by many, I hope—of the permanent, intimate, cordial friendship of my countrymen and yours! May many generations of Englishmen and Americans drink together of its waters! May many a school-boy, creeping unwillingly to school, or rushing joyously away from it, when he pauses to slake his thirst at its current, take in with the water a kindly thought of his kinsmen beyond the sea,—kinsmen who have so much in common, whose history, whose religion, whose literature, whose language are all in common, and who are to share in common hereafter, beyond all and above all, in that limitless American future which opens its magnificent doors free and wide to you and your children as well as to ours!

THE QUEEN'S TELEGRAM.

"At the conclusion of the address of the American Minister, which was received with the most enthusiastic manifestation of good-will, the Mayor announced, amid great cheering, that he had just received a telegram from her Majesty. It was as follows :

" 'The Queen is much gratified by the kind and loyal expressions contained in your telegram, and is pleased to hear of the handsome gift from Mr. Childs to Stratford-upon-Avon.

" ' (Signed) HENRY PONSONBY."

"It may be stated that a few minutes earlier the Mayor had wired,—

" 'To SIR HENRY PONSONBY, Balmoral Castle.

" 'The toast of her Majesty's health most enthusiastically received on the occasion of the inauguration of the drinking fountain by Mr. Childs, a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia.

" ' (Signed) ARTHUR HODGSON,

" 'Mayor of Stratford.'

REMARKS OF MR. WALTER, OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

"Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the London *Times*, proposed the next toast, which he said might truly be described as the toast of the day, the health of the honored donor of the gift which they had assembled to inaugurate. He had no claim whatever to be selected for so high an honor as that of proposing Mr. Childs's health, except from the circumstance that he had had the privilege of being intimately acquainted with Mr. Childs for more than twenty years, and that he and his

family had, when visiting the United States, received unbounded proofs of his hospitality and affectionate feeling towards them, which had always made him (Mr. Walter) feel when within the States as a free citizen of that community. Only those who had had the good fortune to know America intimately could form any adequate idea of the feelings of veneration and attachment which most educated Americans entertained towards this country, and especially to those localities which were identified with noble, historic, and other glorious associations. And of all the counties of England, the county of Warwick, perhaps, from the historic associations connected with such places as Kenilworth, Warwick, and, above all, Stratford-upon-Avon, appealed most to the hearts of Americans, to make them feel that they were of one kindred and one race with ourselves. Sometimes, indeed, it had happened that the feeling had manifested itself in a somewhat extraordinary and not altogether acceptable manner. He remembered one instance of this which brought to his mind the feeling which Henry V. expressed towards Catherine when he said that he loved France so well that he would keep it all to himself. About thirty years ago—it might be more; it was when he was a young man—it occurred to an enterprising American that there was not sufficient feeling in Stratford-upon-Avon towards the memory of her immortal poet, and that it would be far better for the good, at all events of America, if the Americans put in practice the art for which they were known to be so eminently distinguished,—the art of transplanting houses. It actually occurred to an enterprising dweller in the States to purchase and remove to America Shakespeare's house. Whether or not this was intended as a scare to compel that which was afterwards done—the purchase and the

public guardianship of that wonderful treasure—it was not for him to say, but the impression it made on his mind was perfectly fresh, and he had no doubt it was familiar to most Americans. It had produced beneficial results to them in making them more highly and more thoroughly appreciate the honor of being the custodians of Shakespeare's house.

“With regard to Mr. Childs himself he must say a few words, though, as the American Minister had said, that was a subject on which there was little more to say. Mr. Childs was probably personally unknown to most of those now present. He was a man with a very remarkable history,—one of those examples of self-made men of which the American soil seemed to be prolific; men who, by an early career of great industry, energy, shrewdness, and perseverance, acquired large fortunes and employed them for the public good. Mr. Childs began life in a very humble capacity, making what few dollars he could in the best way he could find to his hand. He became a publisher, and amassed in that business a considerable sum. But he was an instance of a man who, like the Mayor, instinctively obeyed the wise teaching of their great poet by remembering that ‘there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.’ He took his chance at the flood, and became the purchaser of the *Public Ledger*, which he had made a most lucrative and highly honorable paper, and upon that he had built a fortune which had enabled him to perform those acts of public and private generosity and unbounded hospitality to all Englishmen who had the good fortune to be introduced to his acquaintance, and of which the occasion of their present gathering was one of the most conspicuous examples. The other day, in reading a book which Mr. Childs gave him many years ago,—

a remarkable book, by an American,—he came across a passage which seemed to him singularly appropriate to the present occasion, which he hoped would be sufficient excuse for his quoting a couple of stanzas from it. The poet was apostrophizing Shakespeare, and said,—

‘Deep in the West, as Independence moves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where Nature sleeps in Eden’s infant grace,
In Time’s full hour shall spring a glorious race.
Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there!

‘Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire’s galling yoke;
But thou, harmonious master of the mind,
Around their sons a gentler chain shall bind!
Once more in thee shall Albion’s sceptre wave,
And what her monarch lost her monarch-bard shall save!’

“One word to give some idea of Mr. Childs. At the present moment it was about a quarter-past nine by Philadelphia time, and Mr. Childs was sitting at his breakfast,—a piece of dry bread and a cup of milk,—and wondering what sort of a day it was going to be in England, and how the most interesting ceremony at Stratford was about to pass off, and possibly even thinking in what terms his own health might be proposed. The news would probably have reached him before he had drunk his last cup of milk. Now, if he had to describe the character of Mr. Childs in a single word, he should do so in a word which was impressed upon his mind by very early associations, and which the Mayor would forgive him for mentioning on the present occasion. Fifty-eight years ago he knew a little boy at school, with rosy cheeks, genial, beaming coun-

tenance, and such delightful qualities of civility, good-humor, and readiness to oblige, that his school-fellows applied to him the epithet of 'trump.' Most school-boy epithets were not complimentary, and he had never known of the application of that particular epithet to any other boy than that one, whom he remembered as Trump Hodgson. He had developed, in the course of his interesting history, into the Worshipful Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon. The Mayor would excuse him for mentioning the circumstance, and not think he was guilty of wishing to infringe upon his monopoly of the title, but if he had to apply one epithet rather than another to Mr. Childs he should say he was a trump. He was a man of guileless habits, unselfish disposition, a readiness to do good in any way, and who could not possibly do an ill turn to any one. They were all indebted to Mr. Childs for having performed an act which more than anything else would help to impress upon their minds the duty they owed to preserve the memory of their immortal bard always fresh in their minds. He ardently wished the rising generation could be persuaded to read more and more of Shakespeare and less of the trash which they daily devoured. He commended to them the health of their distinguished absent friend, Mr. Childs, and asked them, not only to drink to his present health, but also to wish him a long continuance of prosperity and happiness.

"The toast was drunk amid loud applause.

REMARKS OF DR. MACAULAY.

"Dr. Macaulay, who, as an old friend of Mr. Childs, was asked to reply in his behalf, said he had been told by many persons that this gift of Mr. Childs to Stratford was creating an impression in America perhaps even beyond the value of the gift. And why? For

the same reason as in England, that it was regarded as a pledge of the good feeling between the two nations. At the present time there was a very unusual deputation in America,—many members of Parliament, with others,—having an interview with the President of the United States, trying to get from him a contract that there should be no more war between the two nations, and that every question in dispute should be submitted to arbitration. But Mr. Phelps had very wisely told them contracts were of no avail unless they were supported by public opinion, and he (Dr. Macaulay) was sure that nothing would do more to create the desired state of public opinion than this generous act of Mr. Childs. It was a happy thought, this gift to the town of Shakespeare in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria, and he believed it would strengthen public opinion and make any diplomatic arrangement the more easy by making the two peoples feel that they had a common origin, a common feeling, and a common sympathy in all things, and when England and America were joined there was good hope for the security of the freedom and progress of the civilized world.

MR. IRVING'S REMARKS.

“Mr. C. E. Flower said he was sure that the Mayor had allotted to him a most pleasing as well as a most honorable duty in asking him to propose the health of their friend, Mr. Henry Irving.

“Mr. Irving, who was greeted with cheers again and again renewed, said: ‘I thank you most heartily for your most kind welcome. An actor can crave no higher distinction than that of being prominently associated with some public work in connection with Shakespeare’s memory in Shakespeare’s native town.

It is the lasting honor of the actor's calling that the poet of all time was a player, and that he achieved immortality by writing for the stage. Of all the eloquent tributes which have been paid to Shakespeare one ever recalls the words of his fellow-actors, to whose loving care we owe the first edition of his works, and who tell us that "as he was a happy imitator of Nature, he was a most gentle expresser of it." All we can desire in the artistic embodiment of life this "most gentle expresser of Nature" has given us. I would like to quote a few words on this subject which seem to me to embrace a very great deal,—a few words written by your Excellency's famous countryman Emerson, in which he pays Shakespeare a tribute which it would be very difficult to excel. He says, "We can discern, by his ample pictures of the gentleman and the king, what forms and humanities pleased him ; his delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in cheerful giving. Let Timon, let Warwick, let Antonio the merchant answer for his great heart. So far from Shakespeare being the least known, he is the one person in all modern history known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What offices, or functions, or district of man's work has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?" These are things which the actor treasures to the full as dearly as the student, and the actor's art to-day comes much nearer Shakespeare's estimate of its importance in the intellectual life of the community

than in the times when the corporation of Stratford refused to permit the performance of Shakespeare's plays. I don't intend that reminder to touch any tender spot in your municipal pride now, for the players were not treated with contumely in Stratford at all, and perhaps it was the influence of Shakespeare's memory which induced the corporation on one occasion to pay them the handsome sum of forty shillings to keep away. But times are better now, and I am quite sure that when a troop of Lyceum players come to Stratford they will settle down under the wing of the Worshipful Mayor. In a few days I shall sail for the great country where any worthy representation of Shakespeare on the stage commands as stanch support from the public as in our own, and I cannot help thanking Mr. Phelps for his most genial words, which represent the more than cordial—I may say affectionate—welcome which we have always received from his countrymen. I shall act as your ambassador to Mr. Childs, and I hope that in the course of the next fortnight I may convey to him your enthusiastic appreciation of his generous gift. I shall remember, Mr. Walter, your kind wishes and the affectionate tribute you have paid him, and I shall be the happy person to convey, I hope, to him my impressions of to-day. The ceremonial of to-day must have given the greatest pleasure to all, for it has renewed our hallowed associations with the mighty dead, and it has reminded two great nations of a bond which no calamity can dissolve. And, believe me, I am sure it will make every English-speaking actor in the world prouder than ever of the calling which I have the privilege of representing here to-day.'

"The Mayor, in the course of the afternoon, re-

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ceived the following telegraphic despatch from the donor of the fountain :

“ ‘ PHILADELPHIA.

“ ‘ TO SIR ARTHUR HODGSON :

“ ‘ You have my warmest thanks for the enlightened attention you gave to everything relating to the Shakespeare Fountain, and its successful dedication, which is a personal courtesy superadded to the official duty so well performed, and which it was certainly very gracious in you to bestow.

“ ‘ GEORGE W. CHILDS.’

“ ‘ An occasional poem, written by Mrs. R. S. de C. Laffan, on the opening of the fountain, was read by Mr. Henry Irving to the company assembled at Avon Bank on the eve of the ceremony :

“ ‘ Brothers yet, though ocean sever
Your free land that fronts the west
From the church-yard by the river,
Where our common fathers rest :

“ ‘ Brothers, by the twin rills flowing
From one fount of English speech,
By the common memories glowing
Deep within the heart of each :

“ ‘ It is yours, as it is ours,
This most favored spot of earth,
Where the spring-time crowned with flowers
Gave our gentle Shakespeare birth.

“ ‘ Here, where every stone reminds us
Of the name that each reveres,
Symbol of the love that binds us,
Changeless through the changing years,

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“ ‘Rear the fountain : let the chiming
Of its peal of silver bells
Thrill like some sweet singer’s rhyming
Every heart in Avon’s dells.

“ ‘Let its waters, softly plashing,
Woo the weary and the worn,
Brightly through the gloaming flashing,
Brightly through the summer morn.

“ ‘So the wanderer onward pressing,
Thirsty, way-worn, weak of knee,
Halting here shall drink a blessing
To a Friend beyond the Sea.’ ”

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The London *Times*, on the next day, October 18, published an account of the dedication ceremonies, including the poem of Dr. Holmes, the addresses, and letters above given, filling four of its broad long columns, which it prefaced as follows, under the caption of “Shakespeare and America:”

“For all English-speaking people there is a peculiar and almost romantic charm about the town in which the opening and closing scenes in the life of Shakespeare were enacted. So inseparably, indeed, are most of the scanty personal records of the poet associated with Stratford-upon-Avon that the place itself has long since been invested with a character not far removed from that attaching to the shrine of a saint in the Middle Ages. Thousands of pilgrims annually resort to the quaint little midland town to examine with an interest akin to reverence the relics

it contains, to look on scenes which must have been familiar to the poet, and to stand on the ground forever sacred to his name and memory. Since the days of Washington Irving, American faces have been as numerous in Stratford as those of English people, and a handsome Memorial Window in the church where Shakespeare's dust reposes bears testimony to American appreciation of the poet and his work. Another evidence of transatlantic veneration for the memory of Shakespeare was seen yesterday at Stratford. This time the Memorial has assumed the form of a public drinking fountain and clock-tower, which an American citizen, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has presented to the town. The ceremony connected with the dedication of this new monument was one which can hardly fail to be of general and almost world-wide interest. The representative company which had assembled to witness the event, together with the international character of the gift itself, conspired to lend a more than ordinary importance to the proceedings on this occasion.

"The ceremony of inaugurating the fountain was performed yesterday at noon by Mr. Henry Irving, in the presence of the Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon (Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G.), the Corporation, and a very numerous assemblage of visitors and townspeople. In the main streets of Stratford the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously displayed, and the town wore an air of festivity and gayety throughout the day."

On the same day the London *Daily Telegraph* published an account of the celebration as extended as that of the *Times*, with the subjoined introduction :

“Stratford-upon-Avon — supremely lovely at all times; hallowed with its immortal memory of Shakespeare; consecrated to literary men and all lovers of the stage by anniversaries, and jubilees, and kindly ceremonies without number—was never lovelier than on the sunny October morning when, under the happy auspices of sunshine and good-fellowship, the leading actor of England dedicated, inaugurated, and consecrated the gift of an American citizen to the home and the birthplace of the poet of all time. All the hospitable houses in the neighborhood were full of distinguished guests. The genial and popular Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, had invited his Excellency the American Minister, who appeared not in any diplomatic capacity, but as the mouthpiece and representative of his fellow-countryman, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, whose handsome present of a drinking fountain now stands unveiled and flowing with fresh water in the old Rother Market, and Sir Theodore Martin, who was selected to propose in his own graceful and felicitous manner the solemn toast of the ‘Immortal Memory of Shakespeare.’

“There was the imposing new fountain, the immediate object of attention to the countless pilgrims, the beautiful and costly gift of Mr. Childs; the monument all pinnacles and stone tracery, the handsome combination of drinking-trough and clock-tower that stood uncovered in the bright October sunshine, attracting innumerable visitors to admire its proportions, to discuss its style of architecture, and to read the Shakespeare texts engraved on every available panel.

“Monday broke over Stratford even warmer, sunnier, and more genial than the day before, and at a very early hour the visitors scattered about in various directions. The greater part naturally betook themselves to the

Shakespeare Memorial Buildings, on the Avon bank, already mellowing down with age, and containing the fruit of the anxious and devoted labors of the Flower family and their friends. The handsome and insulated theatre, standing at the lovely bend of the silent river close to the old church, is now supplemented by a library and a picture-gallery of ample proportions, and additions to both are earnestly asked by those who have by degrees made the old town one of the show-places of England, and directed thither the footsteps of countless American pilgrims, who recite Washington Irving in the cosy parlors of the celebrated Red Horse, and quote Shakespeare in the busy market-place or the quiet church-yard. There was clearly much to be done before mid-day arrived, the hour fixed for dedicating Mr. Childs's fountain to the use and benefit of Shakespeare's native home. No one, for instance, could neglect to pay a visit to the old house in Henley Street, which Mr. Walter, in the course of the day, pleasantly reminded us was, once upon a time, threatened with annihilation by an enterprising American, who proposed to carry it bodily away and transplant it on the other side of the Atlantic. The old custodian's bell at the Shakespeare House was constantly set ringing, and those charming and courteous ladies, the Miss Chattaways, were continually repeating the well-known lecture in the same pleasant and cheerful terms.

"Shortly before mid-day a procession was formed at the Town Hall, headed by Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., the Mayor of Stratford, who was preceded by the beadle and mace-bearers of the ancient corporation, and followed by the Mayors of Worcester, Lichfield, Coventry, Warwick, Leamington, and other distinguished guests. There was only one sad disappointment. The worthy Mayor had received a letter

from Mr. James Russell Lowell regretting his inability to be present, and the letter of apology was so eloquent that he did not hesitate to read it to the assembled people at the commencement of the ceremony."

Succeeding this was a report of the imposing ceremony, the poem, letters, and addresses; and on the editorial page of this great journal there appeared a striking leading article, the style of which will readily be recognized as that of the great Oriental scholar and poet, Sir Edwin Arnold:

"The handsome fountain and clock-tower just erected in Shakespeare's town, and inaugurated by Mr. Henry Irving, are the gift of an American citizen, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, well known already in his own country for an enlightened mind and munificent deeds. Such a tribute to the memory of the greatest of English poets is one that can be heartily hailed, and for which, in this Jubilee Year of our Queen, there was place and propriety. Equally appropriate it was that the dedication of this graceful gift to the town of Stratford should have been made by the first among living interpreters of the text of Shakespeare upon the stage. No actor would dispute this title with the accomplished and scholarly gentleman who has done so much to revive popular delight in the works of the chief of dramatists, and by this and other examples has so notably elevated the status of his profession. In the excellent speech which Mr. Irving delivered at the foot of the 'Jubilee Memorial,' he touched the central point of the ceremony at once by remarking that in that spot, of all spots, Americans and Englishmen

ceased to be other than fellow-countrymen. We might, indeed, almost call Stratford-upon-Avon the joint capital of the British England and of the American England, as the Greeks looked upon Delphi as the true centre of the habitable globe. American life and literature, as Mr. Irving remarked, are as much stamped with the influence of the Bard of Avon as are our own; and it is at once the most satisfactory and the most natural thing in the world that half the names of the visitors inscribed in the book kept at the 'historic cottage' should have after them 'those imposing letters, U.S.A.' We rejoice to think that every American beyond the Atlantic longs to visit the birthplace of Shakespeare, and almost every one who comes over to our shores goes thither first of all if he can. They are quite right. Shakespeare belongs to them as much as to us, and the fountain of Mr. Childs is an impressive and acceptable way of emphasizing their sense of property in the memorable name. Nor was Mr. Irving otherwise than happily inspired in praising the character of the gift to the little town. It is simple, natural, homely, and for universal use—is a fountain—like the genius of the poet. As he remarked, 'Learned and unlearned, gentle and humble, may all alike drink from it; and so it seems to me,' said the speaker, 'that no happier emblem of Shakespeare's work in his native place could have been chosen.' Possibly we English might have been a little jealous if Mr. Childs had proposed to erect by the silver Avon a colossal statue, or a prodigious pyramid, or something which would have made British devotion look small; but the fountain and clock-tower are as becoming as they are significant of the feelings so delightfully conveyed in the letter of Mr. James Russell Lowell. 'I am glad to think,' he wrote, 'that this memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus

serve to recall the kindred blood of the two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it because it is one of the multiplying signs that those two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, less and less of those in which they differ.'

"Thus, then, even from his ashes our great Englishman renders us all a splendid new service, drawing closer together those portions of the English-speaking race which must never again be enemies. The keynote which had been so well and justly struck by Mr. Irving and taken up by Mr. James Russell Lowell was harmoniously utilized by the American Minister, who in a most genial and friendly speech said a great many happy and handsome things about our Queen, our country, and the relations between Englishmen and Americans. Mr. Phelps did, indeed, actually charge Mr. Henry Irving with a regular diplomatic mission, for he bade the universally popular actor not to lose an opportunity, the next time he was called upon for a speech before the curtain in the States, of relating what had been said and done at Stratford-upon-Avon in the inauguration of the Childs' Memorial. 'I am sure,' said the American Minister, 'it will not make his welcome less cordial; and long may this fountain stand and flow, an emblem, a monument, a landmark—not the only one by many, I trust—of the permanent, enduring, hearty, cordial friendship between my countrymen and yours! May many generations of Englishmen and Americans drink together of its waters!' Nothing but good all round can result from so perfectly well-conceived a ceremony; nor could any words more fitly express this than those with which Mr. Irving closed his speech of thanks, observing:

'To-day's ceremonial has given infinite pleasure to all, for it has renewed our hallowed associations with the mighty dead, and it has reminded two great nations of a bond which no calamity can dissolve. And, believe me, it will make every actor in the world-wide sphere of Shakespeare's influence prouder than ever of the calling which I have the privilege of representing here.' "

The London *Globe* of the 18th of October said in introducing an attractive account of the dedicatory ceremonies :

"There was general rejoicing at Stratford-upon-Avon yesterday, the occasion being the inauguration of a splendid drinking-fountain, which has been presented to the town as a Jubilee Memorial of the Queen's reign by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, the donor of the American Window in Westminster Abbey to the genius of Herbert and Cowper. The ancient borough accepted the gift with enthusiasm, and the Mayor and corporation issued invitations to one hundred guests. The American Minister (Mr. Phelps), Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and Mr. John Walter were the guests of the Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson; Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, and Mr. Walter, proprietor of the *Times*, being personal friends of Mr. Childs. Mr. Henry Irving, who had accepted the task of making the dedication, was among the distinguished guests. The early trains brought the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire and the Mayors of the surrounding towns. The weather was beautifully fine, and the town was decorated with bunting. At half-past eleven o'clock the Mayor and the members of the corporation met at the Town Hall, and shortly before noon marched

in procession to the site of the memorial, accompanied by Mr. Irving and the numerous representatives of literature, art, and the drama who had been invited. Mr. Irving, in making the dedication, spoke of Mr. Childs as not only an admirable representative of the public spirit and enterprising energy of Philadelphia, but also as a man who had endeared himself to a very wide circle by many generous deeds.

"A telegram was received from the Queen, in which Her Majesty stated that she was much gratified by the kind and loyal expressions conveyed, and was pleased to hear of the handsome gift by Mr. Childs to Stratford-upon-Avon. Great cheering acknowledged the receipt of this telegram. Mr. Phelps's speech, in which he spoke of the loyal feeling towards the Queen entertained by Americans, was also received with loud cheers."

The thorough and genuine appreciation of Mr. Childs's gift by the English people is thus finely expressed by the *Warwick Advertiser*, a journal of influence published near to the home of Shakespeare:

"The opening of the Childs Memorial Fountain at Stratford-upon-Avon was an event of international importance. The spirit in which the gift was proffered and received will tend to cement the bond which unites us with our kinsmen beyond the sea in that great republic of the West, which has such boundless possibilities in store for the Anglo-Saxon race."

In the issue of October 18, the *London Pall Mall Gazette* published a very effective

pictorial sketch of the fountain, with the accompanying account of the ceremonies :

“ The handsome clock-tower and fountain which Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, has presented to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, were inaugurated to-day by Mr. Henry Irving. It is fitting that a memorial to the greatest English dramatic poet should be inaugurated by that poet's greatest living interpreter on the stage. Mr. Irving is, moreover, a personal friend of the donor, Mr. Childs, to whom in a few days he will carry the enthusiastic thanks of the town for his generous gift. Mr. Irving eulogized Mr. Childs as being not only an admirable representative of the public spirit and enterprise of Philadelphia, but also as a man who had endeared himself to a very wide circle by many generous deeds.”

The editorial comment of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was as follows :

“ It is not often that an inauguration goes off with such unclouded *éclat* as yesterday's function at Stratford-upon-Avon. The day was of October's best, and the ceremony was one of unique interest,—the opening, namely, by the first actor in England, of the drinking-fountain and clock-tower which have just been erected in the Rother Market as a tribute by an American citizen to the genius of Shakespeare and to the virtues of Queen Victoria. Mr. Childs makes the Jubilee Year the occasion of his gift. But it was perhaps not so much either the fountain, or its cost, or even the international character of the gift, which collected from all parts of England the distinguished com-

pany which assembled yesterday in the Rother Market. Few Englishmen have travelled in America who have not, like Sir Philip C. Owen, Mr. Walter, Mr. Irving, and Dr. Macaulay, been acquainted with Mr. Childs and enjoyed his sumptuous hospitality. He has been to them a sort of British proxenos in Philadelphia, and it was a desire to testify their gratitude and friendship for a very lovable man which brought many to Stratford yesterday. There was, moreover, a certain appropriateness in the selection at the subsequent lunch of Mr. Walter, the owner of the *London Times*, to propose the health of Mr. Childs, the owner of the *Philadelphia Ledger*. In their respective cities those two papers represent, and have now for many years represented in a remarkable degree, the sober traditions and stereotyped proprieties of long-established journalism. But if the *Times* represents what is sober and solid, the *Ledger* is the very essence of sobriety and solidity. It has never yet condescended to attract readers by the exhibition of posters; no map or plan, still less any portrait or engraving, has ever variegated the uniformity of its pages. Indeed, many people go so far as to say that the thousands of persons who peruse the *Ledger* read it from pure affection and regard for Mr. Childs. One of its most distinctive peculiarities is that it never says an ill word of any one, not even of a mother-in-law. But perhaps the real secret of Mr. Childs's popularity is not so much his abstinence from ill words as the abundance of his good deeds. The Stratford fountain is one of many public benefactions, but his public benefactions, as any one acquainted with Philadelphia will bear witness, are far outnumbered by a multitude of acts of private charity and kindness of which the public never hears at all. 'I intend,' said Mr. Childs to a friend on last New Year's day,

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‘to be kinder this year than ever I was before;’ and the saying and the fact that he said it are very characteristic of Mr. Childs.

“Perhaps, however, of all said and written, the sentence that will last longest is one of those selected by Dr. Macaulay and engraved on the fountain, which, for appropriateness, was never surpassed and deserves to appear on other fountains: ‘Honest water, which ne’er left man i’ the mire.’ (‘Timon of Athens,’ Act 1, Scene 2.) A bottle filled with this ‘honest water,’ and carefully sealed up, was delivered to Mr. Irving, and will be duly conveyed by him to America next Thursday for presentation to Mr. Childs in Philadelphia.”

In its issue of October 18, the Birmingham *Daily Post*, a journal which in character and influence is to England’s provincial press what the London *Times* is to metropolitan journalism, gave the subjoined introduction to an account of the memorial ceremony, which occupied the larger part of one of its spacious pages:

“Stratford-upon-Avon arrayed herself in a festival garment of sunshine yesterday, for a function which, if not quite, as the Mayor enthusiastically called it, ‘the crowning event of the Jubilee Year,’ was of striking internal and literary significance. Mr. Henry Irving inaugurated the memorial fountain and clock-tower which Mr. G. W. Childs, a citizen of Philadelphia, has presented to the town. The function was a singularly quiet one, as all functions in such an old-

world place as Stratford must necessarily be; but it was not the less significant and interesting on that account. Mr. Childs's beautiful gift is remarkable alike as a reverent tribute to the memory of Shakespeare from a distant member of the English-speaking race, and as a token of the good-will which subsists between the British and the American nations. Moreover, the little crowd which gathered to assist at the ceremony was representative in some degree of the whole race, of all the learned professions, and of all estates of the realm."

In the same number of the *Daily Post*, the following editorial comment was made:

"Literature and Art, the Press and the Stage, England and America, joined hands yesterday at Stratford-upon-Avon, in doing honor to one of the most illustrious representatives of our common stock, and in doing so it is scarcely necessary to add that they did honor to themselves and contributed in no mean degree to draw closer the bonds of union between the great two branches of the English-speaking race. The memorial fountain and clock-tower, which were formally presented to Shakespeare's native town on this occasion on behalf of Mr. Childs, the well-known newspaper proprietor and editor of Philadelphia, are not by any means the first tribute of the kind which has been offered up by American citizens at that beloved shrine, which is every year the Mecca for so many troops of reverent pilgrims from beyond the Atlantic; but Mr. Childs's gift possesses a special international significance from the expressed desire of the donor that it should be construed as a token of good-will towards us

in this year of the Jubilee, and should serve to cement the union of two great nations 'that have the fame and works of the poet Shakespeare as their common heritage.' And that nothing might be wanting to the completeness of yesterday's function, the dedication was graced by characteristic contributions from some of the most renowned men of letters in the great republic of the West, including Mr. James Russell Lowell, the ex-American Minister; Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier, the venerable Quaker poet; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose poem, specially written for the occasion, so happily and eloquently expresses the aspirations to which the gift naturally lends itself. On the English side, the stage, which is under so deep and special a debt of gratitude to the great dramatist, was not unworthily represented by Mr. Irving, on whom devolved the proud task of inaugurating the memorial; whilst the English newspaper press, in the person of Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor of the *Times*, cordially acknowledged and welcomed this substantial token of good-will from a brother journalist of the *New World*. The Queen's message of congratulation was a happy thought, which cannot but assist the working of the charm; and the proceedings altogether were of an order to entitle the day to a red-letter mark in the calendar, not only of Stratford, but of England and the United States."

On the same day the *Liverpool Post*, another provincial journal of high character, prefaced the long and interesting report of the proceedings at Stratford with these friendly remarks:

“The fraternal relations of the two great nations which regard the works of Shakespeare as a common heritage were shown in a happy manner at Stratford-upon-Avon to day. Some time ago a prominent and respected citizen of the United States, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, determined to celebrate the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria’s reign by a memorial of American sympathy to be erected in the birthplace of England’s greatest poet. Mr. Childs, it may be recollected, is the donor of the American window placed in Westminster Abbey to the memory of George Herbert and William Cowper. Mr. Childs’s gift to Stratford has taken the form of a drinking-fountain and clock-tower, and their inauguration to-day was made the occasion of a ceremonial of international interest, forming both a welcome and substantial benefit to the town and a graceful addition to its many points of natural and historic interest. Stratford accepted the bequest with a heartiness at once agreeable to its author, and illustrative of the friendly feeling of the Warwickshire people for those of the great republic of the West.”

The American newspaper press demonstrated, by the publication of special cable despatches, by letters from special correspondents, and by editorial expressions of approval and admiration, that the interest in and sympathy with the spirit of Mr. Childs’s gift were not less strong among the people of this country than among those of England. The despatches from Stratford to the *New York World* filled

four and a half columns of that journal, of which the accompanying abstract is made :

“George W. Childs’s memorial to Shakespeare was inaugurated to-day with much imposing ceremony. Stratford-upon-Avon has never before held so many strangers within its walls as to day. Hundreds of Americans ran down from London last night and by the early morning trains, taxing to the utmost the somewhat limited facilities of the quiet old town for harboring transient guests. The new Shakespeare House was packed with transatlantic pilgrims, and some amusement was created by the boniface shouting out, as the weary wayfarers arrived, ‘Take this young couple up to Romeo and Juliet.’ The chambers in the old inn bear the names of the works written by the immortal Will—or somebody else. A melancholy American tragedian, lately crushed by the English critics, seemed somewhat put out when shown up to ‘Hamlet,’ and an elderly couple from Chicago did not like their quarters in ‘Love’s Labor’s Lost.’ For the first time in two weeks, according to the local weather man, the sun shone in Stratford this morning, setting off the handsome gift of the philanthropic Philadelphian to its best advantage. From dawn until mid-day the roads from the surrounding country were thronged with every sort of vehicle, from the dog-cart of the gentry to the ox-team of the yokel. The local and neighboring dignitaries, bearing up proudly under their massive gold chains and other weighty insignia of office, strode through the broad streets lined with quaint old-fashioned houses, making a truly old-world picture.

“When the time came Mayor Hodgson wound up the clock in the stone spire, and Henry Irving turned on the first flow of the precious liquid. But the arrival

of the Queen's telegram was the sensation of the day, not being on the card and being quite unexpected. The telegraph-operator rushed headlong from the office down to the square. Mr. Phelps's speech was interrupted, and the precious despatch was read. It was the first time that Stratford has heard from the Queen telegraphically for thirty-five years.

"Graceful in its inception, the generous gift of Mr Childs was gracefully received, and the ceremonies concluded in the most graceful manner possible by a banquet, which was as excellent in the material way as had been the preceding flow of wit and wisdom. The Stratford folk do not seem to be imbued in the least with any belief in the Baconian theory. In fact, they look upon it as a base attempt to rob their town of one of its chief claims to revenue and repute, and regard it as being inspired by an invidious neighbor."

The account of the day and its ceremonies telegraphed to the New York *Herald* was only less extended than that published by its neighbor the *World*, but it was still lengthy enough to serve as a brief epitome and chronicle of the notable celebration, its author being Hon. A. Oakey Hall, formerly Mayor of New York City, but at the time of the dedication he was, as he now is, an eminent London journalist, representing in the great metropolis with scholarly ability the *Herald*. Mr. Hall's account is so admirably written, and presents so attractive a view of Stratford on the day of the fountain's dedication, as to

render its introduction here more than pardonable. Mr. Oakey Hall said,—

“The names of William Shakespeare and George William Childs will be indissolubly united after this day in this city, where the editor's fountain and clock-tower were added to the bard's memorials to glorify this historic spot. The Philadelphian's gift was long ago described in the *Herald* when the designs were adopted. As completed and this morning dedicated, the gift is doubtless one of the most artistic fountains in the world, as will be seen when some of the several thousand photos now multiplying reach New York.

“At noon a procession left the Town Hall to march a quarter of a mile to the fountain, which fronts a square formed by the junction of several streets and is looked upon by Shakespeare's house. The procession, headed by the Mayor and aldermen in full regalia, escorting Mr. Irving and thirty guests, was preceded by a band playing British patriotic airs. On arriving at the variegated granite gift, Mayor Hodgson, in gorgeous robes and chain, presenting a decidedly classic face and figure, took his stand at the foot of the steps leading up to the fountain.

“After reading a quaint letter from the poet Whittier and another from James Russell Lowell, he briefly explained the object of the gathering, with eulogistic and well-expressed references to Mr. Childs, and complimentary allusions to America, ‘the adopted country of Shakespeare,’ and introduced Minister Phelps as the representative of the United States. The latter's speech, given with diplomatic skill, was short but full of meaning.

“Mr. Irving stood within the dry basin in dedicating the gift, and, with fine eloquence, made an address last-

ing a quarter of an hour, in the course of which he said, as a part of the peroration,—

“The donor of this beautiful monument I am happy to claim as a personal friend. Mr. George W. Childs is not only an admirable representative of the public spirit and enterprising energy of Philadelphia, but he is also a man who has endeared himself to a very wide circle by many generous deeds.

“I do not wonder at his munificence, for to men like him it is second nature; but I rejoice in the happy inspiration which prompted a gift which so worthily represents the common homage of two great peoples to the most famous man of their common race.

“The simplest records of Stratford show that this is the Mecca of American pilgrims, and that the place which gave birth to Shakespeare is regarded as the fountain of the mightiest and most enduring inspiration of our mother tongue.’

“The following was his epilogue: ‘Let me conjure fancies. Let me picture Shakespeare to-day returning from his bourne to find upon the throne one who rules with gentler sway than the great sovereign that he knew, and yet whose reign has glories more beneficent than those of Elizabeth. We can try to imagine his emotion when he finds this dear England he loved so well expanded beyond seas.

“We can at least be happy in the thought that when he had mastered the lessons of the conflict which divided us from our kinsmen in America, he would be proud to see in Stratford this gift of a distinguished American citizen—this memorial of our reunion—under the shadow of his undying name.’

“During his speech Mr. Irving referred to the manuscript ode which he had previously read, and which was written for the occasion by Dr. Holmes.

"Then Dr. Macaulay, as a personal friend of Mr. Childs, and Mr. Irving, representing the authorities, jointly turned on the water into the large drinking-fountain for horses and cattle, the smaller one for dogs, and the interior one for thirsty pedestrians, while simultaneously invisible hands inside the clock-tower set the hour and started the works. The first flow, however, was caught in a flat glass jar, bought at the bar of the Shakespeare Inn, hard by, and was handed by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen to Mr. Irving, to be by him presented in person to Mr. Childs.

"The royal toasts were fully honored. Minister Phelps eulogized President Cleveland and gallantly referred to Mrs. Cleveland. Dr. Macaulay and then Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen responded to the health of Mr. Childs; but the best speech was by Mr. Irving, responding to the memory of Shakespeare, and concluding thus:

"'In a few days I shall sail for the great country where any worthy representation of Shakespeare on the stage commands as stanch a support from the public as in our own land. I shall carry, as your ambassador to Mr. Childs, your enthusiastic appreciation of his generous gift.'

"In response to a call, John Walter, of the *London Times*, made a few off-hand remarks about Mr. Childs's hospitality to himself when in America, applying to Mr. Childs the line about taking the tide at flood which led him on to fortune.

"Next, turning towards Mayor Hodgson, he said, 'We were boys at Eton. Until to-day we have not met in half a century. He was known at school as "Trump Hodgson." When I saw him to-day, my salutation was, "How d'ye do, Trump?" And certainly, along with Mr. Childs, as I turn from the

fountain to the banquet, he has proven himself a very trump.'

"This was heartily received by all the guests, and all separated with the line aptly chosen at the end of the *menu* from 'All's Well That Ends Well:' 'A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner.'"

With no known exception the leading newspapers of the United States printed special or Associated Press despatches from Stratford, which were generally accompanied by editorial remarks referring to the celebration of the previous day. Of the several hundred appreciative editorial articles which were kindly sent me by their writers I have thought it not unfit to use a few to round out this history of the Shakespeare Memorial on the Avon-side. That which so attractively characterized all the elaborate reports and remarks of both the English and American journals was the common recognition and fine appreciation of the spirit of international good-will which inspired Mr. Childs to set up there, near by the poet's home, an enduring memorial of the love and reverence of all English-speaking people for that sublime genius who filled not only the spacious times of Great Elizabeth but all times since with the wondrous wisdom and beauty of his thought and feeling.

The New York *Times* referred editorially, on October 18, to the dedication of the fountain, as follows :

“ The proceedings at Stratford-upon-Avon on Monday in dedicating to the memory of Shakespeare the memorial fountain presented to the town by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, afforded one of those occasions upon which Englishmen and Americans, especially the latter, delight to recognize the common ties of tradition and literature which unite the two peoples in a relationship made too strong by natural kinship to be severed by oft-recurring conflicts of interest. It is doubtful if, even in England, there is such a universal reading and understanding of the works of Shakespeare among the mass of the people as in this country, or such a general appreciation of the grand heritage of English literature. The sympathy produced by this common possession of a language and literature is stronger than is generally acknowledged, and it is the basis of a mutual understanding that ought to be a guarantee of perpetual friendly relations. Incidents like that of yesterday, brought about by a generous and public-spirited American, are of value in reminding the two nations of what they have in common, and in teaching them to be tolerant in those things in which they differ.”

The *Daily News*, of Baltimore, referring to the universal interest which everything of moment relating to Shakespeare creates, said,—

“ The description of the dedication of Mr. Childs’s fountain has been given as much space by the press—

British and American—as some great political event might have been.

“The Stratford ceremonies were in every way interesting. Mr. Childs, in presenting the beautiful fountain to the town, only did what many others would like to have done. Some other object he might have offered,—there are many ways in which his admiration for the poet might have expressed itself; but, after all, as Mr. Irving remarked, there seems something particularly appropriate in the fountain which has been erected in the middle of the quaint old town, for the use of all, and for beast as well as man.

“The occasion was altogether one of which Americans may be as proud as Mr. Childs must be. As Irving remarked, it is the Americans who have always been foremost in making pilgrimages and paying tributes to the Stratford poet. Mr. Childs has done many things to show the exalted character of his mind and his goodness of heart, and it seems that he could not rest until he had made a gift of this beautiful fountain—according to all accounts, one of the most artistic in the world—to the memory of Shakespeare.”

No one has more pleasantly told the story of the fountain than has Mr. William Winter, the poet, journalist, and critic. His sympathy with the purpose of the giver of the memorial is as broad as his reverent love for Shakespeare is profound, and to both which sympathy and love he has borne testimony in books, essays, poems, letters, and criticisms. He is one of the most brilliant of American writers, and one whose audience,

while always large, is always fit. *Harper's Weekly* of October 22, 1887, published an excellent illustration of the Stratford Fountain, accompanied by a characteristic sketch by Mr. Winter, from which are taken the following extracts :

"American interest in Stratford-upon-Avon springs out of a love for the works of Shakespeare as profound and passionate as that of the most sensitive and reverent of the poet's own countrymen. It was the father of American literature—Washington Irving—who in modern times made the first pilgrimage to that Holy Land, and set the good example, which since has been followed by thousands, of worship at the shrine of Shakespeare. Wherever in Stratford you come upon anything that was ever associated, even remotely, with the name and fame of Shakespeare, there you will surely find the gracious tokens of American homage.

"A noble token of this American sentiment and a permanent object of patriotic interest to the pilgrim in Stratford is supplied by the Jubilee gift of a drinking-fountain, made to that city by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. It never is a surprise to hear of some new instance of that good man's constant activity and splendid generosity in good works: it is only an accustomed pleasure. With fine-art testimonials in the Old World as well as at home his name will always be honorably associated. A few years ago he presented a superb window of stained glass to Westminster Abbey, to commemorate in the Poet's Corner George Herbert and William Cowper. He has since given to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where Skelton and Sir James Harrington (1611-1677) were entombed, and

where was buried the headless body of Sir Walter Raleigh, a pictorial window commemorative of John Milton. His fountain at Stratford was dedicated on October 17, 1887, with appropriate ceremonies conducted by the city's Mayor, Sir Arthur Hodgson, of Clopton Hall, and amid general rejoicing. The countrymen of Mr. Childs are not less interested in this structure than the community that it was intended to honor and benefit. They observe with satisfaction and pride that he has made this beneficent, beautiful, and opulent offering to a town which for all of them is hallowed by exalted associations, and for many of them is endeared by delightful memories. They sympathize also with the motive and feeling that prompted him to offer his gift as one among many memorials of the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. It is not every man who knows how to give with grace, and the good deed is 'done double' that is done at the right time. Stratford had long been in need of such a fountain as Mr. Childs has given, and therefore it satisfies a public want, at the same time that it serves a purpose of ornamentation and bespeaks and strengthens a bond of international sympathy. Rother Square, in which the structure stands, is the most considerable open tract in Stratford, and is situated near the centre of the town, on the west side. There, as also at the intersection of High and Bridge streets, which are the principal thoroughfares of the city, the farmers, at stated intervals, range their beasts and wagons and hold a market. It is easy to foresee that Rother Square, as now embellished with this superb monument, which combines a convenient clock-tower, a place of rest and refreshment for man, commodious drinking-troughs for horses, cattle, dogs, and sheep, will become the agricultural centre of the region.

266 *The Stratford-upon-Avon Fountain.*

“The base of the monument is made of Peterhead granite; the superstructure is of gray stone—from Bolton, Yorkshire. The inscriptions at the base are these :

I.

‘The gift of an American citizen, GEORGE W. CHILDS, of
Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the
Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria.’

II.

‘In her days every man shall eat, in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
God shall be truly known: and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

Henry VIII., Act V., Scene IV.’

III.

‘Honest water, which ne’er left man i’ the mire.

Timon of Athens, Act I., Scene II.’

IV.

‘Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who
has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions.—*Washington Irving’s Stratford-upon-Avon.*’

“Stratford-upon-Avon, fortunate in many things, is especially fortunate in being situated at a considerable distance from the main line of any railway. Two railroads indeed skirt the town, but both are branches, and travel upon them has not yet become too frequent. Stratford, therefore, still retains a measure of its ancient isolation and consequently of its quaintness. Antique customs are still prevalent there, and odd characters may still be encountered. The current of village gossip flows with incessant vigor, and nothing happens in

the place that is not thoroughly discussed. An event so important as the establishment of this American fountain has, of course, excited great interest throughout Warwickshire. It would be pleasant to hear the talk of those old cronies who drift into the bar-parlor of the Red Horse Hotel, on a Saturday evening,—the learned Guppy, resting from the labors of Her Majesty's Post-office; the genial Cole, fresh from his auctioneer's pulpit; the aristocratic Vet, whose visage so plainly manifests his noble origin; and Richard Savage, scholar and antiquary,—as they comment on the liberal American whose generosity has thus enriched and beautified their town. This Red Horse circle is but one of many in which the name of George W. Childs is spoken with esteem and cherished with affection. The present writer has made many visits to Stratford and has passed much time there, and he has observed on many occasions the admiration and gratitude of the Warwickshire people for the American philanthropist. In the library of Charles Edward Flower at Avonbank, in the gardens of Edgar Flower on the Hill, in the lovely home of Alderman Bird, at the hospitable table of Sir Arthur Hodgson in Clopton Hall, and in many other representative places, he has heard that name spoken, and always with delight and honor. Time will only deepen and widen the loving respect with which it is hallowed. In England, more than anywhere else on earth, the record of good deeds is made permanent, not alone with imperishable symbols, but in the hearts of the people. The inhabitants of Warwickshire, guarding and maintaining their Stratford Fountain, will never forget by whom it was given. Wherever you go in the British islands you find memorials of the poet and of individuals who have done good in their time, and you find that these memorials are respected

and preserved. Warwickshire abounds with them. Many such memorials might be indicated. Each one of them takes its place in the regard, and gradually becomes entwined with the experience, of the whole community. So it will be with the Childs Fountain at Stratford. The children trooping home from school will drink of it and sport in its shadow, and reading upon its base the name of its founder will think with pleasure of a good man's gift. It lies directly in the track of travel between Banbury and Birmingham, and many weary men and horses will pause beside it every day for a moment of rest and refreshment. On festival days it will be hung with garlands, while all around it the air is glad with music. And often in the long, sweet gloaming of the summer times to come the rower on the limpid river Avon that murmurs by the ancient town of Shakespeare will pause with suspended oar to hear its silver chimes. If the founder of this fountain had been capable of a selfish thought, he could have taken no way better or more certain than this for the perpetuation of his own name in the affectionate esteem of one of the loveliest places and one of the most refined communities in the world.

“All the country-side is full of storied resorts and cosy nooks and comfortable inns. But neither now nor hereafter will it be otherwise than grateful and touching to such an explorer of haunted Warwickshire to see, among the emblems of poetry and romance which are its chief glory, this new token of American sentiment and friendship, the Drinking-Fountain of Stratford, the gift of George W. Childs.”

I know of no words which have been spoken to show the reason for the good-will

that should forever be maintained by the people of England and America, each for the other, which more clearly exhibit it, than those of "Honest John Bright," who, in the dark days of the republic's struggle for life, speaking in 1864 to a great multitude of his countrymen in the city of London, asked them,—

"Can we forget that, after all, we are one nation, having two governments; that we are the same noble and heroic race; that half the English family is on this side of the Atlantic, in its ancient home, and the other half—there being no room for them here—is settled on the American continent?"

The spirit of the question asked by the Great Commoner, and which inspired him to sympathize with this government of the people, for the people, and by the people, is the very sentient one which inspired Mr. Childs to erect on Avon's bank the fountain to Shakespeare, and to set up elsewhere in England's sacred shrines other fit memorials to venerable British worthies, the story of which is herein told.

THE HERBERT AND COWPER MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THAT which came next in his love for his holy office to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, was the Abbey, the story of which he has so fully and pleasantly told in his "Historical Memorials." The first chapter of this scholarly work, which he wrought out to so noble a conclusion, has the following introduction, copied from a contemporaneous biography of Edward the Confessor in a Harleian manuscript:

"The foundation of Westminster Abbey. The devout King destined to God that place, both for that it was near unto the famous and wealthy City of London, and also had a pleasant situation among fruitful fields lying round it, with the principal river running hard by, bringing it from all parts of the world great variety of wares and merchandise of all sorts to the city adjoining; but chiefly for the love of the Chief Apostle, whom he revered with a special and singular affection."

Dean Stanley never spoke of the Abbey save with the tenderest, most reverential feeling. He knew all that could be known about it,—its foundation, its growth, its legendary and historical origin; its relics, its tombs, its shrines, its chapels, its transepts, its cloisters, and its illustrious dead. For years he had moved and had his being among them. Through them he lived in all times of England's triumphs and defeats. To his broad and all-embracing mind there was no difference between the ashes lying there of the courtly nobles of Charles I. and those of the rude Titans of the Commonwealth. It was this feeling which enabled him to say, in Chapter IV. of his "Memorials,"—

"Of all the characteristics of Westminster Abbey that which most endears it to the nation and gives most force to its name—which has, more than anything else, made it the home of the people of England and the most venerated fabric of the English Church—is not so much its glory as the seat of the coronations or as the sepulchre of the Kings; not so much its school, or its monastery, or its chapter, or its sanctuary, as the fact that it is the resting-place of famous Englishmen, from every rank and creed and every form of mind and genius. It is not only Rheims Cathedral and St. Denys both in one, but it is also what the Pantheon was intended to be to France—what the Valhalla

is to Germany—what Santa Croce is to Italy. It is this aspect which, more than any other, won for it the delightful visits of Addison in the ‘*Spectator*,’ of Steele in the ‘*Tatler*,’ of Goldsmith in ‘*The Citizen of the World*,’ of Charles Lamb in ‘*Elia*,’ of Washington Irving in ‘*The Sketch-Book*.’ It is this which inspired the saying of Nelson, ‘a Peerage—or Westminster Abbey!’ and which has intertwined it with so many eloquent passages of Macaulay. It is this which gives point to the allusions of recent statesmen least inclined to draw illustrations from ecclesiastical buildings. It is this which gives most promise of vitality to the whole institution. Kings are no longer buried within its walls; even the splendor of pageants has ceased to attract; but the desire to be interred in Westminster Abbey is still as strong as ever.”

Nowhere in his story of the famous Abbey does the venerable Dean exhibit so much feeling in the telling of it as in that part which has to do with the great dead poets of England. The historian lingers long and fondly in the “Poet’s Corner,” for, though they all lie not there, monuments are therein erected to the memory of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Ayton, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Milton, Butler, Rowe, Steele, Addison, Congreve, Prior, Gay, Pope, Thomson, and Gray.

Dean Stanley’s cultivated and refined mind sympathized profoundly with the men

of genius who, through recurring ages, have by their so potent art made glorious the literature of England, and probably with no others more than with these two, among the greatest and sweetest singers of them all,—the Christian poets, Herbert and Cowper,—to whose genius there had been no memorials set up in the Abbey, though it was long his most ardent wish there should be. Among those to whom Dean Stanley communicated his desire was his friend, Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and with what sequence is thus briefly told by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, in a note to his complete works of George Herbert, printed for private circulation only: “To the praise of George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, U.S.A., be it recorded that, on learning the wish of the Dean of Westminster and others to place a memorial window in our great Abbey in honor of George Herbert and William Cowper, as Westminster school boys, he spontaneously and large-heartedly expressed his readiness to furnish such a window at his own cost. The generous offer was cordially accepted.”

Mr. Childs was almost as well known in England as in America. His “House Beautiful” in Philadelphia had long been famed

as the home of the most splendid and refined hospitality which had been gratefully enjoyed by many of the most distinguished Englishmen visiting America. Among them was the venerable, learned, and good Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. In a sermon preached in St. James's P. E. Church, Philadelphia, on the morning of September 29, 1878, the Dean, then the guest of Mr. Childs, said,—

“It has been one happy characteristic of the Church of England that it has retained both sides of the Christian character within its pale. There is in Westminster Abbey a window dear to American hearts because erected by an honored citizen of Philadelphia, in which these two elements are presented side by side. On the one hand, the sacred poet most cherished by the ecclesiastical, royalist, priest-like phase of the Church, George Herbert; on the other hand, the sacred poet most cherished by the puritan, austere, lay phase of the Church, William Cowper. That diversity is an example of the way in which God's will is wrought on earth as it is in heaven. I have said that we do not speculate on the names or natures of angels, yet as symbols and outlines of the divine operations they may be most useful to us. In the rabbinical and mediæval theology this diversity used to be represented by the manifold titles of the various principalities and powers. Most of these have now dropped out of use; but there are some few which, either from their mention in the biblical or the apocryphal books, or from the transfiguring hand of artistic or poetic genius, have survived.”

The Window dedicated to Herbert and Cowper, which has become one of the conspicuous memorials of Westminster Abbey, owes its place there to the strong and abiding love which this great English prelate had for this country, and to Mr. Childs's recognition of the fraternity of feeling which nature has planted deep in the hearts of Englishmen and Americans.

In concluding an appreciative and graceful tribute to the character of Dean Stanley, then lately gone to his reward, the *Public Ledger*, on the 20th of July, 1881, said,—

“He believed in a national church, but his Anglicanism reached across the water, and he was fonder and more appreciative of this country than many a citizen of the United States. Freedom and reverence, peace born of struggle, and faith in justice worth hard knocks, the charity that comes of knowledge, not of indifference, a prayer ‘that we may not be persecutors,’ a creed like the rainbow, that spanned from the horizon to the zenith,—these were the rich gifts of Stanley’s mind, and his legacy to the world are his twin beliefs in unswerving law and all-surrounding love.”

It was out of his love for the people of the United States—and of his perception of the common bonds that bound and made them one with Englishmen—that the Herbert and Cowper Memorial grew. There

was, at the time the request for the Window was made and freely responded to, the same thought in the minds of both Dean Stanley and Mr. George W. Childs,—the thought that, if there were set up in the venerable Abbey, the last resting-place of so many eminent Englishmen, a memorial to those great worthies, Herbert and Cowper, by an American citizen, who was indisputably a representative of American thought and feeling, it would be, so long as time spared that ancient edifice, a token of the cordial sympathy existing between the two countries.

When in 1867 Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke had finished the story of his travels through the British Colonies and the United States, he could find no title so fit for his attractive work as that of “Greater Britain.” He saw, during his protracted visit to this country, only his own country magnified in area, population, wealth, and greatness. He found here the same manners and customs as those of his own land; here he also found the same language, the same political institutions, the same literature, the same art, the same science, the same religion. He was quick to perceive that they of Old England and of New England, of Great Britain and

the United States, were one people in their love of virtue, freedom, intelligence, courage, and in their vast, far-reaching enterprise. The broad ocean separated them ; prejudices, growing out of misunderstandings, had sometimes caused them often to look askance at each other, to regard each other with distrust. But, despite all prejudices and misunderstandings, they were and are as one in all that proclaims the identity of the same people, though living apart.

This thought or sentiment, it need not be said, is not a new one, but as old, at least, in the minds of Englishmen and Americans as was the *Mayflower* on the day there passed over her side to Plymouth Rock the Pilgrim Fathers. But again, and a thousand times again, has it been newly formulated, and most eloquently, by that learned and devout scholar, F. W. Farrar, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, in a paper of great international interest and attractiveness contributed by him to *Harper's Magazine* of January, 1888, which bears the title of "The Share of America in Westminster Abbey."

The Venerable Archdeacon, whose fame for piety and learning is as great in this country as in his own, begins his brilliant paper with the words following :

“Westminster Abbey is most frequently entered by the great northern door, usually known as Solomon’s Porch, now in course of a splendid restoration, which will soon be completed. I will, however, ask the courteous American visitor to walk through St. Margaret’s Church-yard, and round the western façade of the Abbey, and to enter by the door under Sir Christopher Wren’s towers, opposite the memorial raised by Westminster scholars to their school-fellows who died in the Crimean war. Pass through the western door, and pause for a moment

‘Where bubbles burst, and folly’s dancing foam
Melts if it cross the threshold.’

Of all the glory of this symbolic architecture, of the awe-inspiring grandeur and beauty of this great minster, which makes us feel at once that

‘They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build,’

how much may be claimed in part by America?

“In one sense *all* of it which belongs to the epoch which elapsed between the age of Edward the Confessor and the disastrous days of Charles I. and Archbishop Laud. An English writer who lives in America has said that ‘in signing away his own empire George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English blood, of English religion, or of the English tongue.’ Americans enjoy, no less than we, the benefit of the great Charter, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act. They need not go back for their history to Indian annals or Icelandic sagas. Theirs are the palaces of

the Plantagenets, the cathedrals which enshrine our old religion, the illustrious Hall in which the long line of our great judges reared by their decisions the fabric of our law, the gray colleges in which our intellect and science found their earliest home, the graves where our heroes and sages and poets sleep. Indeed, I have understated their share in the Abbey. It reaches down not only to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, but to the War of Independence. Chatham and Burke and Barré as well as Patrick Henry advocated the American cause, which engaged the sympathy of the great mass of Englishmen, if not that of Grenville and North."

The recognition both by Dean Stanley and by Mr. Childs of the truth of that which Archdeacon Farrar so eloquently said had been previously demonstrated by the setting up in the ancient Abbey of the Memorial to Herbert and Cowper, of which, in the above-quoted paper, Archdeacon Farrar says, after referring to the monuments to Kingsley and Craggs,—

"There are two other memorials which combine with these to give to this spot in the Abbey the name of the 'Little Poets' Corner.' They are the stained glass Windows in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper. They belong entirely to America, for they are the gift of an American citizen, my honored friend, Mr. George William Childs, of Philadelphia. In the stained glass are the effigies of the two poets. Both of them were Westminster boys, and the most beautiful representatives of all that is holy in two very opposite

schools of religious thought. It was a happy inspiration which suggested the erection of this Window. George Herbert and William Cowper were well deserving of Memorials in the Abbey, apart from the fact that they had so often played in its cloisters and worshipped in its choir. The combination of the two suggests the higher unity which reconciles all minor points of ecclesiastical difference."

HERBERT.

Gentle Izaak Walton concluded the remarkable sketch of the life of the pious scholar and poet, George Herbert, which is one of the noblest ornaments of our literature, in these words :

"Thus he lived, and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life ; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation :

" ' All must to their cold graves ;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.' "

"Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations. I have but this to say more of him, that if Andrew Melville died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish (if God be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him."

In the estimation of those of wisest censure there are none of the old English divines or

sacred poets whose fame is more deserved, or who are more revered by those who speak the language in which the "holy Herbert" gave his writings, in prose and verse, to the world.

COWPER.

On the long roll of England's distinguished men of letters there are few names which shine with so strong, steady, and enduring a light as that of William Cowper. There has been no lessening of his great fame with the passing of time; it was long ago conceded that by his poems he had not only raised "to himself an imperishable name," but that he had added enduring beauty to the English language. His is a name which is not only reverently cherished in the affections, but which appeals to the best thought, high conscience, and lofty sentiment of all men of noble mind.

When Mr. Childs undertook the fulfilment of the desire of his friend, the venerable Dean of Westminster, to set up the Memorial Window in the Abbey to Herbert and Cowper, the same thought inspired them both,—the thought that if the object were accomplished by an American it would be accepted by every Englishman as a tribute

of brothers to brothers. The works of these sacred singers live after them in the love and admiration of all English-speaking peoples, and nowhere more truly than among the people of this broad land. The Window in Westminster, though the munificent gift of but one of them, represents the common reverence for the great poet of all Americans of gentle, pious feeling, as his songs were sung for those of all lands of refined natures and devout aspirations.

In *Sunday at Home*, a magazine of high character, published in London (in the number for June, 1877), there appeared, as a frontispiece, a colored illustration of the Herbert and Cowper Memorial Window, with reference to which Dean Stanley contributed the following explanatory note :

“The southwest corner of the Abbey—once the Abbot’s private chapel, then the Baptistery, and now the Lay Clerks’ vestry—was selected some twenty years ago as the place for the erection of the statue of the poet Wordsworth, probably in connection with the font. Within the last ten years the present Dean resolved to make it a second poet’s corner—chiefly for sacred poets—in order to relieve the great pressure on the south transept.

“When Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, with truly American generosity, most generously complied with my request that he should give a window of stained

glass, it was suggested to him that it should be placed in this chapel, and commemorate George Herbert and William Cowper,—both religious poets, both Westminster scholars,—and especially two opposite poles of the English Church,—George Herbert, the ‘ecclesiastical,’ and William Cowper, the ‘evangelical,’ tendency. In the Window, Herbert is represented in his clerical vesture, standing by his church porch, and the lines underneath are taken from the introduction to his poems, and (in reference to the Baptistry, or the entrance to the Abbey) touch at the start on the Christian life. Cowper, on the other side, is in his well-known cap and dressing-gown, in the neighborhood of Olney, with his hares in the garden, looking at his ‘Mother’s Picture,’ from which poem are taken the lines which are also appropriate to the associations of the Baptistry. The heraldic devices above represent their respective families,—both, as it happens, great in the English aristocracy.”

The editor of *Sunday at Home* added to the good Dean’s note that “it was a happy thought of Dean Stanley to associate the names in the Memorial, and the gift of the Window was a fitting and graceful tribute from an American citizen in the Centennial Year of Independence.”

In a private letter to Mr. Childs written by a distinguished man of letters in England, and referring to the death of Dean Stanley, the writer said,—

“The good Dean valued your friendship deeply, and I have often heard him speak with enthusiasm of your affection for England and the Abbey, and the munificently splendid way in which you showed it. I have

no doubt that the recollection by you of the truly kind and genial reception which you gave him in Philadelphia will remain with you as one of the brightest incidents of your life."

In W. W. Nevin's entertaining "*Vignettes of Travel*" there occurs this reference to Mr. Childs's gift to the Abbey :

"Passing from the ancient abbot's palace, now the dwelling of the Dean, by private entrance to the church, just before we entered the transept of the main building, Dean Stanley, to whom my presence started recollections of Philadelphia, said, 'Stop a moment ; I want to show you something that will remind you of home,' and ascending by a side entry three narrow steps, into a little chapel shut off by an open railing from public entrance, we stood suddenly before the handsome Memorial Window of Mr. Childs to the two English poets,—a grand blaze of illumination, covering almost an entire wall of the chapel. It is a beautiful and costly work of art, in the conventional ecclesiastical style of glass-painting, rich and impressive.

"It is the usage of the Abbey to inscribe on all monuments the incidents of their erection, but the story of this one is very simply and frankly told in a single line: 'D. D.* GEORGIUS GULIELMUS CHILDS. Civis Americanus.'

"This is the first appearance of our country in the historic Abbey. There are a few other American names,—some Royal refugees in the War of 1776-83, some colonial worthies, some British soldiers killed in the

* Donum dedit.

Revolution and French Wars ; but this is the only description which distinctly places the new nation of 'The United States of America' in the monumental archives of Westminster."

Mr. Joel Cook, in his entertaining book entitled "A Holiday Tour in Europe," says, regarding the gift of Mr. Childs,—

"The Memorial Window erected by Mr. George W. Childs is eagerly sought for by Americans visiting the Abbey. . . . Mr. Childs's gift is in two parts, or, as it were, two complete windows, one in memory of Herbert and the other of Cowper. It is the extreme western window on the south side of the nave, and is in the Baptistery, somewhat secluded on account of the high tombs standing in front of it, and the stone arched railing separates the Baptistery from the nave, but pouring a rich flood of mellow light over them."

THE MILTON WINDOW.

THE gift by Mr. George W. Childs to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, of the Memorial Window to Milton was made subsequently to that of the Fountain, commemorative of Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, and was inspired by a letter to him from his friend Archdeacon Farrar, in which was regretfully recited the absence of any appropriate memorial in England to the great Cromwellian poet, except that erected in 1737 by Auditor Benson in Westminster Abbey. To this letter its recipient at once replied by offering to place in St. Margaret's Church, of which the Venerable Doctor Farrar is Rector, a window, the design of which should be determined wholly by the judgment of the latter, Mr. Childs's only request to his friend being that he should undertake the setting up of a monument which should appropriately commemorate the virtues and genius of Milton, whose

works are held in as great esteem, and whose memory is as profoundly revered in this country, as in that of his birth. The suggestion which came to Mr. Childs was in harmony with the sentiment which had induced the presentation of the Memorial to Herbert and Cowper in Westminster Abbey, and the Fountain at Stratford-upon-Avon to Shakespeare, which were to serve as a sign of the appreciation in America of the genius of the poets to whom they were dedicated, and to give assurance to the world of the warmth of the affection and the sincerity of the esteem existing in the United States for these great masters of English literature, who embellished and ennobled our common language by their contributions to it.

“London and Westminster,” says old Heywood, “are two twin-sister cities, as joined by one street, so watered by one stream; the first a breeder of grave magistrates; the second the burial-place of great monarchs.” St. Margaret’s Church is in Westminster, standing hard by the stately Abbey. The present sacred edifice indicates no earlier period of its existence than that of the reign of the Plantagenets; but Mr. Mackenzie Walcott says of it: “There is, with the exception of the Abbey of St. Peter

and St. Paul's Cathedral, no other ecclesiastical edifice throughout London and Westminster which can boast of a greater antiquity, or more interesting foundation," the original structure dating, it is stated, from a few years before the Conquest. One story of its origin is to the effect that, "Edward, the Confessor, finding, as was natural, that a population was growing up around the Abbey walls, and was continually increased further by a miscellaneous crowd of persons, who, for good or for bad reasons, sought the shelter of the Sanctuary, raised here a church in the round-arched Saxon style, and dedicated it to St. Margaret."

In the reign of Edward the First the edifice was almost wholly taken down and rebuilt. There are some notable tombs in St. Margaret's Church, among others that to William Caxton, "who, as early as the year 1477, set up a printing-press in the Abbey; there is also a mural tablet set up within which recites that Sir Walter Raleigh's body was buried here on the day of his execution in Palace Yard."

Until very recently the Speaker and the House of Commons were wont to attend at St. Margaret's Church upon the days of what were known as the "State Services." In

1858 these were, by an order in Council, stricken out of the Book of Common Prayer, and since then the Speaker has not appeared in St. Margaret's in his official wig and robes.

In the year 1656 John Milton was married to his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, in St. Margaret's Church, and there he subsequently worshipped.

It may be proper to note here that, as a token of the high appreciation of Mr. Childs's gift to St. Margaret's, there has been set apart in perpetuity in that sacred temple a pew for the exclusive use of Americans.

It was in the latter part of 1886 that Archdeacon Farrar originally referred to the pitiful lack of imposing monuments to the poet Milton in England. It was then that he wrote the following lines, with which he concluded his interesting article entitled "The Share of America in Westminster Abbey," before referred to in these pages, and which were published in *Harper's Magazine* more than a year afterwards :

"There are, perhaps, fewer memorials of Milton than of any Englishman of the same transcendent greatness. I am extremely desirous to erect a worthy Window in his honor in the Church of St. Margaret's,

close beside the Abbey. Our register contains the record of his marriage to Catherine Woodcock, his second wife, in 1656, and also records, in the following year, her death and that of her infant daughter. It was to her that he addressed the noble sonnet which begins—

‘Methought I saw my late espouséd saint
Come to me like Alcestis from the grave.’

Milton’s connection with the Church of St. Margaret’s was therefore very close, and if any of his American admirers are willing to assist me in my design, I shall on public grounds most heartily welcome their munificence. They have already beautified this fine old historic Church by their splendid gift of a Window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose headless body lies under the altar. Milton has even higher claims on their gratitude and admiration.”

This, in effect, was the text of the letter which was written by the Venerable Archdeacon to Mr. Childs in November, 1886, and to which the latter replied by offering to contribute such a memorial as his friend should deem appropriate.

The other letters which have come into the Editor’s possession having reference to the Milton Window are the following: the first is from Archdeacon Farrar to Mr. Childs, dated at Dean’s Yard, Westminster, London, February 4, 1887:

“MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—I did not write *at once* to express my delight and heartfelt gratitude for your

splendidly munificent offer in compliance with my suggestion of a Memorial to John Milton, because I wanted to give you full particulars. I did not say that Milton himself was buried at St. Margaret's, but that he was *married* in the Church, was closely connected with it through the Parliament (for it is and always has been the Church of the House of Commons), and that his dearest wife, the one to whom he wrote the immortal sonnet which begins—

‘Methought I saw my late espoused saint’—

was buried in the Church, as was his child, wholly without memorial. The fact is that no man of his pure and noble genius is so wholly uncommemorated in England. There is a poor bust to him in the Abbey; that is all. For one hundred and fifty years after his death the Stuart reaction against Puritanism and the adoration of ‘King Charles the Martyr’ caused Milton’s name to be execrated. But America is the glorious child of Puritanism; and it is to me a most touching and significant fact that a Memorial to Milton in the Church of the House of Commons for which he so greatly labored should now be given by a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers after I had tried in vain to get it from Englishmen.

“But I could not write till I was able to inform you what the cost would be, nor shall I formally accept your generous offer until you have been informed of the cost and character of the proposed window. The central compartments would illustrate scenes in the Life of Milton, the side compartments would contain scenes from the ‘Paradise Lost.’ The Window would be worthy of Milton, worthy of the church, and worthy of your munificence.

“I shall not set the artist to work till I receive your

sanction in another letter. If you approve, I will have a fine design of the Window executed and sent to you. Mr. J. R. Lowell wrote the lines under the Raleigh Window in my church, and Lord Tennyson those under the Caxton Window. I would get some great poet to write the lines under the inscription which would record, to all future time, your honor of the illustrious dead.

"I have of course not mentioned the matter publicly, nor will I do so till I receive the final notification of your gift.

"Most gratefully and sincerely yours,

"F. W. FARRAR.

"P.S.—Immediately after writing this letter I went to read prayers, and the lesson was the message to the Angel of the Church of Philadelphia."

The following is Mr. Childs's reply to the foregoing:

"PHILADELPHIA, February 16, 1887.

"MY DEAR ARCHDEACON FARRAR,—Your kind note is just received, and is most satisfactory. I have but one thought with regard to the Memorial, which is that I am particularly anxious *you* should write the inscription. All other matters I leave to your taste and good judgment, but this one request I hope you will grant me.

"With cordial regards, sincerely your friend,

"GEO. W. CHILDS."

Enclosed in the above letter from Mr. Childs was a draft for an amount covering the entire cost of the work.

Writing to his friend from Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, on the 5th day of March following, Archdeacon Farrar said,—

“MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—How can I thank you warmly enough? Your order for £—— has reached me safely, and the Window, which will be a very beautiful one, will be at once proceeded with. Before long I hope to send you a painting of it which will show you how very beautiful it is likely to be. I need hardly say that, as you wish it, I will myself write the inscription, and, further, I shall record that it is the gift of the same noble munificence which has already enriched Westminster Abbey and Stratford-upon-Avon.

“I wish that there were some chance of your seeing it! Of course, it will take some months to finish, and may be you will have to come over to England some day, before or after the Memorial is set up.

“You cannot tell how much I am pleased by the thought that one of the greatest, purest, and least commemorated of English poets should receive one more testimony to the immortal gratitude which is his due, and that the Memorial to this mighty Puritan should come from the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, and be placed in the Church of the House of Commons, with which he was so closely connected.

“Believe me to be, dear Mr. Childs, sincerely and gratefully, your friend,

“F. W. FARRAR.”

On the 19th day of the same month Archdeacon Farrar again wrote to Mr. Childs, from Dean's Yard, Westminster, regarding the Window, as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—I hope, in the course of a few weeks, to send you a beautifully painted copy of the design for the great Milton Window which we owe to your munificence. When the design is completed, I shall publicly announce your gift to the old historic church. The enclosed outline will give you a general conception of the mode of treatment. In the centre is Milton dictating to his daughters the 'Paradise Lost;' underneath is a scene from his student-life, and his visit to Galileo. All around are scenes from 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.' Above are the rejoicing angels, and figures of Adam and of our Lord. It will be a very beautiful work of art, and an eternal monument to Milton's genius and your generosity.

"Believe me to be, dear Mr. Childs, sincerely and gratefully your friend,

"F. W. FARRAR."

The gift of Mr. Childs was formally unveiled on the eighteenth day of February, 1888, an account of which was furnished by Archdeacon Farrar himself in the following letter to the donor :

"17 DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, S. W.,

"February 18, 1888.

"MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—I have just returned from the unveiling of the Milton Window. I only invited a select number of friends. Among those present were the poets Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Lewis Morris, among others Mr. Lecky, Mr. Courtney Herbert, Mr. and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Speaker's family, the United States Minister and Mrs. Phelps, Professor and Mrs. Flower, Lord Stanley of Alderly, General Sir

Edward Staveley, and other distinguished personages. Mr. Matthew Arnold read a very fine paper on Milton, which is to be published in the *Century*, and which will, I am sure, please you very much. After the paper had been read in the Vestry we went into the Church and unveiled the Window. It is very fine in color and execution. In the centre is Milton dictating to his daughters the 'Paradise Lost;' below is Milton as a boy at St. Paul's school, and Milton visiting Galileo. All round are scenes from the 'Paradise Lost,'—Satan awaking his legion, Satan entering Paradise, the fall, and the expulsion from Eden. Above are four scenes from the 'Paradise Regained,'—the nativity, the annunciation, the baptism of Christ, and the temptation in the wilderness. At the top are jubilant angels, and Adam and our Lord,—the first and the second Adam. In the course of next week I hope to send you the picture (colored) of the Window. Underneath is the inscription:

'To the glory of God, and in memory of the Immortal Poet, John Milton, whose wife and child lie buried here, this Window is dedicated by GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, MDCCCLXXXVIII.'

"On the other side are Mr. Whittier's four fine lines.

"So that now, my dear Mr. Childs, your noble gift has come to fruitful completion, and in the Church of the House of Commons will be a lasting and beautiful Memorial both of the great poet and of your munificence.

"It has carried out a wish which I long cherished. Heartfelt thanks!

"I shall preach on Milton to-morrow, and I shall ask you to accept the MS. of the sermon. Pray give

my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Childs, and believe me to be,

“Yours, very sincerely and gratefully,
“F. W. FARRAR.”

The selection of St. Margaret's Church was probably due to the fact mentioned in this letter, that Milton's wife and child are buried there; and what more fitting memorial could there be than this of him who in his “*Il Penseroso*” wrote of—

“Storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light”?

The following recognition of the gift by Mr. Childs of the Milton Memorial Window is part of the eloquent and learned address delivered by the late Matthew Arnold in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 18th day of February, 1888, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Memorial Window, being the same which is referred to by Archdeacon Farrar in the foregoing letter to Mr. Childs :

“We have met here to-day to witness the unveiling of a gift in Milton's honor, and a gift bestowed by an American, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, whose cordial hospitality so many Englishmen, I myself among the number, have experienced in America. It was only last autumn that Stratford-upon-Avon celebrated the

reception of a gift from the same generous donor in honor of Shakespeare. Shakespeare and Milton,—he who wishes to keep his standard of excellence high cannot choose two better objects of regard and honor. And it is an American who has chosen them, and whose beautiful gift in honor of one of them, Milton, with Mr. Whittier's simple and true lines inscribed upon it, is unveiled to-day. Perhaps this gift in honor of Milton, of which I am asked to speak, is, even more than the gift in honor of Shakespeare, one to suggest edifying reflections to us.

“Like Mr. Whittier, I treat the gift of Mr. Childs as a gift in honor of Milton, although the Window given is in memory of the second wife, Catherine Woodcock, the ‘late espoused saint’ of the famous sonnet, who died in childbed at the end of the first year of her marriage with Milton, and who lies buried here with her infant. Milton is buried in Cripplegate, but he lived for a good while in this parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and here he composed part of ‘Paradise Lost,’ and the whole of ‘Paradise Regained’ and ‘Samson Agonistes.’ When death deprived him of the Catherine whom the new Window commemorates, Milton had still some eighteen years to live, and Cromwell, his ‘chief of men,’ was yet ruling England.

“The English race overspreads the world, and at the same time the ideal of an excellence the most high and the most rare abides a possession with it forever.”

The full text of this eloquent address was published in the *Century Magazine* for May, 1888.

This noble tribute to Milton was the last work which this learned and graceful scholar lived to do. A short time after its delivery Mr. Arnold died. The following letter from Archdeacon Farrar to Mr. Childs will be found interesting in its reference to the final literary effort of the great scholar and divine:

“ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S. W.,

“May 1, 1888.

“MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—I felt Mr. Matthew Arnold’s death deeply. He died on a Sunday, and only the Friday before he had been talking to me here at the Athenæum in the very highest spirits. He had alluded to the Milton Article (which has since appeared, a posthumous work). It will be interesting to you to know that it was called forth by your noble gift, and that it was the *last* thing which came from that brilliant intellect. I took part in his funeral at the quiet little village church of Lateham, where we laid him beside his three boys,—two of whom had been my pupils at Harrow.

“The Window is beautiful. It will be a permanent and historic ornament to the Church, which will now have a record of your generosity as well as Westminster Abbey, where only yesterday I was reading the plate which commemorates your gift of the Cowper and Herbert Window.

“Cordially and sincerely yours,

“F. W. FARRAR.”

The Window is remarkable for its fulness of detail and richness of color. Both in

artistic design and execution it is worthy of high praise. It is divided by its stone work into four lights with tracery openings, and is of fifteenth-century character, known as the "perpendicular" style, which is that of the church generally. The design of the stained glass filling the Window in memory of the author of "*Paradise Lost*" is planned on three lines of panels in horizontal order, the middle tier being of somewhat larger depth than those above and below it. In the two divisions of the central portions of the whole, four panels—viz., those of the central and lower tiers respectively of these lights—are devoted to the personal history of the poet. In one of the bottom panels the boy Milton is shown at St. Paul's school among his fellow-schoolmates. In the next panel Milton's visit to Galileo is depicted. Above these are two of the larger panels combined to make one central subject representing the poet dictating "*Paradise Lost*" to his daughters. Around these panels are eight others illustrative of "*Paradise Lost*" and "*Paradise Regained*."

In reference to the former are represented the incidents of: 1. Satan's summons to his legions. 2. Adam and Eve at prayer in Paradise, Satan looking on. 3. The temp-

tation. 4. The expulsion. In the upper tier the four panels are devoted to the illustration respectively of: 1. The annunciation. 2. The nativity of our Lord. 3. The baptism of our Lord. 4. The defeat of Satan in his temptations of our Lord. In the tracery openings are jubilant angels and at the apex of the whole figures of Adam on the left and our Lord on the right, representing thus the first and second Adam respectively. At the base of the window is the following inscription:

“To the Glory of God: and in memory of the immortal poet, John Milton: whose wife and child lie buried here: this window is dedicated by GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, MDCCCLXXXVIII.”

Occupying a corresponding space and position in the Window is the following fine verse thereon emblazoned, which was especially written for the Memorial by the American Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, as a tribute to his brother poet of long ago:

“The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.”

Regarding these lines Mr. Whittier wrote to Mr. Childs :

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to comply with thy request and that of our friend Archdeacon Farrar. I hope the lines may be satisfactory. It is difficult to put all that could be said of Milton in four lines. How very beautiful and noble thy benefactions are! Every one is a testimony of peace and good-will.

"I am, with high respect and esteem, thy aged friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"I think even such a scholar as Dr. Farrar will not object to my use of the word 'freehold.' Milton himself uses it in the same way in his prose writings, viz. :

"'I too have my chapter and *freehold* of rejoicing.'"

The religious services were the ordinary Lenten ones, except that the hymn preceding the sermon was Milton's—

"Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind."

Canon Farrar, who preached from Lamentations iv. 7, further emphasized the occasion in his opening remarks. As the discourse proceeded and the congregation warmed in sympathy with the impassioned but well-weighed eloquence of the preacher, the gloomy weather without cleared, and

the wintry sun gleamed through the richly-stained windows with which St. Margaret's is generally adorned and glinted on the Milton Memorial, relieving the semi-obscurity of the interior and illuming the impressive scene in which the worshippers mingled with devotion to the Almighty the full meed of admiration of Milton's inspired genius which the preacher's fervency demanded.

On the Sunday following the unveiling of the memorial to the poet, Archdeacon Farrar, in order to give greater impressiveness to the event, preached a special sermon in St. Margaret's. The day was bitterly cold, the wind blowing sharply from the northeast, and the snow falling intermittently during the morning; but, undeterred by the churlish weather, a vast multitude, including many of the most distinguished religious, social, political, and literary leaders of England, met to listen to the eloquent words of the venerable Archdeacon. The pews were all filled, and chairs were placed in the aisles to accommodate the great concourse assembled to testify by their presence their interest in the impressive ceremony. Among those who were in attendance were Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, and his wife; Matthew Arnold; the poet, Robert Browning;

the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston; and many prominent American residents of London, as well as distinguished representatives of the nobility.

In the occasional sermon preached by Dr. Farrar, he said,—

“ It has been my desire during twelve years to surround this ancient and famous church with noble associations; to revive the memories of those great men with which it has been connected, and thus to indicate the relation in which it stands to the history of England.

“ This church may claim its special interest in the mighty name of Milton. That name is recorded in our marriage register; and here lies buried, with Milton's infant daughter, that beloved wife—‘ my late espoused saint’—whose love flung one brief gleam of happiness over the poet's troubled later years. Once more we are indebted to an American citizen for the beautiful Milton Window which was yesterday unveiled. The well-counselled munificence of Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, who has already enriched Stratford-upon-Avon with a memorial of Shakespeare, and Westminster Abbey with the Window in memory of Herbert and Cowper, has now erected this abiding memorial to the great Puritan Poet. Myself the debtor to American friends for great kindness, I cannot but rejoice that the Church of St. Margaret's should furnish yet one more illustration of those bonds of common traditions and blood and language and affection which unite England to the great Republic of the West; and I am glad that the public spirit of the church-wardens has assigned from henceforth the use of one special pew in this

church to our friends and visitors from the other side of the Atlantic.

“There was something specially appropriate in the Milton Window being the gift of an American. For the United States represent much that Milton most deeply loved; the Commonwealth which, happily failing in England, in America gloriously succeeded; the Puritanism which, crushed in England, inspired vigor and nobleness into our kin beyond the sea.

“The venerable poet, Mr. Whittier, who has written the lines for yonder window, most justly says,—

“‘The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England’s freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure.’”

The sermon was subsequently published in full in *The Churchman*, of New York, with the accompanying note:

“ST. MARGARET’S, WESTMINSTER,

“February 19, 1888.

“This manuscript of a sermon preached at St. Margaret’s, Westminster,—the Church of the House of Commons,—on the occasion of the unveiling of the Window in memory of Milton, presented to the church by George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, is presented to Mr. Childs, with grateful regard, by

“FREDERICK W. FARRAR,

“*Archdeacon of Westminster.*”

The subjoined editorial reference to the Window was printed in the same number of *The Churchman*:

“Under the shadow almost of the northern transept of Westminster Abbey and within a stone’s throw of Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament stands a church which is probably known to every American who has visited London,—the Church of St. Margaret’s. Interesting as it is because of its monuments and its being the Church of the House of Commons, it has just now gained an added attraction in the Memorial Window to Milton, which has been placed there by the munificence of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.”

AMERICAN COMMENT.

The leading newspapers of the United States very generally published interesting accounts by cable of the dedicatory ceremonies, with appropriate comments thereupon. From the mass of such accounts or comments which were collected by the Editor he has selected the following only, from the *Brooklyn Eagle* of February 19, 1888, as suggestive of the character of them all:

“Yesterday the ceremony of unveiling the Milton Memorial Window presented to St. Margaret’s Church, Westminster, by George W. Childs, Esq., of Philadelphia, attracted one of the largest congregations ever gathered within the walls of the venerable edifice. Archdeacon Farrar preached the sermon, postponing his usual Lenten exhortation and confining his remarks to the lessons of Christianity as exemplified by the noble life of the great English poet and moralist. The brief extracts communicated by cable indicate that the

effort was worthy of the speaker and the occasion. He confessed the satisfaction it gave him that the Church of St. Margaret's should furnish another illustration of those bonds of common blood, traditions, language, and affection which unite the mother-country with her marvellous offspring, the giant Republic of the West, and alluded to the peculiar fitness of the honor done by an American to the memory of one who represented much that was most deeply loved in the Commonwealth, which, failing in England, inspired vigor and nobleness in the Commonwealth to which it gave birth beyond the sea.

“Need it be said that the countrymen of Mr. Childs participate with him in the reciprocation of the feeling which inspired these utterances of Archdeacon Farrar? The motive that prompted the Philadelphia philanthropist is a motive which challenges the approval and sympathy of every enlightened American. There is, in his gift of the Milton Window, a teaching larger than that of any sect, class, or faction. It has even a nobler significance than that to which the archdeacon adverted. It means more than a recognition of the ties that unite the two leading nations of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is an expression of the veneration which fills every elevated mind for one of the most extraordinary examples in the history of genius and virtue. In conceiving this honor to the memory of Milton, Mr. Childs revealed not only the benevolence of his nature, but his appreciation of the truly great and good. Like his Shakespeare Memorial and the beautiful Windows in the ancient Abbey that recall the genius of Herbert and Cowper, it bespeaks the lofty ideals not less than the kindly impulses of the donor.

“Of the author of ‘Paradise Lost,’ it has been said that he is withdrawn from the ordinary world as an

Alp is withdrawn,—by vastness, by solitariness of snows, and by commerce with heaven. Mr. Childs has shown that the ordinary world may venture to invade this isolation and to mitigate the grandeur of the poet's solitude by the proofs that his genius cannot thus divorce him from the great heart of humanity. If the sublimity of his intellect and the austerity of his morals lift him far above his kind, the pathos of his life and those passages in which he confesses his heritage of weakness and sorrow, make him our brother and equal. Wisely has Mr. Childs chosen this last object of his generosity and munificence. Fittingly have the English people, speaking by the tongue of Archdeacon Farrar, accepted the offering as at once a tribute to the mighty dead and as a pledge of the fraternity of the race that boasts his ashes as a consecrated legacy."

THE REREDOS OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, WINCHESTER.

AMONG the gifts which Mr. Childs has made to England is that of the Reredos which is now one of the most striking adornments of St. Thomas's Church, Winchester.

The inception of this gift is to be found in a letter written October 11, 1887, to Mr. Childs by his friend, the Reverend Arthur B. Sole, Rector of St. Thomas's Church.

Referring to the Herbert and Cowper Memorial in Westminster Abbey, and to the Shakespeare Fountain at Stratford, Mr. Sole said,—

“Now that you have shown the midland counties and the metropolis an American citizen's appreciation of England's great poets, you must not leave out in the cold the ancient city of the country, Winchester, the one centre to which every American is attracted.

“Could you not give us a monument or memorial to Bishop Ken, who lived close under the shadow of St.

Thomas's old Church? We sorely need a new Reredos, and, coming from a well-known citizen of that Greater Britain beyond the sea, the gift would be highly esteemed by Englishmen."

With this request Mr. Childs complied with characteristic generosity.

On December 6, 1887, the Rev. Mr. Sole wrote to his friend :

"We feel very grateful to you for your ready compliance with my request, and for choosing our Church as the recipient of your gift which shall show respect and veneration for the good Bishop Ken. The church is a very noble one, and the largest in Winchester, so that it is fitting his monument shall be in it.

"It has been suggested that you might like to have good Bishop Andrewes's name connected with Bishop Ken's in the work, since he was very often with us in Winchester, and the Church of the seventeenth century owes much to him."

A year later, December 28, 1888, the Rev. Mr. Sole communicated with Mr. Childs, saying,—

"The following resolution was passed at a special and influential Vestry that was called last week to discuss the Reredos :

"PARISH OF ST. THOMAS AND ST. CLEMENT,
WINCHESTER.

"At a Vestry meeting held according to due notice on Thursday, the 20th day of December, 1888, to con-

sider the subject of the gift of a Reredos to the Church by an American citizen, and to record a vote of thanks to the donor,—

“ ‘Proposed by Captain Budden, and seconded by Mr. Alfred King, that this meeting of the Rector, Church-wardens, and parishioners in Vestry assembled, do hereby offer to George William Childs, Esquire, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., their most cordial thanks for his very handsome gift towards the beautifying of their parish Church, and to which they would beg to add the hope that, should Mr. Childs ever visit England, they may have the pleasure of seeing him in Winchester, and thanking him in person for the kindly interest he has shown in this ancient city and parish of the old mother-country.

“ ‘ALFRED KING,

“ ‘J. A. MORRAH (Colonel),

“ ‘Church-Wardens.

“ ‘ARTHUR D. SOLE, *Rector.*’ ”

On February 15, 1889, the Rector of St. Thomas's again wrote regarding the Memorial :

“ The Reredos is growing rapidly, and will be unveiled at 4.30 on Friday afternoon, March 1, by the Very Reverend the Dean of Worcester.

“ He is a most eloquent preacher, and I have no doubt will say some helpful words concerning the circumstances under which the erection is made, and your very sympathetic kindness and good-will toward the old city of your fathers.

“ The inscription I have not yet prepared. I have

waited to take counsel with the Bishop. I should like it to take such a form as this :

“‘To the glory of God, this Reredos has been erected by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and to record the undying esteem that is shared by the Church of the New World, reciprocally with the ancient city of Winchester, in the saintly lives of two of her sons and citizens, Bishop Andrewes and Bishop Ken.’

“The Reredos was unveiled last Friday before a large concourse of worshippers. It looked very beautiful, and was spoken of by many as a munificent gift of love from you.”

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEDICATION.

Under the caption of “The New Reredos at St. Thomas’s, Winchester,” the *Hampshire Gazette*, in its issue of March 2, 1889, of that ancient metropolis said,—

“An interesting and historical Reredos has been placed in the Church of Sts. Thomas and Clement, Winchester, under unusually pleasing circumstances, connecting Old and New England. A friend of the Rector’s (the Rev. A. B. Sole), Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, presented him with a check to defray the cost of a Reredos to commemorate Bishops Lancelot Andrewes and Ken, prelates certainly of saintly renown, whose names and fame are revered wherever Englishmen are, for both were staunch Churchmen; both have left writings which are yet prized as manuals of devotion and aids to religion; and both have an historic interest, for Andrewes administered the Diocese of Canterbury whilst the Primate from an accident to

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his keeper was held to be incapacitated, and Ken was one of the 'Seven Bishops.' Both are to be remembered for their learning, and Ken especially to be honored for his firmness of purpose against William III. (when Prince of Orange), Charles II., and James, when he considered morality and honor were jeopardized. The Reredos is a very handsome work, although it includes the arcade of the former one, which consisted of panels with the Commandments, etc. These are now removed to another place close by, and the spandrels of the arches have been carved with conventional foliage and fruit, and an angel in the north and south spandrels. Above this arcade is another of five panels, forming, with its cornice and cross, a pediment or finish to the Reredos. The cross, with the *Agnus Dei* painted in colors, surmounts the whole, and the hand-mouldings and other ornaments of the shafts of the panels are in the best style of work. In the panels are fixed as many paintings by ladies of Winchester. In the centre is Christ ascending and blessing; on either side are angels with the chalice and 'golden crown;' and on the outer panels are, on the south, Saints Thomas, the apostle, and Clement, the third Bishop of Rome, martyred in the time of Trajan, each with emblems,—the spear and the anchor; in the north are representations of Andrewes standing with his pastoral staff, and Ken kneeling, both vested in Reformation robes, and with mitres at their feet. The pastoral staff indicates that Andrewes died in office, whereas Ken, from scruples of conscience, died out of office, being a non-juror. Close to this panel is another in the wall over the credence-table, which bears, under a cross-surmounted globe delineating England and America, the following words,—'*Stat Crux dum evolvit orbis,*' followed by this inscription:

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“ ‘In token of the unity of spirit and bond of peace between the Churches of the Old and New World, this Reredos is dedicated by George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the memory of two Bishops of the Church universal, both connected with this Cathedral city—Bishop Lancelot Andrewes and Bishop Ken.—
MDCCCLXXXIX.’

“ ‘The Reredos was unveiled yesterday (St. David's Day), at Choral Evensong. There was a numerous congregation. The service opened with the Old Hundredth Psalm. The anthem was ‘How amiable are Thy tabernacles,’ and it was well sung by the choir. The hymn before the sermon was ‘We love the place, O God.’ The preacher was the Very Rev. Dr. Gott, Dean of Worcester, who chose for his text the words ‘From strength to strength,’ from the seventh verse of the Eighty-fourth Psalm. In the course of an eloquent sermon he said they were met together that afternoon to worship God, not only in spirit but in truth, and to give a blessing in God's name to the new addition to the altar which graced their church, and indicated their devotion. Concluding, he asked what was the strength added to their Church since the days of Ken? He did not think he could put it in words,—he could not hold the world in his hands, he could not express the mighty strength which had come over the Church of God from those days till now! How wide the Church had spread, how fertile had been her daughter Churches within the last century, how rich she was in founding new branches of the old Church, how strong in infusing the spirit of the one true religion—the religion of Christ—into the old religions of the East! How wonderful had been the strength of the Church in the country of the donor who sent the offering to the city whence these two saintly men came! Were they personally going

from strength to strength? As years passed over them, and as the troubles—perhaps the pleasures—of life thickened around them, were they going from strength to strength? Let the faith be handed on pure and untarnished to their children, and their children's children, until at last they appeared before Him who was their Almighty strength, and more than conquerors received from Him the power which Eternity would bring. The hymn 'Lift the strain of high thanksgiving' was sung during the offertory."

The Story of Mr. Childs's Memorials to some of the noblest of Old England's worthies, which is here brought to an end, has grown under the hands of the Editor, despite his efforts to keep it within more modest limits. But long as it is, he indulges, at least, the hope that it will be found interesting to those who agree with him that it is permitted to no one to do better work in this world than that of fostering fraternal feeling between peoples who are akin, but who are separated by the broad ocean, and who have been sometimes estranged by misunderstandings, conflicting interests, or untoward circumstances. This is the work which Mr. Childs appears to the Editor to have had a mind to do in the making of every one of those gifts to our cousins across the sea with whom Americans can claim even a closer degree of consanguinity than

that of cousinship,—their just claim is that of Common Brotherhood.

The sacred poets, Herbert and Cowper; Milton, the sublime singer of the Cromwellian epoch; and Shakespeare, whose genius illuminates the present not less effulgently than it glorified the age of Elizabeth, spoke in no strange tongue, but in our very own,—in that of our mother-country. In these great masters of the English language, in their work and their fame, Americans have also their full share and part, and whoso giveth recognition to that which they did and reverence to their memories in noble, impressive monuments does that which strengthens the feeling of fraternity which nature itself demands should exist between the two countries. This, as it seems to the Editor, is what Mr. Childs has done, and for doing which he deserves the sincerest respect and the warmest gratitude of England and America.

MR. CHILDS
AND THE
WORKINGMAN.

BY
RICHARD T. ELY, PH.D.,
ASSOCIATE IN POLITICAL ECONOMY, JOHNS HOPKINS
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GEORGE W. CHILDS
IN HIS
RELATIONS TO HIS EMPLOYEES.

It is with sincere pleasure that I accept the invitation which has been extended to me by Mr. Phillips, the editor, to contribute a few pages to the present volume on the relations of Mr. Childs to his employees. I shall do something more than this, because in treating these relations I almost of necessity touch upon his relations to the labor movement in general. It was, in fact, while writing my work on "The Labor Movement in America" that I first came to know the affectionate nature of the relations existing between Mr. Childs and his employees.

It occurs frequently that an industrial leader makes himself an object of love and admiration to his own employees, although even this does not happen so often as one

could desire. Mr. Childs has, however, done far more than this. He has made himself beloved by an entire craft—namely, that to which the most of those employed upon his great newspaper, the *Public Ledger*, belong, the compositors—throughout the United States. The reader may travel south to Texas, north to Minnesota, east to Maine, or west to the shores of the Pacific, and wherever he mentions the name of Mr. Childs he touches a warm spot in the heart of the compositor. I was studying the labor question in Richmond, Virginia, a few years ago, when I happened to mention the name of Mr. Childs to the president of the local organization of compositors. “Oh, sir,” said he, as his face brightened with loving gratitude, “if all employers were like Mr. George W. Childs there would be no labor question.” Similar expressions are often heard at gatherings of printers everywhere.

The following words are taken from an address delivered on the occasion of a banquet, by one of the employees in the *Ledger* office, and will bring to the reader some idea of their appreciation of the character of their benefactor: “My recollection of the gentleman who is being honored by this banquet dates back to boyhood. To use a

quoted expression, Mr. Childs is 'an Israelite without guile.' The thing in him that is plainest to me is that there is less of evil in him than in any man I ever knew. No one can say that he went to him with a tale of true sorrow and went away empty-handed. He overlooks our shortcomings in the *Ledger* office, and many of us have done that which might be cause for dismissal from other establishments. But we are all there, still at work, because he could not frame his lips to say the word that would cause our departure."

At this banquet a letter was read from a Boston printer, in which these words occur: "To George W. Childs, more than to any other man living, are we indebted for the present era of good feeling existing between employers and members of our craft, which has taken the place of the antagonistic spirit of former years."

And it was but a few days since that I received a letter from a Washington compositor, in which Mr. Childs was alluded to as "the Patron Saint of the printers."

Here we have testimonies from Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Richmond, and they might without trouble be gathered from every quarter. Is not this remarkable?

The newspapers are full of bitter quarrels between employers and employed, and here is a man who has established such wholly satisfactory relations between himself and his employees that an entire craft look upon him with enthusiastic admiration, and regard him as an ideal character. Surely it is worth while to reflect for a few moments on these relations; surely it is worth while that the facts should be published to the world, as an incitement to others to "go and do likewise."

Mr. Childs is called a philanthropist, and no man can have a nobler title. One who is a lover of his kind partakes in so far of the divine nature. God is love, and Christ, who came to manifest to us the love of God, said that the second of the two great commandments, which bids us to love our fellows, was of the same nature as the first, which bids us to love God. Moreover, when men professed to love God, Christ and the apostles always put their professions to the proof in testing this love for their fellow-men. No one can be a Christian without at the same time being a philanthropist.

While all this is true, the word philanthropist does not always convey to us such impressions of exalted goodness as it should.

One reason is, doubtless, that we are not sufficiently Christian ourselves to appreciate philanthropy at its value; and another is that there is in this world much more spurious than genuine philanthropy. Mere giving is not philanthropy. A man may give millions of dollars in alms, and yet be a contemptible fellow. St. Paul tells us, indeed, that a man may give his body to be burned, but that without love this is nothing. Philanthropy is first of all a state of the heart,—a loving heart,—and, when it is giving, it is loving giving directed by intelligence: all of the giver's powers are placed at the service of his fellows.

But this is not all. Love is not weakness. Love is gentle firmness and at times is even severity. Charles Kingsley, indeed, has said that there is no severity so terrible as the severity of love.

George Eliot is celebrated for her insight into character, and in one of her letters I find these words: "I prefer a country where I don't make bad blood by having to see one public house to every six dwellings,—which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison-shops for their million-making trade, while

probably their families are figuring somewhere as refined philanthropists or devout Evangelicals and Ritualists."

We must go back of the giving and know something about methods of acquisition before we can pass judgment on the giver. Thieves, pirates, gamblers, have often been generous, as is well known, but no one would think of calling them on that account philanthropists. It is quite as improper to call a generous railroad-wrecker a philanthropist, or any one who, even in conformity with legal forms, coaxes other people's money into his pockets without a fair equivalent.

The recipients of Mr. Childs's bounty may enjoy it without any feelings of compunction, as they well know that his fortune has been honestly gained in a legitimate business conducted according to high principles. It is a source of proper satisfaction to Mr. Childs to be able to say of the *Public Ledger*, "This property was built up without breaking other people down."

When Mr. Childs acquired the *Public Ledger* in 1864, he made a distinction in the management of his business which too many overlook, although it is fundamental. "Meanness," said he, "is not necessary to success in business, but economy is."

As early as 1867 Mr. Childs had acquired a reputation as "a just and liberal employer, and a kind-hearted, charitable man," and had been made an honorary member of "the Philadelphia Typographical Society." This society was in the following year the recipient of a large and valuable tract of ground in Woodlands Cemetery, near Philadelphia, which was beautifully enclosed and ornamented, and which has since been known as "The Printers' Cemetery." The expenses connected with its maintenance have been met by the donor for over twenty years.

The good deeds of Mr. Childs, which are unknown to any one but himself, are so numerous that they could not be described in a brief sketch. I have in mind only those which are known; but there is every reason to believe that a larger proportion of them never become known, although affection prompts many to let the world know what he has quietly and unostentatiously done for them. The individual cases of distress relieved by him are simply innumerable, and among those relieved are naturally many present or past employees: but now we are concerned chiefly with his regular relations with his employees. One form which his beneficence takes is to place insurance on

their lives, which in case of death will provide for those who are dependent on them. Another form of Mr. Childs's philanthropy is seen in his pension system which places all those who have served him long and faithfully beyond want in their old age. I wish to call particular attention to this, because I believe there is perhaps no single measure likely to add so much to human happiness as a judicious pension system, well developed and placed on a secure financial basis. I believe, too, that it is practicable to develop such a system both for public and private employees. It has never been clear why a pension system should be confined to the army, because if it is good for the army it is also good, as other countries have found out, for the civil servants of city, state, and nation. The abuses which have been connected with pensions are no argument against this position, because the abuses are accidental rather than essential parts of the system. It should be understood that the pension system which obtains in Mr. Childs's office is a regular part of the remuneration received by all employees, and not simply a gift to the poor and needy. Mr. Childs sees no reason why a man who has been prudent, thrifty, and fortunate

should be deprived of his pension; and it is said that recently a pensioner of the *Public Ledger* was worth a quarter of a million dollars.

The proper aim of life has often been described to be the full and harmonious development of all our faculties; but it has been too often tacitly, if not explicitly, assumed, that this full and harmonious development is for the few only, and not for the many. This is not, however, the belief of Mr. Childs. He furnishes the most cheerful, wholesome, often luxurious rooms for the entire working force of the *Ledger*, and in the printers' apartment he has not even forgotten to use those colors on the walls which are least trying to their heavily-taxed eyes. Vacations interrupt regularly the hard work of the *Ledger* employees, and with the vacation there comes a present of means for a trip, sometimes even across the continent or to Europe. On each Christmas-eve every employee receives a present in money, the total amount being many thousands of dollars annually. This is what Mr. Childs modestly calls profit-sharing. It is, in truth, however, the noblest form of genuine philanthropy.

There are three events in the relations of Mr. Childs to his employees which are

peculiarly pleasing. The first concerns the rate paid for type-setting. This rate is for Union offices fixed by the "International Typographical Union," and most employers think they are doing well if they pay without murmuring all that is asked. Not so Mr. Childs. In 1876 a delegation of his employees came to him with the announcement that they were willing to have their wages reduced from forty-five cents a thousand ems to forty cents, which had become the Union rate. Mr. Childs, however, replied that he saw no reason why he should reduce their wages. He received the same price as formerly for his advertisements, the *Public Ledger* sold for the same price; in short, his business was prosperous, and he saw no good reason why his employees should not share in his prosperity. He was satisfied if they did. The result has been that for over thirteen years Mr. Childs has been paying his printers in the aggregate over ten thousand dollars a year more than the Union rate required, or more than he need have paid. This, too, is an expression of his philanthropy disguised by him as profit-sharing.

The second noteworthy event to which I have referred occurred ten years later, in

1886. It was during the annual meeting of the International Typographical Union, and consisted in the presentation of a check for ten thousand dollars to that body, one-half given by Mr. Childs and the other half by his life-long friend, the well-known banker, Mr. Anthony J. Drexel. The gift was made without conditions of any sort, and its final use has not yet, I believe, been precisely determined. It was, however, gratefully accepted, and it was decided to employ it for the construction of some kind of a permanent memorial, probably a building in Philadelphia to serve as the headquarters of the organization. It was at once resolved to increase the fund by a beautiful arrangement. It was voted that the printers east of the Mississippi should set a thousand ems for the fund on each of Mr. Childs's recurring birthdays, May 12, and that those west of the Mississippi should set a thousand ems for the fund on every September 13, which is Mr. Drexel's birthday. Accordingly, every time these anniversaries occur the printers send to the trustees of the Childs-Drexel fund whatever is received for setting a thousand ems, and thus it grows at the rate of several thousand dollars a year, and now amounts to twenty-five thousand dollars.

It is seen from this that Mr. Childs is not hostile to labor organizations; indeed, he openly says that he favors them, and he believes that had no organization existed among the printers their rate of remuneration would hardly be one-half what it is at present. Mr. Childs holds to the doctrines of equal rights for all classes, and cannot understand why employees have not as much right to organize as their employers. A man who is able to take so broad and generous a view of much-maligned labor organizations deserves the highest commendation. .

There is scarcely room for more than one opinion about labor organizations on the part of intelligent and impartial men who have investigated their claims, and that is favorable to them. This does not mean that they are free from faults. What human organization is free from faults? Has the history of that organization which we call the Christian Church been such that her members can contemplate it with unmingled satisfaction? By no means. Yet it is safe to say that that organization is a good thing, and that the world is to-day a thousand times happier and better than it would be had the Christian Church never existed.

Labor organizations doubtless have their

faults, although most of the objections brought against them are slanders. The true course would then seem to be to contend only against their bad features, and to give them, as a whole, encouragement. This is the policy which Mr. Childs has pursued, and it is safe to say that the International Typographical Union is on his account to-day animated with a far more conservative, conciliatory spirit than would otherwise be the case.

Labor organizations are not merely economic organizations in a narrow sense. They are that, and, well conducted, can within certain limits raise wages or keep wages from falling. They enable labor to make the best of the existing situation, and this can be as clearly proved, perhaps, as anything in political economy. But labor organizations are generally active temperance organizations, many of their members being total abstainers and prohibitionists. Furthermore, they are educational societies, training their members in speaking, writing, and discussion, out of all of which proceeds a better understanding of the questions of the day. They are, finally, social organizations, where the social side of the nature of their members is cultivated, and in the crowded

modern city this is of special importance. All this makes it plain how good a deed is done by any one who helps to develop the best features of labor organizations.

The experience of Professor Thorold Rogers, of the University of Oxford, is so typical that it is worth while to quote it here. I may say in this place that it is quite similar to my experience, although I presume I do not expect so much from the organization of labor alone as does Professor Rogers. "These institutions," says Professor Rogers, "were repressed with passionate violence and malignant watchfulness as long as it was possible to do so. When it was necessary to relax the severities of the older laws, they were still persecuted by legal chicanery, whenever oppression could on any pretence be justified. As they were slowly emancipated, they have constantly been the object of alarmist calumnies and sinister predictions. I do not speak of the language of newspapers and reviews. . . . Far graver were the allegations of Senior and Thornton. . . . Even my friend Mr. Mill treated these forces of industrial life with a strange indifference. I confess to having at one time viewed them suspiciously; but a long study of the history of labor has convinced

me that they are not only the best friends of workmen, but the best agency for the employer and the public, and that to the extension of these associations political economists and statesmen must look for the solution of some among the most pressing and the most difficult problems of our time."

Another illustration will show how far Mr. Childs carries his friendly interest in whatever concerns his employees. A few years ago there appeared in Philadelphia a new labor paper. It was stated that Mr. Childs had presented every workingman in his establishment with a year's subscription. What a contrast this is to the conduct of those employers who are willing to discharge men for reading labor papers!

The third event to which I alluded was the attempt to bring forward Mr. Childs as a candidate for the Presidency. His name, it is said, was first mentioned for this position by the Washington weekly, *The Craftsman*, long the official organ of the International Typographical Union. The proposal was greeted with enthusiasm in many quarters, and in its issue of February 25, 1888, *The Craftsman* voiced the sentiment of many printers when it said, "George W. Childs before the people! It is too good to

be true." Yet many tried to make it true, and it was not merely in labor quarters that the proposal was favorably received. The more people turned the idea over in their minds, the stronger did it become, and voluntary offers of influential support began to pour in from every side. Democrats, Republicans, capitalists, and wage-earners were eager to unite in the Presidential campaign with Mr. Childs as leader. The proprietor of a Democratic newspaper in the East pledged the support of his influential journal, and offered himself to subscribe one hundred thousand dollars for campaign expenses. A proprietor of a leading Democratic journal of the West made a similar pledge, with an offer of a personal subscription of fifty thousand dollars. Proprietors of leading Republican newspapers likewise promised to rally around Mr. Childs as Presidential candidate. Mr. Childs, however, never could see his way clear to an acceptance of all this unsought and enthusiastically-pledged support, and, in spite of all entreaties, positively declined to allow his name to be used, going so far as to say that he would feel compelled to refuse the office even if he should be elected to it. This declination was doubtless a bitter disappointment to many printers who had

hoped to see their true friend occupying the highest office in the gift of the people. Yet they acquiesced in his decision, and their admiration and affection suffered no abatement.

Those printers and pressmen who have represented Philadelphia at the annual meetings of the International Typographical Union have formed an organization called "The Association of Ex-Delegates of Philadelphia Typographical Union No. 2 and of Pressmen's Union No. 4 to the International Typographical Union," and they determined in 1888 to hold a grand celebration on May 12 in honor of Mr. Childs's birthday. A banquet was provided at which many speeches were made eulogizing Mr. Childs, and from one of them I have already quoted. Several visitors from Washington, including Congressmen who had once been compositors, attended this memorable banquet. It was proposed that they should each set up a thousand ems and donate the proceeds to the Childs-Drexel fund, but at the close of the banquet it was too late. The intention was mentioned by Congressman James O'Donnell, of Michigan, and naturally it was vociferously applauded. As a matter of fact, Mr. O'Donnell, and his printer colleagues,

eight in all, after their return to Washington, did on May 19 set up a thousand ems each, and contribute the amount received to the fund mentioned.

Remembering the hostile feelings existing so often between large employers and labor organizations, it is well to make extracts from two of the letters of leading officers of the International Typographical Union which were read on that occasion. The following is from the letter of Wm. Aimison, the President of that body :

“ I regret my inability to be present, owing to the nearness of the meeting of the International Typographical Union and the rush of business incident thereto. There is no one to-day within the jurisdiction of the I. T. U. whom the printers of the country would delight to honor more than Mr. Childs. May his birthdays be continued, and when the warm heart and charitable hand are stilled in death, may his memory be as a refreshing draught to strengthen and to re-encourage us in the battle of life.”

The following extract is from the letter of David P. Boyer, the chief organizer :

“ I hereby send my regrets at not being able to attend. No other labor organization in this or any other country has ever received such consideration at the hands of any one man as did the International Typographical Union in June, 1886, from George W. Childs,

whose name is revered and honored throughout the entire jurisdiction of the grand body. . . . Long life and happiness to the friends of Union printers, George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel."

It ought to be mentioned in this connection that in the local headquarters of the printers of Washington and several other cities a handsome portrait of Mr. Childs adorns the walls and is regarded as one of their most cherished possessions.

I think I can in no way more fitly conclude this paper on Mr. Childs's Relations to his Employees than by quoting the additional testimony given by *Harper's Weekly* of January 11, 1890, in the following just tribute to that generous consideration which Mr. Childs shows in so practical a manner for all those in his employ:

"It was long ago said of Mr. George W. Childs, the publisher of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, that he was the two 'Cheeryble Brothers' rolled into one; but probably a more appropriate name for him would be the Santa Claus of the newspaper world. On this last Christmas day Mr. Childs, it is said, gave presents amounting to many thousands of dollars in hard cash to the editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, and other employees of the *Ledger*. When it is considered that the salaries and wages paid by Mr. Childs are as large as the largest paid by other Philadelphia publishers, it will be recognized that any one associated with

him in his work has cause to be satisfied with his employer. It is said by his employees, however, that they have even greater cause for satisfaction with him because of his daily consideration for them than for his Christmas bounty. It is represented to be pretty much of the same admirable sort as that of Mr. Fezziwig for his employees, which was so warmly described by Scrooge. 'He has the power,' said old Jacob Marley's partner, 'to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome, a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks, in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune.' That is said to describe with wondrous accuracy Mr. Childs's relations with his employees, who say he is a man who honors Christmas in his heart, and keeps it always."

The *Philadelphia Record* prefaced the above, in republishing it, with the caption, "True—Every Word of it;" to which the *New York Sun*, in its republication, added, "And Hundreds of Men in all Parts of the Country will Confirm it."

All that I have written reads more like a fairy story than a description of real life, and it is refreshing to a political economist who is so continually concerned with clashing social interests, occasionally to find a great industrial establishment where such peace and harmony prevail as to make it seem like a veritable happy family.

We often hear the expression that the interests of labor and capital are harmonious; that they are allies, not enemies: but, curiously enough, the practical conclusion which seems to be drawn from this is that labor should always submit to the commands of capital, although it is not clear why it is not just as logical to expect capital always to accede to the demands of labor if their interests are identical. I have never been able to reconcile this beautiful sentiment with the hard facts of life. At the same time, I think that any one who will study the experience of Mr. Childs and other employers who might be mentioned,—some of them, indeed, in the same line of business,—will be convinced that, if the interests of employers and employed are not always precisely identical, there is, at any rate, not that diversity of interests which might be inferred from the too frequent conduct of both parties. A more conciliatory spirit on both sides would certainly be mutually advantageous.

Philanthropy is of two sorts,—positive and preventive. Positive philanthropy tries to mitigate or remedy evils. It builds hospitals for the sick and relieves paupers. This is all very well in its way, but there is a far higher kind of philanthropy, though it

attracts less attention. It is preventive. It looks ahead and takes measures to lessen the need of almshouses and hospitals. The philanthropy of a model employer is of this latter sort. He pays good wages and deserves to rank higher than a capitalist who cuts wages and who contributes largely to ordinary charitable institutions. He helps men to help themselves, and lifts them to a higher plane of thought and life.

RICHARD T. ELY.

January, 1890.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

BIRTHDAY OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

THE following account of the Banquet of "The Association of Ex-Delegates of Philadelphia Typographical Union, No. 2, and of Pressmen's Union, No. 4, to the International Typographical Union," May 12, 1888, is taken from the *Printers' Circular*, Philadelphia.

May 12, 1888, will long be remembered by the printers of Philadelphia and vicinity for the celebration by them of the birthday of their steadfast friend and distinguished fellow-citizen, George W. Childs, publisher of the *Public Ledger*.

The Association of Ex-Delegates of Philadelphia Typographical Union, No. 2, and of Pressmen's Union, No. 4, to the International Typographical Union, having resolved that some fitting celebration of the day should be held, it was decided that a Testimonial Banquet should be given at Dooner's Hotel, to which should

be invited the eight printers who were members of the United States House of Representatives, together with many distinguished members of the printing and publishing fraternities throughout the country.

When in 1886 Messrs. Childs and Drexel sent their respective checks for five thousand dollars to the Convention of the International Typographical Union, then in session at Pittsburgh, provision was made that the individual members should have the opportunity to assist in augmenting the fund until such time as it was seen fit to make disposition of it. It was then arranged that the printers east of the Mississippi should, for this purpose, contribute the price paid for setting one thousand ems on Mr. Childs's birthday, May 12, of each year, and that those west of the Mississippi should do likewise on the annual recurrence of Mr. Drexel's birthday, September 13. Following out this plan of mutual assistance, the printers west of the Mississippi have made two annual contributions to the fund, and on Saturday, May 12, the second contributions of printers this side of the great river were made. Excluding these last contributions, of which but meagre returns have yet been received, the fund has already increased to over sixteen thousand dollars.

The earnest efforts of the Ex-Delegates to appropriately observe Mr. Childs's natal day, and the spontaneous and hearty responses of distinguished men who had graduated from the printing-office, resulted in a celebration as memorable as it was successful and enjoyable to all who participated in it.

The handsome dining-hall was decorated with the national colors, and behind the President's chair was placed a magnificent painting of the *Public Ledger* building, in a massive frame, on one side of which hung a life-size portrait of Mr. Childs, and on the other

a corresponding portrait of Mr. Drexel, elegantly framed and decorated. Over these were the stars and stripes, and below a bank of flowers, the gift of the employees of the "*Ledger* Job office." To the left of Mr. Childs's portrait was displayed the silken banner of Typographical Union, No. 2, of Philadelphia, and to the right of Mr. Drexel's portrait hung the beautiful banner of Pressmen's Union, No. 4, of this city.

On the table and about the banquet-hall flowers and flowering plants were profusely distributed, producing, with the other elaborate and tasteful decorations, a most pleasing and graceful effect. In front of each plate was placed a *menu* card, noticeable for its typographical beauty, and, in addition, before the plate of each Congressional guest was a remembrance from Mr. Childs in the shape of a fragrant bouquet. Besides these, numerous bouquets and plateaus were sent as birthday gifts to Mr. Childs, with the compliments of warm personal friends and invited guests who could not be present, among whom was William M. Singerly, Esq., proprietor and editor of the *Philadelphia Record*, who sent as a token of his friendship and esteem a floral gift of great natural beauty and elegance of design. During the evening, and between the speeches, music was discoursed by Simon Hassler's orchestra.

THE BANQUET.

At half-past seven o'clock Mr. John A. Dardis, President of the Ex-Delegates' Association, called the company to order, and the one hundred members and guests were seated. Mr. Dardis said,—

GENTLEMEN,—As President of the Ex-Delegates' Association of Philadelphia, it becomes my pleasant duty to welcome you, and to ask your hearty co-operation

in this effort fittingly to celebrate the birthday of our distinguished fellow-citizen and benefactor, George W. Childs, publisher of the *Public Ledger*.

While the printers east of the Mississippi are celebrating the day by each setting a thousand ems of type as a contribution to the Childs-Drexel fund, it seemed to us that the printers of Philadelphia should, in addition to their contribution, publicly bear testimony to their appreciation of Mr. Childs's noble, unselfish, and long-continued generosity to the entire printing fraternity.

Hence this Testimonial Banquet in his honor, to which you are cordially invited; and, with your assistance, we hope to make it one of the most memorable events in the history of the art preservative.

I now take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. James J. Dailey, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

Mr. Dailey, upon being introduced, briefly acknowledged the applause with which he was greeted, and introduced the Rev. John R. Moses, Rector of St. Jude's Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, who invoked the Divine blessing.

The announcement was made that letters and telegrams, expressing their regret, because of their inability to be present, had been received from Hon. Simon Cameron, who is probably the oldest printer in the United States; Hon. John Russell Young, late U. S. Minister to China; Hon. John H. Oberly, ex-President of the International Typographical Union and Civil-Service Commissioner, and the following printers or ex-printers:

Congressman J. H. Gallinger, of Concord, N. H.

Congressman Thos. L. Thompson, of California.

Harper & Bros., Publishers, New York.

E. M. Paxson, Chief Justice Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Hon. A. K. McClure, Editor *Philadelphia Times*.

Thomas MacKellar, of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, type-founders, Philadelphia.

Wm. Aimison, President International Typographical Union.

David P. Boyer, Chief Organizer of the I. T. U.

Ex-President Witter, of St. Louis, Mo.

John O'Donnell, of Boston, ex-Secretary-Treasurer I. T. U.

Wm. Bodwell, New York *Sun*, ex-President I. T. U.

Dr. Egle, State Librarian of Pennsylvania.

R. P. Boss, of the Boston *Globe*.

John Vincent, of the Boston *Globe*.

After the more material part of the banquet had been discussed by the members and guests, the feast of reason and flow of sentiment and wit were begun by Chairman and Toastmaster Dailey announcing the first regular toast, "The International Typographical Union," and introducing Congressman John M. Farquhar, the "War President of the International Typographical Union," to respond to it.

CONGRESSMAN FARQUHAR'S SPEECH.

Mr. Farquhar, of Buffalo, New York, arose, amid an outburst of applause, and after paying a compliment to Typographical Union, No. 2, of Philadelphia, for its steadfastness and reliability, said that his feeling of gratification was divided between meeting and congratulating Mr. Childs and meeting and congratulating his old comrades of the composing-room. He said,—

Thirty-seven years ago there was cradled in the city of New York an organization which, by its wise constitution and sensible deliberations upon matters of interest to the printers' fraternity, placed itself in the van of labor organizations and made itself first—the leader—the exponent of every individual man's right to the full value of the labor of his hands, as well as his brain.

He referred to the International Typographical Union, the high honor of which he vindicated, and to the great satisfaction he entertained, personally, in the recollection of the early days of the Union. Strange as it may seem, this was the first time that the toast, "The International Typographical Union," had been assigned to him, and on such an occasion he was proud to refer to it, and to the way he had won his spurs, "stick" in hand, at the journeyman's case. He then said,—

It is germane that I should say a word, as a journeyman printer, about the gentleman whose birthday we celebrate. I never knew one act of a public or private citizen of this country that struck me with more meaning in it than the present of Messrs. Childs and Drexel of five thousand dollars each to this organization. It was not a restricted donation, but a present—a free and absolute gift. No association has ever before been placed in the position of receiving a gift without some hesitancy, whether it was intended as a tribute to merit or not. But from these men it came and was accepted as an acknowledgment of merit, urging us to step higher. It was a gift unconditional, and with it went the message of encouragement: "We acknowledge your work, and here we show, by our hands and our hearts, that you are an organization we love."

Mr. Farquhar proceeded to eulogize Mr. Childs and

Mr. Drexel, growing very earnest in his praises of their generous act, which he regarded as of great significance to workingmen. Raising his voice, he exclaimed, "Every Union printer in America will say, 'God bless George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel——'" The remainder of the sentence was drowned in applause, for at that moment Mr. Childs, to the surprise of everybody in the banquet-hall, made his appearance. Mr. Farquhar took his seat, Messrs. Chairman Dailey and Joel Cook welcomed Mr. Childs, and the orchestra played Hassler's waltz, "Wootton." The effect was strikingly dramatic, and Mr. Farquhar was congratulated on the appropriateness of his closing remarks.

As soon as the applause subsided, Mr. Dailey introduced Mr. Childs as the first citizen of Philadelphia, and, "in the hearts of the printers, the first citizen of America." Mr. Childs bowed his acknowledgments. On behalf of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor and editor of the *New York World*, Mr. Dailey then presented Mr. Childs with a magnificent bouquet. This token of good feeling on the part of the distinguished New York publisher was also warmly recognized. Mr. Childs remained for about half an hour, and was then escorted around the table to enable him to shake hands with the men who had met to do him honor, and to receive their congratulations. This pleasant duty being over, he retired.

The next toast,

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE,"

was responded to by Mr. Eugene H. Munday (the well-known printer-poet and prose writer of Philadelphia), who said,—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I have not felt at

liberty to decline the invitation to respond to this toast, though most sincerely do I wish that the honorable duty had been assigned to some one better qualified to treat the theme as it deserves. I have not felt free to decline the invitation, because it comes from the valued friends of my whole life ; and if it shall appear that kind regard for me has caused the committee to err in choosing a spokesman for this occasion, I hope that you will all emulate that spirit of kindness and excuse the shortcomings that may be too obvious in what I shall say.

On the twelfth day of May, 1829, George W. Childs was born in the city of Baltimore, and this body of printers assembles here to-night to celebrate that event. A small body of men we are, of no special importance in the great world, or even within the limits of our own city ; and shallow ill-nature might carp at our action as savoring of presumptuous forwardness. But there is, I venture to assert, eminent propriety in such a meeting of just such men for just this purpose.

This modest Association, having no object but social intercourse and the cultivation of friendly relations, is composed of men who at different times have been selected to represent the journeymen printers of Philadelphia in National and International Conventions. We cannot be sure that they at all times adequately represented their constituents ; but who can doubt that they will represent the feelings, not only of the printers of this city, but of the workingmen of the whole country, if they shall in any measure acceptably commemorate the birth of a man who—untainted by demagogism—is preëminent as the intelligent and powerful friend of all legitimate efforts to assert and maintain the rights of organized labor ; who, in his use of wealth, and in the conduct of his business, daily typifies the

highest functions of capital ; and who stands ever ready personally and in the columns of his influential journal—by generous acts and cheering words—to forward every well-considered movement that promises to benefit the toiling masses. And if our little celebration seems to be not worthy of the occasion, we at least mark out the course that larger and more influential bodies may follow in coming years.

There is, I say, an eminent fitness in the inauguration of such celebrations by a body of practical printers. Far-reaching as has been the beneficence of Mr. Childs, it has been most direct, most constant—closest—to the craft of which we are members, and which hails him as chief among its honored chiefs. And the striking fact must be noticed that the regard and honor that wait on him are borne alike by the most prominent and the most obscure of all classes in the printing fraternity. Successful publishers and struggling beginners ; authors whose fame is part of their country's, and those who languish unrecognized ; editors of commanding influence, and unknown hack-writers ; master mechanics who conceive, construct, put into motion, and control the vast machinery now necessary to the life of a great daily newspaper, and the veriest tyro that blunders in the shop ; the patient, alert proof-reader, and the careless, sleepy copy-holder ; the skilful, self-respecting compositor, and the poor fellow who borrows a quarter on the curb,—all these varieties and grades of men unite in respect, bordering on veneration, for the proprietor of the *Public Ledger*. He has achieved the triumph of commanding the admiration of all, while exciting the jealousy of none.

Nor is this respect confined to the circle that feels most directly the action of his impulses and the force of his character.

Throughout our broad land—yea, and far across the seas—there is felt for George W. Childs a degree of active and warm personal regard which has never before, I believe, been accorded to a private citizen, and which waits only for his consent (wisely withheld) to take him from the private station and clothe him with the highest honor that a free people can bestow.

Abreast of Mr. Childs in public esteem—so closely identified with him in good works that it is difficult to think or speak of them apart—stands the great American banker, Anthony J. Drexel. Great, I say, not because of his wealth and his commanding position, but because of the wise and liberal use that he makes of the rich fruits of his industry and business acumen; great not merely in the power that he wields, but in the goodness that directs that power; great in the fine qualities of his brain, greatest in the generous impulses of his heart. Happy if all possessors of great wealth and power had the wisdom and grace to follow the lead of Drexel and Childs. Then might the clouds that overhang and threaten our social fabric be dispelled; then might we hope for the realization of the dream of the poets of all ages; then might we look for the crowning fruition of Christ's precepts, and hail the establishment of the brotherhood of man.

Many admirable sketches of Mr. Childs's career have been written, notably that by James Parton; that by Col. John W. Forney; and that by J. W. Huff, which appeared in the *Printers' Circular*, and which has the grace of thorough and genial appreciation. But it must be said that they are all unsatisfying, and mainly, I fancy, to their authors. I have experimented in that direction myself. Certainly they fail to develop the occult philosophy which Hamlet longed for, and which alone might fully explain a truly unique character.

This is not strange when we know that a man so eminent, so conscientious, and with so careful a habit of mind as the late Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, deliberately wrote, "Mr. Childs is a wonderful man. . . . Like man in the classification of animals, he forms a genus in himself. He stands alone; there is not another in the wide world like him." And Hon. John Russell Young, in a late number of the *Star*, gives prominence to a quality that is often overlooked in estimating the make-up of this distinguished man. He says, "Far and away above any man with whose career I am at all familiar, I place Mr. Childs as the best business man in American journalism."

These, bear in mind, are the well-considered opinions of men who knew the weight of words.

Thus let me close. This is not the time to attempt anything like an analysis of the elements that go to make up the singularly beautiful and interesting character of "the best-loved man of our land;" nor should I, at any time, assume a task that much abler men have but imperfectly performed.

My purpose is fairly accomplished if, without wearying you, I have given good reasons why we—printers—should thus meet and honor "The Day We Celebrate." It is the one that, fifty-nine years ago, noted the advent into this life of a rare spirit, which, in its full and gracious development, commands the unstinted admiration of the brightest and worthiest men of our time.

After the applause with which Mr. Munday's cordial, graceful effort was greeted had subsided,

CONGRESSMAN THOMAS R. HUDD,

of Wisconsin, responded to the toast "Our Guests." After humorously alluding to his personal experience,

Mr. Hudd turned his attention to "the celebration of the natal day of that gentleman known, respected and venerated in the West, that honored Philadelphian, George W. Childs." Touching upon the presentation of the Stratford-upon-Avon drinking-fountain in memory of Shakespeare, Mr. Hudd said that the West also revered that man, and "took no stock in Donnelly, who forced Bacon in what he wrote." He then lauded Mr. Childs for his beneficence and unselfishness. "Taken all in all," he said, "we may never see his like again." Mr. Hudd then drew a beautiful picture of the purity of Mr. Childs's character as likened to the spotless flowers in the bouquet before him, and closed with the following quotation as applicable to the honored guest of the evening:

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

GENERAL NEILSON'S SPEECH.

To the toast "Philadelphia Typographical Union" Gen. Wm. H. Neilson, President of No. 2, responded.

He said that he had been astounded, in the course of his interviews with employing printers, at the ignorance many of them displayed regarding the rules and regulations of the Union. He dwelt upon the value of the Union, which recognizes the futility of strikes, as a medium for placing employees upon an equality and in a position where they may be able to protect themselves against the unscrupulous. He touched upon the principles underlying the organization, and the efficacy of the ballot to redress the grievances of workingmen, and said,—

At the same time, the workingmen have been deceived by concentrating their support upon candidates

for Congress who have forgotten their promises and turned in with corporations and monopolies. Philadelphia is the only city that has ever produced a man that did seem properly to recognize what the working-man was worth and to what he was entitled. When the Typographical Union reduced the price of composition from forty-five to forty cents per thousand ems, Mr. Childs refused to accept the reduction. He said that he was making money enough to pay the old rate, and he continued to pay it, and has done so until this day. I would to God there more of such men in this country; then the workingmen would say, "We are perfectly satisfied; we are perfectly contented."

SPEECH OF CONGRESSMAN CUMMINGS.

"The Printer as a Journalist" was responded to in an inimitable way by Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, late managing editor New York *Sun*, who was frequently interrupted by applause. He said,—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND BROTHERS OF THE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION,—It is with sincere pleasure that I join you in honoring the birthday of George W. Childs. You honor yourselves in honoring Mr. Childs. I honor him for the substantial testimonial of his esteem for Union printers; I honor him for his manifold public charities; but I honor him most for his love for his fellow-men. He is the only man whom I have ever known, or of whom I have ever heard, who has gone clear through the Golden Rule in his love for mankind, and landed on the other side. He is not only good, but great—and all the greater because he is good.

I find that I am to respond to the toast of "The Printer as a Journalist." I have carefully studied the art of speech-making in Congress. The first requisite,

as exemplified by our brother, Congressman Hudd, of Wisconsin, this evening, seems to be a plentiful supply of poetry. The only poem applicable to this occasion is that beautiful effusion of Clarence Cook, written more than fifty years ago, entitled "Abram and Zimri." A second requisite for Congressional speeches appears to be a pile of *Congressional Records* as a foundation on which to place a written speech. The *Records*, alas, are not here, and I must perforce enter upon my duty without them.

The type-setter and proof-reader become editors unconsciously. The evolution from the case into editorial life is as natural as the evolution of a butterfly from a chrysalis. There is nothing marvellous about it. The true typo will develop into the true editor, if time and opportunity serve. No careless or incompetent printer ever became a competent editor. No plodding blacksmith can ever become a skilled machinist. I have seen many men taken from the case and thrown into an editorial room, and all but one became successful and accomplished reporters, editors, and correspondents.

The one exception was thus delineated by the tongue of an old journeyman: "I don't wonder that he failed as an editor, for he had the dirtiest proofs of any man in the office."

The qualities that make a man an efficient compositor are the very qualities requisite to make him an influential editor.

Who ever knew of a country printing-office that was not haunted by some quaint urchin eager to learn the mysteries of the case?

Sometimes he is awkward and uncouth. Oftentimes he is barefooted. Frequently his hands are so dirty that they look like toads' backs. Occasionally he has a freckled face and a red head. Again he develops a

peculiar reticence that betokens restlessness and ambition.

Whether retiring and reserved, or whether talkative and full of life, the printing-office has a peculiar charm for him.

You will find him picking type from the sweepings of the office while on his way to school. You will see him forcing an imprint from the type upon the blank pages of his school-books. The country editor is, in his eyes, a greater man than the rural parson. The boy has a longing look as he gazes at the office. It is indicative of the one desire of his heart,—that of presiding over the hell-box and reaching the mighty and exalted post of printer's devil. Horace Greeley walked twelve miles through the snow to Poultney to secure such a place. Such boys are the germs of editorial life. Watered by the dews of opportunity, and warmed by the sun of prosperity, they eventually rule on the editorial tripod.

Let us see how they are developed. The true printer's devil is something more than an imp. In the fermentation of his nature he presents many curious contrasts. His deviltry may throw the whole town into hysterics, but it quickly passes from a physical to an intellectual stage. He mounts a candle-box and learns the alphabet at the case. The calibre of the boy is quickly seen. The types have opened a new world to him. They attract him by night and by day. His "stent" is hardly done before he is at work for himself. Fugitive sketches and local sarcasms are printed on slips and circulated by his eager hands. He drinks in the comments of his acquaintances on the emanations of his brain, and is spurred to renewed efforts.

There are probably few compositors within the sound of my voice who cannot recall some such experience.

The boy sets the town agog anew by his intellectual efforts. Gradually he becomes a journeyman. He learns the art of punctuation and the use of capital letters and italics. He unconsciously develops a literary taste, and becomes a critic. The rules of composition set themselves in his mind without effort. The marks of the proof-reader annoy him, and many a wordy dispute follows, but always inuring to the mental benefit of the typo.

The news of the day is ever before his eyes. He gets it in scraps known as "takes," and these scraps incite a thirst for information that is only satiated by a careful perusal of the daily newspapers. Standard works flow into the editor's sanctum, and magazines and exchanges. Some of them fall under the eyes of the apprentice. He may devote a few of his nights to dissipation, but there will be much burning of midnight oil. Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Marryat, Cooper, Scott, Hawthorne, and even Ned Buntline may be digested. Macaulay, Rollin, Gibbon, Bancroft, and Motley may be read. The life of Napoleon and Lamartine's descriptions of scenes in the Reign of Terror will ever fascinate such young compositors. The poems of Tom Moore, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Byron, Shakespeare, and other great bards will pass through his mental hopper. The aphorisms of Ben Franklin will radiate in his atmosphere. While at work distributing type and correcting proofs, he will find himself unwittingly discussing the news of the day and entering into political controversies. If he has any originality in the field of thought, it is sure to be developed and strengthened day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute. He is ever working in the domain of intellectuality, and is ever drawing inspiration from the fertility of his surroundings.

When a journeyman printer, his mind is broadened anew. He deserts the home newspaper and wanders from city to city. If true to his craft, he seeks admission to a Typographical Union, and in course of time gains a sure knowledge of the labor problem. He verifies by travel what he has read. His knowledge is no longer theoretical, but practical. He becomes self-reliant and politic in his dealings. He gains a knowledge of the country surpassed only by his knowledge of human nature. At times he suffers penury and bitter disappointments; but anon fortune gleams anew on his pathway, and, strengthened by his adversity, he again lopes over the trail of life with all the freshness of youth.

The rambling propensity dies away with the weight of years, and a desire for the comforts of life supplants it. The newspaper has not lost its glamour for the wanderer. He is now a seasoned printer, with a seasoned mind, seasoned habits, and a seasoned ambition.

Where could a better editor be found? Where one more efficient? No school of training could be more thorough. All the elements that make up a great editor have been exercised and knit firmly in the hey-day of life. The successful editor is the one who collects the news of the day and presents it to his readers in the most concise and attractive form. He must be sure of his facts, and he must clothe them conscientiously. But it is essential that he should know what news is before he essays to collect it.

Who is there so competent to select news as the careful compositor,—the man who has been sifting it all his life? Who is so able to satisfy the newspaper demands of the people? He has been among them and of them in his wanderings, and in his character as

editor he is still of and among them. He moulds his editorial expression of thought from an experience born from a direct association with those interested. He speaks by the card alone. His ticket to newspaper prosperity is unpunched by collegiate education, but it is a ticket readily recognized by the people, and one that frequently passes its owner into the realm of wealth and the fane of fame. The born printer, Mr. Chairman, is the born editor.

Some say that a new era is dawning in journalism; that men educated in collegiate schools are assuming the helm; that æsthetic methods are to be applied to the columns of the new newspapers dotting the land like mushrooms in a sheep pasture; that a web of newspaper trusts is to cover the country and secure the patronage of the people, and that all the old journals must follow suit or go to the wall.

All this may go for what it is worth. The past shows that the people have recognized the printing-office as the true school of journalism, and I fancy that it will hold good in the future and as long as a Typographical Union lives and flourishes on the free soil of this Republic.

“PRESSMEN’S UNION. NO. 4.”

the next toast, was responded to by Charles W. Miller, who said,—

When the International Typographical Union began its work of organizing the pressmen into separate bodies, it seems to me, they must have been convinced that we were rapidly drifting towards what might be termed an age of specialties, and that such were the multiplied devices of human genius that success was now to be attained in almost any enterprise or pursuit of an honorable character.

The printers of to-day are more distinctly divided into two classes than in former times,—that is to say, they ranked as compositors and pressmen, known to the mass of the people simply as printers, but still quite distinct in their labors. Each has a well-defined line of operation to pursue, although the art of printing cannot be developed without due attention to both, nor excellency attained in either without the skilful manipulation of types and the intelligent management of presses, which in the hands of pressmen clearly define the “rules” and make “impressions” that are in keeping with a full knowledge of the times in which we live.

As is well known, our branch of typography has its local organizations, but we are all subordinate to one spirit prevailing over all, because there is one object in view,—the happy result and development of individual labor. For it is a fact that when one spirit has infused itself into other spirits and there is one spirit pervading all, then the best results are accomplished. Unity is that power which, like a subtle force streaming from mind to mind, produces harmony of thought and action. It is a silver cord thrown by one member around another so as to bind the two together. It is an influence which clothes the feeblest arm with strength.

Pressmen's Union, No. 4, is largely composed of competent pressmen,—such pressmen as are found in Philadelphia, the home of George W. Childs,—pressmen who appreciate the blessed results of unity; pressmen, the light from whose presses flashes in all directions; pressmen who possess the ability so to ornament the pages of a book that they become as pleasing and attractive to the eye as the contents are interesting to the mind and heart; pressmen to whose care is committed machinery of intricate and costly workmanship.

And still the pressman is a co-operator with the compositor in joint efforts to promote the same end. If we had type, but no presses, of what avail are they to any considerable extent? If we had presses in abundance, but no type, nor intelligent compositors to set the same in order, where the pressman's calling? An editor writes hurried lines; they are given to the compositor; by him transmitted to the pressman; in the morning the sheets fly abroad; before night they have carried their weight of influence over space enough for an empire. Neither the editor, compositor, nor pressman is visible to the multitudes; but from the pen that writes a volume and the press that sends it forth to the world there flows a current of intellectual power that can shape the affairs of a nation. As the sun is not conscious of the overflowing light which he pours upon the world, so the pressman is not aware of the widely extended influence of his work. But he is always making "impressions" while fulfilling his daily task. Again, as the light of the sun is not the least abated by shining upon two continents instead of one, so the work of a pressman will be admired and appreciated in any part of the globe where there are intelligent minds, with hearts to feel and eyes to read.

I referred a few moments ago to the happy results of union in the development of individual labor. Let me say that there is at this day no brighter example of the happy results of a steady aim and singleness of purpose than that afforded by the life and beneficent acts of George W. Childs. To him, as a Philadelphian, we may point with just pride. He is the printer's unwavering friend, and yet the unselfish advocate and helper of all pursuits that have a tendency to elevate the human race. Over and over again I say, honor to the name and praise to the deeds of George W. Childs!

“THE CHILDS-DREXEL FUND”

was ably responded to by Mr. August Donath, one of the trustees of that fund, who, in the course of his remarks, said,—

One thing the Pittsburgh convention did not expect was the ten-thousand-dollar gift. The confidence reposed in the I. T. U. and the craft, which was implied by that gift, was keenly appreciated all over the land. That confidence kept inviolate, and the fund increased in so graceful a manner, made all the Union printers feel proud of their profession. It was a token of goodwill and encouragement to workmen.

“THE PHILADELPHIA TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY”

was responded to by Mr. William C. Bleloch, who said,—

The Philadelphia Typographical Society is the printers' beneficial society, organized in 1803 for the purpose of relieving distress among its members and their families, occasioned by sickness and death. From the date of organization to the present time—a period of eighty-five years—it has not failed in its sacred mission. The sick have been visited, the dead buried, and the widows and orphans cared for, to the best ability of the officers in charge, and to the greatest extent that the limited means at their disposal would permit.

Its active membership has at all times included the best men of the craft in Philadelphia; and among its honorary members have been many who, as printers, publishers, and authors, have shed lustre upon their several callings, and dignified and honored the Society by their membership. Among these names, enrolled

in 1867, is that of George W. Childs, who, at that early date, had endeared himself to the printing fraternity as a just and liberal employer, and a kind-hearted, charitable man.

In October, 1868, Mr. Childs donated to the Society, without restriction or incumbrance, a large and beautifully enclosed lot in the Woodlands Cemetery, valued at eight thousand dollars, as a Printers' Cemetery. This noble benefaction—free to all printers—excited the wonder and admiration of the country. It was gratefully received by the Society, and has frequently been used for the purpose intended. For nearly twenty years all expenses connected with its keeping have been defrayed by its generous donor; and in addition, hundreds of dollars have been contributed by him to the Society's general relief work.

The incident referred to by General Neilson is another instance of Mr. Childs's continuous generosity. He not only knows how to do a good thing, but he does not weary in well-doing. Taking an average compositor's day's work, the money paid by him to the *Ledger* compositors, over and above the Union scale of prices, amounts to the large sum of over ten thousand dollars per annum, and this has been going on ungrudgingly for twelve years. Is it any wonder that the printers of Philadelphia and the country love and esteem such a man?

As disciples of Franklin, we must also thank George W. Childs for displaying in front of the *Public Ledger* building the only statue of the Printer-Philosopher of which Philadelphia can boast.

To quote the elegant language of the late Chief Justice Ellis Lewis (an old printer), "Mr. Childs has planted himself in the human heart, and there he will have his habitation while man shall dwell upon earth.

He has built his monument upon the broad base of universal benevolence ; its superstructure is composed of good and noble deeds : its spire is the love of God, and points to Heaven."

He stands out among men—

"Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its base the rolling clouds may spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

"THE UNION PRINTER."

The address of Mr. George Chance, of the Philadelphia *Record*, and late President of Typographical Union, in answer to the toast "The Union Printer," was probably the most humorous and entertaining of the evening. He said,—

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I hardly know how to respond to the sentiment just given without, to a certain extent, appearing in the light of praising myself as well as those around me. "The Union Printer" may be viewed from two stand-points. The employer who desires to buy his labor in the cheapest market can see nothing in him that is commendable or necessary. He sees only a man who bands himself with others of a like ilk to control his employer's business ; who, by joining a Union, commits an act which is destructive of the individual freedom of the workman by taking away from him the natural right to the control of his labor. Of course, the non-Union employing printer recognizes and praises the freedom of action which allows him to dictate terms to each person he employs. He soon finds the weakness and necessities of each, and generally uses his knowledge for all it is worth. The Union employer views "The Union Printer" in a different

light. He recognizes the right of his employees to a voice in regulating the price of their labor. They meet and agree upon a scale of wages, which the employer pays willingly. In return the Union printer gives his best recompense in the way of honest work. He is ever watchful of his duty to his employer, and equally vigilant over his own rights. He is true not only to himself but to his fellow-unionists in all that the word implies. He is a necessity in every community. By his unionism he secures the nearest approach to that text which says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." By his unionism he helps to make the State and Nation prosperous. A city or State may be wealthy and powerful while its people may be poor and unhappy. It is part of the duty of the Union printer to see that the people partake of the general prosperity. He believes in principles before men, and would make any sacrifice to preserve his connection with the Union. He is a believer in the rights of man; believes that his handicraft should receive the highest possible reward, and that he has the right, by organization, to obtain what he could not get singly,—a just recompense for his labor.

Mr. Chance facetiously alluded to the ability of the printer to edit a newspaper far better than the managing editor, to make the local column more interesting than the city editor, and to a knowledge of finance superior to that of the editor in charge of the financial column. He was surprised that any good Union printer, with all these bright prospects before him, should ever descend to go to Congress.

It might be true, as Junius Henri Browne suggested, that "printers do not keep all the commandments;" but, in all seriousness, the Union printer is an honorable man, who believes in doing right by his employer

and living up to those principles of loyalty which his Union instilled into his mind.

The Hon. Mr. Farquhar has stated that, thirty-seven years ago, the Typographical Union was organized in New York. I have in my possession a copy of a constitution of the Philadelphia Typographical Union, organized in 1850, and the President of that Union still lives in this city, and, although unable to make his living by the pursuit of his trade, he has been placed by Mr. Childs in a position where he will never want.

[Mr. Chance referred to John L. Henderson, one of the oldest *Ledger* compositors, who has been retired many years by Mr. Childs on full pay.]

There was an employer who, in the goodness of his heart, sent five thousand dollars to the International Typographical Union. There was another who did the same. Never were printers more taken by surprise. At Pittsburgh it was made possible to meet here to-night, and on successive twelfths of May to commemorate the gift of this gentleman, and, when he shall have passed away, for the Union printers to erect a monument to his memory. A monument whose foundation would be built on strong man's love: the shaft of which would be stronger than steel and more lasting than brass: whose polished sides would be inlaid with diamonds and pearls,—the diamonds representing widows' grateful tears; the pearls, orphans' prayers offered up in grateful thanks for the good deeds done by this man during his life.

JOEL COOK'S SPEECH.

In a pleasant way, Mr. Joel Cook responded to "The Press," and paid his compliments to the Congressmen and the printers. "Although the editors and the printers differ about many things, they can shake

hands over the chasm of one thing, and that is the annihilation of the proof-reader."

When the laughter following this pleasantry had subsided, Mr. Cook turned his attention to the *New York Sun*, for which the obituary poetry of the *Ledger* had a peculiar fascination. "One great redeeming trait of that paper, however, is that it always gives credit to the journal from which it makes extracts. In pursuing this policy it charged Mr. Childs with putting this poetry in the paper. In this it made a mistake, for the man who really did it was 'Jim' Dailey, the foreman."

Growing serious, Mr. Cook said,—

My recollection of the gentleman who is being honored by this banquet dates back to boyhood. To use a quoted expression, Mr. Childs is "an Israelite without guile." The thing in him that is plainest to me is that there is less of evil in him than in any man I ever knew. No man can say that he went to him with a tale of true sorrow and came away empty-handed. He overlooks our shortcomings in the *Ledger* office, and many of us have done that which might be cause for dismissal from other establishments. But we are all there, still serving, because he could not frame his lips to say the word that would cause our departure.

Mr. Cook then seconded a suggestion of Mr. Munday that, if Mr. Childs could preside so well over the *Ledger* office, he could preside equally well over the nation. He spoke of Mr. Childs's pronounced and outspoken views on the labor question, and said that he recognized the value of organization, and the recompense of honest toil, believing that to be the very foundation-stone upon which the nation rests. Mr. Cook touched upon the International Union, which he regarded as the greatest labor organization on the face of the globe,

and urged that, by wise counsel and adherence to honest principles, it might continue doing a beneficent work for the whole country.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES O'DONNELL,

of Michigan, was the next speaker, but, owing to the lateness of the hour, his remarks were brief. He was received with a very hearty demonstration of regard. He said that, a long time ago, when he was contemplating the number of railroad ties between his Western home and Philadelphia, he sent ahead of him a letter addressed to the *Public Ledger*, asking employment. The letter had not been answered to date, but he had no complaints to make. Mr. O'Donnell entertained his hearers with some humorous suggestions, and then passed to the honored guest of the evening. "Have you ever thought," he asked, "of the chaplet above in reward for the good deeds that he has done?" He then passed rapidly over what he regarded as noteworthy points in Mr. Childs's career, and closed with a reference to the flag of the Union and to the typical flag of strength in the Union, the flag of the International Typographical Union. Mr. O'Donnell said that it had been the intention of the printer-Congressmen and the other visiting ex-printers to go to some office in the evening and set up a thousand ems as a contribution to the Childs-Drexel Fund. Owing to the lateness of the hour, however, they would not be able to fulfil the intention. The spirit of the suggestion was warmly applauded.*

* Mr. O'Donnell and his printer colleagues, eight in all, after their return to Washington, on May 19, did set up one thousand ems each, and handed the amount to Mr. August Donath, one of the Trustees of the Childs-Drexel Fund, who forwarded it to Treasurer Dailey.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN NICHOLS,
of North Carolina, spoke as follows :

Beautiful deeds, like beautiful thoughts, whether inscribed on the printed page, or transferred to the artist's canvas by the hand of genius, will live forever.

It is not the most bountiful benefactions nor the grandest displays of honor or admiration that make the most pleasing and lasting impressions on the human mind. It is the spirit, the manner, and the motive that actuated their performance.

The assemblage here this evening is for the purpose of doing honor, in a humble way, to one of our most distinguished and most honored citizens.

But nothing that we can do, nothing that we can say, will add a single laurel to his crown or make him more honored in the estimation of the American people. It would be like an effort to paint the rainbow or to gild the beams of a noonday sun. He stands forth without a rival as the great American editor.

There is nothing that discloses real character more thoroughly than the grand position of editor of an influential public journal. Perhaps there is not an instance in the history of journalism in this country where self has been so thoroughly subordinated to the public welfare and the happiness of his fellow-man as has been exhibited in the person of the gentleman who does us all honor by his presence this evening.

It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power and influence. This is the supreme test.

Your distinguished guest occupies a position to-day far more honorable than if he sat in the highest councils of his country, and can and does wield more influence than the bedecked marshal of a nation.

One of the highest compliments ever paid an editor is contained in a single line. A contemporary, speaking of the newspaper over which your honored guest presides with such distinguished ability, says, "Nothing false is printed in the *Ledger*."

While no compliments that we can bestow, no honors we can confer, will elevate him in the estimation of his countrymen, yet this large and intelligent gathering of American printers is not an unmeaning occasion. It is to do honor and manifest our appreciation of his worth as a citizen and a journalist, and to pay homage, if that be the correct expression, to the great printer-philanthropist.

It is with that spirit that I accepted your kind invitation to be with you this evening, and I thank the Committee on Invitations for the opportunity of being present.

This meeting, as I understand it, is one of Ex-Delegates to the International Typographical Union. Strictly speaking, I do not know that I can claim that distinguished designation. In 1861 I had the honor of being elected a delegate to the National Union by Raleigh (N. C.) Typographical Union, No. 54, of which I was then an active, and of which I am now an honorary member.

It will be remembered, however, that about that time there was a *strike* on the south side of the Potomac, and the *form* of the Union was slightly *pie'd*. A *press* of circumstances rendered useless for a while all the implements known to the profession, except the *shoot-ing-stick*. With positive instructions to *follow copy*, instead of going to the National Union, I went elsewhere.

This change of situation did not secure any very *fat takes*, but as we were on by *time*, and not by the *piece*, no question was raised about pay.

During the conflict that resulted from this ill-advised and unfortunate *strike*, which we now look back upon with emotions of wonder and astonishment, there were many columns of *live matter* knocked into *pi*, and some of the best *types* of living manhood wholly destroyed.

After a long and fearful struggle, however, the *form* of the Union was *reset* and *stereotyped*, and an *impression* made on the hearts of the American people that time can never blot or obliterate.

Now, with duty plainer, let us *stand up* to the *rack*, and leave no *stone* unturned to upbuild the waste places of our country, but *press on* in *setting* good examples to the world, and present *clean proofs* that henceforth and forever we are *solid* for the *American Union*.

CONGRESSMAN ROBERT J. VANCE,

of Connecticut, was then introduced. After telling a story, he said that in his rounds during the day he had seen the statue of one of the first American printers in front of the *Ledger* building. That printer came from New England. His name was Franklin, and he had a loaf of bread with him. "The only fault that I have to find with the statue of this printer," said Mr. Vance, "is that it does not represent the original with a loaf of bread under his arm."

Growing earnest, Mr. Vance said that if there were any among historic men who had won fame, they were George Peabody, Peter Cooper, and George W. Childs. Peabody scattered his money abroad for the benefit of mankind; Cooper invested in monuments in New York; and Childs constructed monuments in this city.

The last was the greatest of all philanthropists. His every impulse was good. There were none of the vile ingredients in him. He was "a man, take him all in all."

Birthday of George W. Childs. 371

REMARKS BY MAJOR J. J. NOAH.

"The Printer as a Washington Correspondent" was the next toast proposed, and Major Jacob J. Noah, Washington correspondent of the *Denver News* and *Kansas City Times*, was called upon to respond. Major Noah said,—

He deemed it a high privilege to be present on this occasion, and join with his fellow-craftsmen in doing honor to that eminent citizen and philanthropist, George W. Childs, whose name was a synonyme throughout the civilized world for all that was upright, honorable, and beneficent. The orbit of his good deeds had not been restricted to the limits of his own country, but his name was justly honored among the men of other lands. While all that he is and all that he possesses were the legitimate fruits of his own indomitable energy and illimitable enterprise, yet had he always reached out the helping hand to the needy, and, to the extent of more than his ability, relieved the distresses of his fellow-man. That this had been the great pleasure and solace of his busy life was more than apparent. The quality of his long line of mercies had not been strained, for truly had it "blessed him that gives and him that takes," and Shakespeare's tribute to Mercy's great virtues found substantial echo in the hearts of the sturdy members of the Typographical and Pressmen's Unions, and the many friends gathered here to honor and celebrate the anniversary of his birth.

Major Noah stated that when he called upon Mr. Childs that morning and was presented by his friend and colleague, Major John M. Carson, his hand was grasped and he received warm welcome. "I knew your father before you," said Mr. Childs. "He was

the leading editor of his day and time, and, I think, was born in Philadelphia."

Major Noah added that he was taken by surprise, from the fact that thirty-seven years had passed since the death of his father, the late Mordecai M. Noah. He was dead, but evidently not forgotten. The fact was then recalled that Messrs. Swain, Abell, and Simmons, the original founders of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, worked as journeyman printers in his father's newspaper office at New York, in the halcyon days of the "sixpenny press," and that their subsequent successes in establishing the "penny press" had been a measure of great satisfaction to their old employer.

Major Noah then narrated various interesting reminiscences of leading journalists who were at the fore when he first came upon the newspaper scene, among them James Watson Webb, James Gordon Bennett, Sr., William L. Stone, Horace Greeley, Park Benjamin, Nathaniel P. Willis, Gen. George P. Morris, Evert A. Duyckinck, Cornelius Mathews, Casper C. Childs, Thaddens W. Meighan, Henry J. Raymond, Charles A. Dana, David M. Stone, and others.

He closed his remarks by observing that George W. Childs was worthy the title given the late Gen. George H. Thomas by Col. H. M. Duffield, the orator at the late reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, "*omnium gentium facile princeps*." Thomas, as a soldier, was of all soldiers the "recognized chief." George W. Childs, as citizen and philanthropist, was of all citizens equally the "recognized chief."

REMARKS BY MAJOR JOHN M. CARSON.

When the applause ceased which followed the conclusion of Major Noah's remarks, Major John M. Car-

son, Chief of the *Public Ledger* Bureau at Washington, was called upon.

He said it was a peculiar gratification to him that he could claim membership with the fraternity represented upon this occasion. The men present to-night did not receive a parchment certificate when they were graduated, yet they were constituents of alumni in whose ranks have been found many men of the highest intellectual force, of great moral worth, and great practical usefulness. In none of the vocations could there be found a greater degree of intelligence than was found among printers, and to that fact might be ascribed their strength and their influence when united. No other vocation could send forth a class of representatives such as were here to-night, every one of whom had started in life as a journeyman printer. The printing-office was a continuation of the public school, and its opportunities rightfully improved almost invariably led men to higher walks of usefulness and kept its graduates untainted by those meretricious influences that so often attended and remained with graduates of colleges.

There were present to-night gentlemen who had reached the halls of Congress through the printing-office. They were among the most able and useful men in that body, and there was no doubt that the knowledge and experience acquired in the printing-office had mainly contributed to their success in life.

Many years ago, when working at "case" in this city as an apprentice, with James J. Dailey occupying an adjoining "alley," and Joel Cook learning to set type with the aid of a discarded "font," he did not dream he would ever be associated with those two boys on the *Public Ledger*, which was then, as it now is, the representative newspaper of the city and State.

Referring to the special object of the gathering to-night, Major Carson said he was particularly delighted at the privilege of joining the Association in doing honor to George W. Childs. There was a comprehensiveness and significance in the gathering which was only limited by the boundaries of the American continent; which represented and which reached to the very bottom of the hearts of men who labor; which commanded the admiration and approval of the friends of those who labor, and which was an enigma to that selfish and merciless class of men who use their fellows only to promote their own personal aims and ambitions. It must be a gratifying reflection to Mr. Childs that he has won not alone the love of those with whom he has been brought in frequent personal contact, and the gratitude of the many who have been relieved by his charity and gladdened by his liberality, but the esteem and good-will of the people of the United States. Was it to be wondered at that the American people, coming to know this man through his unselfish and benevolent works,—tired of the hypocrisy of political parties, the masquerading of partisan propagandists, and the treachery of partisan leaders,—should naturally turn to and ask him to become their ruler as well as their guide and friend?

“And yet,” continued Major Carson, with earnestness, “this simple citizen, this unostentatious man, who has won the hearts of the people by kind acts, has recently given an exhibition of self-abnegation, an illustration of patriotic fervor, an example of sublime courage that has excited public wonder, and challenged universal respect; he has positively, deliberately refused to be even considered in connection with the bestowal of the highest reward that can come from a free people, and the most honorable office that can

be conferred upon mortal man,—in short, George W. Childs has refused to become President of the United States.

“The horde of speculating politicians who fasten themselves upon successful parties, with ravenous appetites for distinction and provender; who, like By-Ends, in ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ followed Religion for the silver slippers she wore, affect to make light of the spontaneous popular movement which manifested itself for Mr. Childs. It is not the first time that camp-followers were mistaken in the real purpose of those who move grand armies in the field, and grander armies in the realm of healthful thought. This movement was not superficial and ephemeral; it was deep and deliberate and earnest, and was frustrated only by Mr. Childs’s honest determination and direct outspoken refusal.

“My position in Washington affords opportunities for meeting representative men, and studying popular sentiment on national questions, and my observation has enabled me to form an estimate of the extent and sincerity of the movement for Mr. Childs, among the representative men of the whole country and to which reference has been made to-night by different speakers. To show its extent and sincerity, let me say that the publisher of one of the strongest and most influential Democratic daily newspapers in the East begged Mr. Childs to permit himself to be nominated for President of the United States, and gave force to his entreaty by the assurance that Mr. Childs should have the earnest support of his newspaper, and pledged himself to subscribe one hundred thousand dollars, the day Mr. Childs should be nominated, towards defraying the necessary expenses of the election. Another distinguished man, the proprietor of one of the leading

Democratic newspapers of the West, made similar appeals to Mr. Childs, and offered to subscribe fifty thousand dollars to elect him. Requests and offers of like character were made by men who control powerful Republican journals. Leading men of the two political parties recognized the depth of this popular feeling, and the more sagacious of them admitted if it were not interfered with it would result in the nomination and election of Mr. Childs to the Presidency of the United States. These facts are personally known to me, and many others to the same effect might be cited. They are mentioned here to show that the movement to make Mr. Childs President of the United States was real and substantial, and extended to all classes of people. But the production of corroborating testimony upon this point is not necessary in this assembly, where Mr. Childs is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated."

Major Carson concluded with an appropriate tribute to the character and virtues of Mr. Childs; a man whose every-day life furnished a lesson for emulation; a man who was moved by the spirit of an unbounded benevolence; whose charity was not restricted by partisan or sectarian lines; who "would not follow Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder;" who carried sunshine to the homes and hearts of a greater number of people, and who represented a broader and deeper and purer humanity than any man with whom he had been brought in contact. "You do well," he said, in conclusion, "as individuals and as an association to honor this man, and in doing honor to him you most do honor yourselves."

After singing "Auld Lang Syne," in which all present joined, the pleasant assemblage slowly dis-

persed from what was a remarkably successful celebration.

We insert a few out of the large number of letters and telegrams received from prominent persons who were unable to be present.

LETTER FROM HON. SIMON CAMERON.

BROOKFIELD FARM, May 12, 1888.

I am sorry, beyond my power to express, that I will not be able to meet my fellow-craftsmen at dinner this evening, as I had so hoped to do.

To do Mr. Childs honor is always a real pleasure to me, but I find myself in such condition that it is far easier for me to go home than to take the risk of attending the banquet.

My life as a printer is one of the periods of it to which I look back with great satisfaction, and I know very well that the good men and true who will celebrate Mr. Childs's birthday to-night are keeping undimmed the glorious record of their noble and useful calling.

Sincerely your friend,

SIMON CAMERON.

LETTER FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, May 15, 1888.

DEAR MR. CHILDS.—We regret that we were unable to join with our brethren of the craft in their dinner of the 12th inst., commemorating your birthday. While, however, it would have been an honor to honor you on that occasion, there is left to us the abiding pleasure of honoring you on all occasions, and of assuring you of our faithful friendship.

It is a satisfaction to us to believe that we of the second and third generation of our house retain the cordial regard shown to our fathers by you, our illustrious fellow-printer and countryman, who by your kind and worthy acts have won the grateful love of the world.

Yours always, very sincerely,
HARPER & BROTHERS.

LETTER FROM COL. A. K. M'CLURE, EDITOR
PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1888.

A pressure of engagements compels me to deny myself the pleasure of joining in the appropriate celebration of the birthday of George W. Childs; but I cannot let the occasion pass without expressing my appreciation of the foremost of publishers and employers in all that attaches the highest honors to those vocations.

There is not a publisher in Philadelphia who does not heartily join in the highest tribute to Mr. Childs, whose distinction is above the reach of jealousies, and who has justly won the trust and affection of the printers of the whole land. He is the one man of exceptional success who is beloved by all, and his name will be crystallized in history as the benefactor of his age.

The world will honor the man above all others who can sincerely decline its highest honors of public trust: and the celebration of his birthday is commemorating the noblest qualities of American citizenship.

Very truly yours,
A. K. McCLURE.

LETTER FROM THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME
COURT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. CHILDS,—I regret that my official engagements will prevent my presence at the dinner this evening in your honor. I have, as you well know, a warm feeling for the craft. In my boyhood days I became fired with the ambition to edit and publish a country newspaper, and in order to enable me to do so successfully I acquired a practical knowledge of the business. I look back upon those days as among the happiest of my life, and the associations then formed will long be cherished. The late Bayard Taylor and Hon. Wm. Butler, our admirable Judge of the United States Court, were among my companions in the printing-office. You will understand, therefore, why my heart always warms to the craft, and especially does it warm to yourself and my noble friend, Mr. Drexel, who have done so much to contribute to the happiness and prosperity of the order, by your broad and intelligent charity. May the Lord bless you both, and increase your prosperity, that you may have the means to bless others.

I am sincerely your friend,

EDWARD M. PAXSON.

MR. GEO. W. CHILDS.

LETTER FROM THOMAS MACKELLAR, OF MACKELLAR,
SMITHS & JORDAN, TYPE-FOUNDERS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1888.

During the very many years of my acquaintance with my much-esteemed friend Mr. George W. Childs, he has always manifested the admirable traits of character and

demeanor which still characterize him as a man among men,—the same kindness, urbanity, generosity, benevolence, public spirit, and business enterprise, that impel the printing craft (among whom I am proud of having been reared) to remember and celebrate his birthday.

Aware, as I am, of his private benevolences to weary and worn-out printers and their families which are unknown to the world, as well as of his well-known public good doings, I often say, Would there were many more George W. Childs's in this world to lessen the sum of human sorrow in it! God bless him!

So prays

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, LATE
U. S. MINISTER TO CHINA.

HERALD OFFICE, NEW YORK, May 12, 1888.

I am much honored by your kind invitation to attend the banquet to be given by the Ex-Delegates to the International Typographical Union on the occasion of the birthday of George W. Childs.

I have known Mr. Childs intimately since my boyhood, and under circumstances which have enabled me to know his character and career. I know of no character that may be better studied, for the good that will come, by the young men of the nation, who in their entrance upon life seek the example of the wise and true men that have gone before. In him they will see absolute rectitude, a command of himself above the allurements and temptations of the day amounting to asceticism; patient, persevering, knowing his own mind, and ever going to his purpose with a Napoleonic clearness and alertness of vision; believing in himself and in the work he has to do; with the genius of common sense; with perfect courage; a judgment that

wastes no time on illusions or dreams ; the best business head I have ever known ; in poverty and in wealth, in obscurity and in fame, always found by me to be the considerate, courteous, ever-thoughtful, high-minded gentleman and friend. The instinct which prompts you to honor such a man is an honest one, and to be commended in all ways as your due and loyal tribute to him.

I am sorry that I cannot be with you. I send you my good wishes and best thanks for your remembrance. I trust that I may be permitted to unite with you in the hope that our noble friend may live for many and many a happy year to enjoy the day you celebrate.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

LETTER FROM CONGRESSMAN GALLINGER.

CONCORD, N. H., May 11, 1888.

When I left Washington for my New England home a few days ago, it was my purpose to plan my return trip so as to be in attendance upon the banquet on Saturday evening. Unfortunately, business matters, which can neither be transacted before that time nor permanently neglected, render it utterly impossible for me to be with you on the interesting occasion.

It has never been my privilege personally to meet the great, good man whom you are to honor, but to me, in common with all true printers in the country, his name is a household word and a synonyme for everything that is honorable, true, and philanthropic. When earning my living as a printer I knew of George W. Childs, and learned to revere his name as an ideal member of the craft, and in later years, with my energies and purposes directed in other channels of honorable effort, I have never forgotten to do honor, in

thought at least, to the noble man whose birthday you are to celebrate to-morrow evening.

I can only add that I sincerely trust that Mr. Childs may live to enjoy many more birthday anniversaries, and that the occasion from which I am unavoidably kept may be one of rare pleasure and profit to those who may attend.

Very sincerely yours,
J. H. GALLINGER.

TELEGRAM FROM CONGRESSMAN THOMPSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12, 1888.

I am unavoidably obliged to forego the anticipated pleasure of banqueting with the Ex-Delegates' Association in honor of the birthday of Mr. Childs, who so eminently fills, in your city of friends, the place of the great preceptor of our craft. My hearty congratulations to Mr. Childs and your Association!

THOS. L. THOMPSON.

TELEGRAM FROM CIVIL-SERVICE COMMISSIONER

J. H. OBERLY, EX-PRESIDENT I. T. U.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12, 1888.

Much to my disappointment, I find myself unable to be present at the birthday dinner of Mr. George W. Childs. I send my hearty wishes for the entire success of the occasion, and my personal congratulations to Mr. Childs on the recurrence of the day which the craft of the whole country honors in your celebration.

JOHN H. OBERLY.

LETTER FROM WM. AIMISON, PRESIDENT I. T. U.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 5, 1888.

. . . I regret my inability to be present, owing to the nearness of the meeting of the International Typo-

graphical Union, and the rush of business incident thereto. There is no one to-day, within the jurisdiction of the I. T. U., whom the printers of the country would delight to honor more than Mr. Childs. May his birthdays be continued, and when the warm heart and charitable hand are stilled in death, may his memory be as a refreshing draught to strengthen and to re-encourage us in the battle of life!

Very respectfully,
WM. Aimson.

LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT WITTER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 9, 1888.

. . . I desire to assure you of my hearty sympathy with your efforts to do honor to the birthday of Mr. Childs. Our craft has especial cause for gratitude to Mr. Childs; not merely because of his generous recognition of our organization, and the good-will which has always characterized his conduct towards us, but because the day when fair-dealing shall be the rule in every printing-office is hastened by his conspicuous example. Such examples are to us a guarantee for the future. Justice between men is the simple solution for the perplexing "problem." Mr. Childs has not only been wise enough to see the truth, but unselfish enough to practise it.

Fraternally yours,
M. R. H. WITTER.

LETTER FROM CHIEF ORGANIZER BOYER.

COLUMBUS, O., May 8, 1888.

. . . I hereby send my regrets at not being able to attend. No other labor organization in this or any other country has ever received such consideration at

the hands of any one man as did the International Typographical Union, in June, 1886, from George W. Childs, whose name is revered and honored throughout the entire jurisdiction of the grand body. . . . Long life and happiness to the friends of Union printers,—George W. Childs and Anthony J. Drexel!

Faithfully yours,
DAVID P. BOYER.

LETTER FROM JOHN VINCENT.

GLOBE OFFICE, BOSTON, April 30, 1888.

. . . Permit me to unite with you in expressing to your honorable guest the wish for his long-continued health and happiness. Though confident of the reward that awaits him in eternity, may it be many years before he is called from a field in which, by his generous, unselfish nature, he has proved himself so useful and valuable!

To George W. Childs, more than to any other man living, are we indebted for the present era of good feeling existing between employers and members of our craft, which has taken the place of the antagonistic spirit of former years.

In conclusion, allow me to suggest for your consideration, as a slight recognition of his many acts of kindness to the craft, and of his munificent donation to the I. T. U., that steps be taken to have the likeness of George W. Childs placed on the face of the Union travelling card; for he of all men, living or dead, is entitled to this honor. And in this suggestion I am confident of being seconded by every member in our ranks.

Sincerely and fraternally,
JOHN VINCENT.

LETTER FROM STATE LIBRARIAN EGLE.

HARRISBURG, PA., May 10, 1888.

. . . I need not assure you how I would appreciate being in the goodly company of so many disciples of the typographic art, who meet to do honor to that great warm-hearted American gentleman, George W. Childs.

He who has done so much good for mankind well merits the love and reverence of his fellow-citizens: and, as a token of my high esteem, and as a member of the royal craft, I would be delighted to add my meed of praise to him who is deserving of the grandest testimonial that the printers or the press can bestow.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM H. EGLE.

EDITORIALS.

As a fitting close we introduce a few editorials from various journals relative to the Banquet.

From *The Craftsman*, Washington, Saturday, May
19, 1888.

(Official Paper of the International Typographical Union.)

THE TWELFTH OF MAY.

Right royally did the Ex-Delegates' Association of Philadelphia celebrate this red-letter day in the Union Printers' calendar. From near and far were craftsmen gathered around the social board, and "the Day we Celebrate" was marked by a tribute to the noble man whose name was on every tongue, which proved how thoroughly the many kindly deeds of George W. Childs

are appreciated by a craft which is, perhaps, less prone to hero worship than any other. The gathering was a notable one, embracing as it did a number of Union printers who, though their names are now inscribed high on the roll of fame, are yet proud and happy to acknowledge allegiance to the International Typographical Union, and to unite with their less prominent brothers in doing honor to one who has so conspicuously, again and again, been pleased to honor the craft and its organization.

No man occupying the position of Mr. George W. Childs has ever shown his good-will, his regard, his genuine respect for us so nobly. When bad men would throw suspicion on our endeavors, when unfair journals would present us to the world as conspirators whose association was a menace to the peace of the land, this nobleman of God's own making showed his good opinion of us, before the world, in his own practical and magnificent manner. Is it a wonder that we speak his name as one near and dear to us? Is it a wonder that on the anniversary of his birth we feel glad and happy and joyous that so good, so great a friend was given us?

The career of Mr. Childs is marked by good deeds, by kindly acts, so continuous that it really seems as if his thoughts were ever occupied, not in devising how to make money, but rather how to disburse his princely income so as to make the largest number of deserving persons happy and comfortable. He is not of those who, having made a munificent donation, takes comfort in the thought that he has given to the cause of humanity a goodly and sufficient share. Much as Mr. Childs has done to lighten the burdens and gladden the hearts of his fellow-men, he never wearies of the blessed work, but every day he marks by deeds which to him have

become part of his existence. The craft will imitate our Philadelphia brothers, we are sure, by similar celebrations as the years bring anniversaries of the glad day; and thus the name of Childs will live in the printers' hearts, year after year, more enduring by far than monuments of bronze or marble.

From *The Union Printer*, New York, May 12, 1888.

. . . While George W. Childs needs no encomium from us—his life and deeds being a lasting eulogium—we feel an irresistible impulse to linger over his exalted interest in the welfare of printers. His example is an inspiration, and in doing him honor we thereby attest our appreciation of those noble qualities of mind and heart which have been the guiding principles of his career.

From *The Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia, May 24,
1889.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. CHILDS.

It is a customary thing for the people of every European nation ruled by an hereditary monarch to celebrate the sovereign's birthday. In fact it is a popular function, prescribed by the State, and the community that neglects the perfunctory performance is suspected of disloyalty. The real honor of birthday congratulations, however, consists in their being spontaneous and heartfelt. Mr. George W. Childs had a birthday anniversary lately, and it would be good for the world if he could have thousands of them. He is not an hereditary sovereign, or even a temporary holder of a high office. But he received congratulations more numerous and more sincere than any that were ever offered to the greatest of rulers or heroes.

Thousands of newspapers, and perhaps as many letters and telegrams, bore greetings and good wishes to him. Good men and good women wrote to him, not mere formal words of compliment, but honest, fervent expressions of sincere admiration and affection, united with prayerful invocations for all possible blessings. If Mr. Childs were to collect these and edit them for the public eye, they would astonish that public. But such things are sacred in his estimation. He cannot, however, muzzle the press, or prevent such a writer as Mr. George William Curtis from printing this paragraph in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*:

"The universal kindly greeting to Mr. George W. Childs upon his late birthday is a pleasant illustration of the esteem in which he is held. Especially agreeable to him probably was the hearty tribute of the printers, who have more than once testified their regard for him. His heart and hand are always open to good causes, and his *Ledger*, a journal of great circulation, is directed with a candor and courtesy and ability which give it a distinctive character. The smiles of Fortune upon this, one of her favorites, are certainly justified by the spirit and manner in which he shares his favors with others."

This and similar words only faintly express the popular love for Mr. Childs. Still more faintly do they suggest his incessant, untiring generosity, which is beyond description. An example of it, which will reach hundreds of thousands of magazine readers, is seen in a series of articles begun in the *June Lippincott*, the writer of which frankly says that he obtained the information contained in them from Mr. Childs, who, when appealed to for some "Recollections" of his life, was "proof against every temptation save that of doing a friendly act." To this he yielded, because it

would help the writer, who, in turn, gives to the public some very entertaining and equally instructive pictures of the private life, from boyhood upward, of a man in whose career every one takes a peculiar interest. When completed these papers will make an autobiography that will be better worth regarding as a classic than those of many celebrated men of past times, who, unlike Mr. Childs, had sins to conceal or shames to confess. Such a life as his teaches a lesson to the youth of America that will help them much more than any to be found in the most famous books of autobiography or the most brilliant of the kind called Confessions. For this and coming generations these "Recollections" are better than Franklin's autobiography, and it is a happy circumstance that they have been put on paper and placed before the public.

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